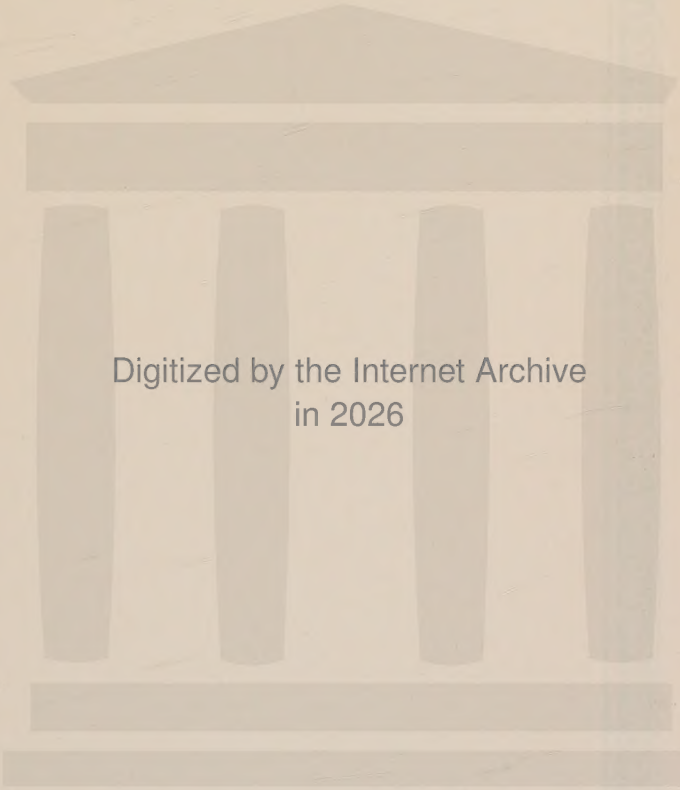

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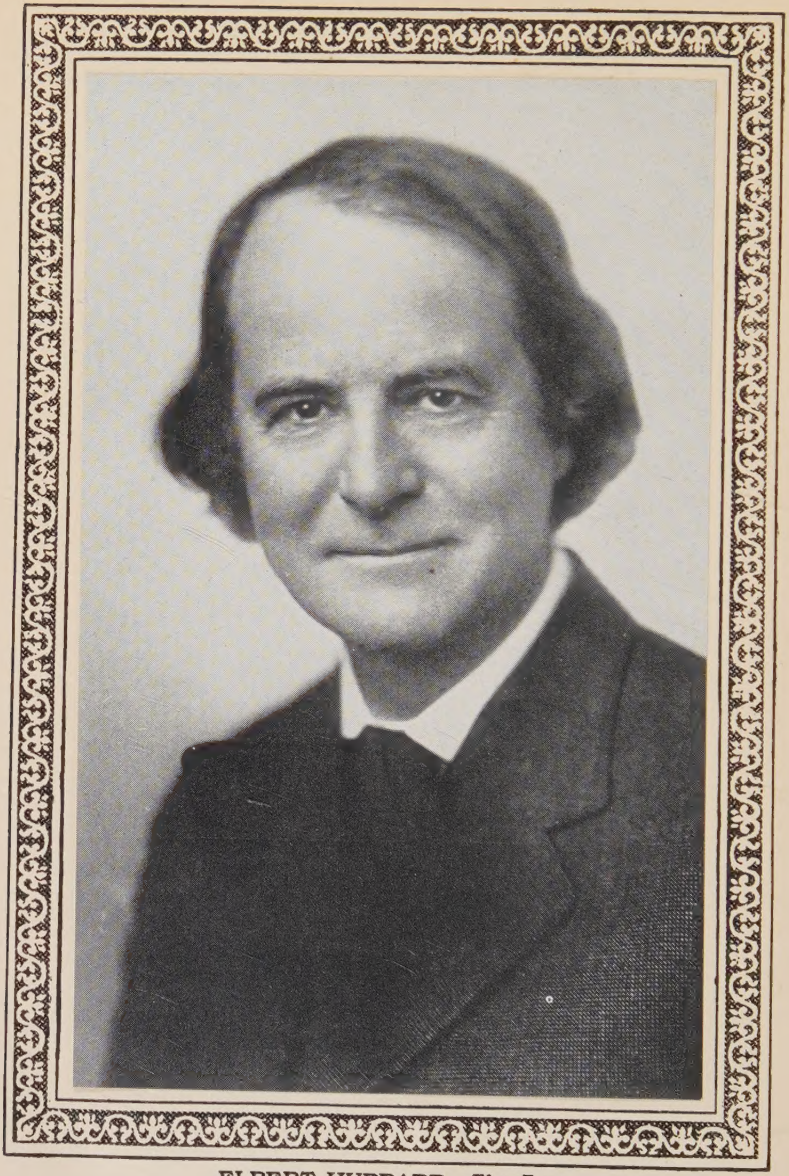

ELBERT HUBBARD—*The Fra*

# THE LEGACY

# SELECTED WRITINGS

OF

# Elbert Hubbard

HIS Mintage of Wisdom, coined from a Life of Love, Laughter and Work, lovingly gathered by Elbert Hubbard II and made into Goodly Volumes by The Roycrofters at their Shops, which are at East Aurora, New York, and issued as a

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Character is the result of two things—mental attitude and the way we spend our time.—***Elbert Hubbard.***

BUSTER BROWN

# The Legacy

## BOOK ONE—CHAPTER I

GREAT men often marry commonplace women. ¶ Of course we could reverse the statement and it would hold equally true; but to start our story let us concede the simple fact as stated. Perhaps one cause of this inequality is that the executive functions of love-making are best carried out by people of shallow feeling. So mediocre women sometimes show rare skill in courtship and often succeed in bagging big game. But even then all is not lost, for fate is kind and the law of compensation never rests.

Xantippe lives in history only because she made things warm for a great philosopher. No doubt she was severely tried, but if she had possessed only a fawning and servile admiration for her lord, without being fully able to appreciate his intellect, she doubtless would have diluted the quality of his genius so that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Socrates would have been known to posterity.

The author of *The Contrat Social* had a helpmeet who could neither read nor write, and the fact that any one had these gifts was no special recommendation to her. Goethe referred to his wife as a convenient loaf of brown bread. Heinrich Heine, who set all Europe on a grin whenever he took up his pen, wrote to his mother that his wife did not know German and never would, and that whenever he read his manuscript to her she would make faces and beg of him to go play with the dog.

If you happen to be a genius it will not necessarily be fatal to your inspiration if you succeed in winning the love of a groundling. Female groundlings often make excellent housekeepers; male groundlings good providers. But if your groundling is not of the pure type and should greatly admire your intellectual output,

you will probably adapt your future production to the groundling understanding, and at that moment you begin to die at the top.

¶ Professor Wilson of Harvard University purchased his ticket in life's matrimonial Louisiana scheme when in his forty-first year. He drew a blank, an animated blank, to be sure, but a blank ❧ ❧

But he who draws a blank is more to be envied than he who draws a small prize which turns his head.

Mrs. Wilson had no sympathy for her liege's work, so he never lowered his idea on her account. She sewed on his buttons, laid out his clean shirts and ever had meals exactly on time. The Professor was not always prompt during his early years of connubial endurance, but a few cold lunches brought him a realizing sense that he had elected a dictator and lived under a gynocracy. And all this inculcated into his large brain a slight idea of system. A thing of which he was greatly in need.

Mrs. Wilson was a rare good housekeeper. So excellent in fact that she usually quarreled with the maid very shortly, and for many months together she used to do her own work. She doubtless got much honest satisfaction from these duties, and she also got much satisfaction by rehearsing her servant girl problem to the Professor, in a high pitched, scolding key. The Professor heard, but did not heed. He was thinking of the wonders of science and he merely mechanically said, " Yes, yes; too bad; jes' so, jes'so," often at the wrong time.

So the days turned to weeks, the weeks to months, the months to years. The years passed and Professor Wilson's hair was fast disappearing. His wife's was getting gray. The little house was paid for; the library shelves were filled with valuable books; a snug sum was in the Savings Bank, and the life insurance policy had matured in a fully-paid-up.

Only one child had come to them, and every one said that Celeste Wilson was as near like her father as ever a daughter could be—

only not quite so absent-minded. She was the child of her father, it is true, but plus a woman's intuition, and this is no small matter.

¶ Preoccupied men who talk to themselves, who seldom recognize their friends on the streets, and who bump into strangers, are usually righteous. Mortals who plot mischief, whose hearts are bitter and whose charity is small, are wide-awake and alert to all that goes on; they are intent on making a good impression. You seldom catch a weasel in the arms of Morpheus; the snake always sees you first, and the fox has his inward eye on a hen roost, not on a theory.

Professor Wilson thought well of everybody—if he thought of them at all. He was free from guile. He had malice toward none. He was a man of vast learning, but he was ignorant of many things which average people know. He knew books; but he did not know men. Graduating with high honors at his university, he became a tutor, then a teacher, then assistant professor, and then filled the chair of Biology for over twenty years in his Alma Mater.

Of the great, seething, struggling mass of humanity he knew nothing. The world of strife and competition that sharpens the wits, inflames hate, excites suspicion, stirs up jealousy and thus produces that sly all 'round thing which we call the man-of-the world, he knew not. Co-operation is godlike; competition is human. His was the realm of co-operation. And so Professor Wilson, as all university men know, was as good as he was great, as gentle as he was just and as ignorant as he was learned.

And he was happy, happy as a man can possibly be; for he was submerged in work that he liked. He had the love of his daughter, the esteem of the students, the respect of the faculty, and if his wife was faulty he did not think of it.

All he desired was more knowledge of Biology.

In the midst of this blissful Nirvana, one fine morning came the postman with a registered letter; a large, blue envelope, it was, with curious marks and seals. He demanded that it should be

receipted for by Professor Wilson in person. And this took the good man from the very midst of a long sentence and put to flight a fine hypothesis on protoplasm. And then Mrs. Wilson insisted on opening the letter at once, and having opened, it must be read —all that long explanation and a copy of the will of a former pupil who stated that he was " of sound mind and did hereby bequeath, give, bestow, make over and present unto Chilo Wilson, my well beloved teacher, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, with interest, from the day of my death." Then there was a draft for the full amount of the legacy and a statement concerning various other bequests to other people.

The Professor had been advised of the legacy some weeks before, but had neglected mentioning it to his wife and daughter, so it came upon them unexpectedly. And it was a bit troublesome to the old gentleman to be broken in upon in this way, when there are only just twenty-four hours in every day, and never by any chance more

Then these two women talked of the matter at lunch and talked of it at dinner and then talked of it in the evening. And they compelled the Professor to talk of it too, for they had sent out for two financial advisors who were coming at eight o'clock.

And they came.

And here is where the story begins.

## CHAPTER II.

UNIVERSITY students may be divided into three general classes, namely, the Sports, the Boys, and the Grinds.

Numerically, the Sports are the smallest division; but what they lack in numbers they often make up in noise. They wear raiment of the loudest pattern and neckties of many colors, and their ambition is to do just as little work as possible and still get

through. Two weeks before examination the Sport begins to grow anxious. But by the help of—say strong coffee, a tutor and much cramming, he generally passes the ordeal. Then he sheds his knowledge as the snake does its skin.

There are fables about Sports who attend dances given by the Festive Six, and similar organizations, and who do honor to Bacchus all night, then go home, take a bath, a little seltzer and walk into class room and surprise everybody by the extent of their insight and the depth of their erudition.

But this kind of Sport, like the satyr, now lives only in song and legend

The Boys form the bulk of the students. If you are a student under nineteen you always refer to this class as " the Men," but the recorder of truth who pens these lines, being over nineteen, uses the term " Boys."

The boys are human. They wear a motley garb which affects the ultra-fashionable. Russet shoes, white soft hats with staring black bands, trousers turned up at the bottom, side pockets with hands in them clear down out of sight, are now the vogue. They often smoke brier wood pipes on the street. They study at times, read each other's notes, " crib and cram for exam," and perspire freely when under fire in class room. Yet they usually have a modicum of ambition; they wish to get on. They have few enmities and many innocent pleasures, and some pleasures that are not so innocent. Their intent is honorable, their purpose graduation.

¶ The Boys shade off on one side into the Sports, on the other into the Grinds. In numbers the Grinds and the Sports are about the same, but you would never think so, for Brer' Grind he lay low

The Grind is the antithesis of the Sport, yet both come to college for the same reason: because they can not help it. The Sport's parents are rich and they send him; the Grind's parents are poor, but an overweening thirst for knowledge brings him.

for it gave a suggestion of vealiness to Mr. Johnson, which really was not a part of his character.

He was tall, lank, loose-jointed; and ill-fitting clothes and a shuffling gait made him appear awkward.

Mr. Johnson was the son of a farmer up in the hills of Maine. The elder Johnson tickled the rocky hillside in a breeches-buoy, but it did not always laugh a harvest. There were thirteen children in the family (the Johnsons were not superstitious) and it often took the united efforts of the entire family to keep several hungry wolves off the piazza.

Joshua desired an education. So he attended the little Red School House in winter, and afterwards turned teacher himself. Then he saved his pennies and went to Phillips Exeter. By cutting wood and doing odd jobs he paid his way and graduated with honors; then came Harvard ❧ ❧

Young Johnson found work outside of study hours and he was willing to do it; this supplied him necessary funds and in his studies he was always a success.

Professor Wilson liked the youth so well that he made him monitor of his room, and also gave him work at times about his house. Then when the Professor began his great work on Bacteria, Johnson was intrusted to make certain researches. So faithfully did he furnish his reports that Professor Wilson had him come to his library evenings. The intimacy grew almost to affection on both sides, and the college papers used to have sly skits about the "Second Edition of Wilson and Wilson's Understudy," but neither Professor Wilson nor Mr. Johnson ever saw the point to these jokes. But Celeste Wilson did, and she did not like them. She had a sense of humor which they did not possess, still these things did not make her laugh.

On one occasion she requested Joshua to go up to the office of *The Crimson* and chastise the editor. Mr. Johnson put on his hat and started off without a smile to do her bidding, and it took con-

siderable persuasion to bring him back. It would have been a sorry day for that printery if he had reached it; for he certainly would have " pied " the whole editorial staff. Men of twenty-four, six feet one, brought up to work on a farm, might be dangerous, especially so when obeying the orders of a pretty young woman.

¶ When Joshua spaded the Wilson garden, Celeste used to come out and superintend. The young man admired the girl to within three points of idolatry, but he never dare hint the fact to her. Yet he hugged a secret hope that some day—some day, he would be an assistant professor and then—

In long winter evenings when the old gentleman and Mr. Johnson worked at the " Bacteria," the young woman would help about the classifications. On such occasions Mrs. Wilson would sit bolt upright and knit furiously, flinging off fierce fleers, glances of contempt and things toward the trio.

" Why do you have him here in my house? " she would ask, after Mr. Johnson had gone—" that uncouth, awkward, simpleton—he belongs in a barn, not in a library! "

Then the Professor would try to explain that Mr. Johnson had a very brilliant intellect and that some day he might take his place in the Chair of Biology. He was poor, of course, and had been deprived of certain advantages—he was of the kind that ripen slowly, etc.

The thing that troubled Mrs. Wilson, as the gentle reader has already guessed, was the fear that the tall, homely youth might get to thinking too much of her daughter. Perhaps she gauged the feelings of the young man from his shivers and starts, changes of color and stammerings. Mothers are naturally suspicious. And even mother-love is not always proof against jealousy, or something

Then she knew a young man that was a young man, polite, gentlemanly, graceful, rich. She did not want to marry off her only child—not she—but then, if anybody was going to steal away her

daughter, Charles Sarony would be as unobjectionable as any one! Mrs. Wilson and Celeste met this excellent young man once at a reception. He hired a carriage and took them home because Professor Wilson had forgotten them in the crush and trudged off alone. Mr. Sarony called occasionally, and twice he had taken the two ladies to the theater. He sat between them and talked more to the elder one than to the younger, which surely showed diplomacy.

¶ " Such a perfect gentleman, and his father a banker—I said, and his father a banker! " often remarked Mrs. Wilson.

But the daughter did not seem to hear.

When that registered letter came, its contents created a great agitation in the feminine mind of the Wilson household.

" I know what I 'll do," said Mrs. Wilson. " I 'll just send for Mr. Sarony; he is such a perfect gentleman, and his father is a banker —I said, and his father is a banker! "

" Would it not be better to have—to have some one else, too?" mildly suggested Celeste.

" Why, who else is there? "

" Mr. Johnson might come—he is very cautious, you know, and then Papa likes him."

" What does he know about finance or what does your Pa know either! Cautious is it! they are both so cautious that they will never accomplish anything; that is the trouble with 'em—I said, that is the trouble with 'em! "

A bright idea here came to Mrs. Wilson: —get these two young men together—then Celeste could see by contrast what a homely, ignorant and awkward person this Johnson was; and at the same time the brilliant intellect of Mr. Sarony could be displayed.

¶ " Very well, send for Mr. Johnson and Mr. Sarony. You write each at once, Celeste—tell them to come this evening, sure, on important business. Tonight at eight o'clock—I said, tonight at eight o'clock! "

So the notes were dispatched.

Mr. Johnson arrived at half-past-seven. His ready-made gray suit seemed a trifle seedy, but well brushed. He was somewhat abashed, and his necktie was working around towards his left ear—but these are small matters. Mrs. Wilson explained that she had sent for Mr. Johnson on a most important piece of business, but the particulars could only be explained after the arrival of a banker who had been summoned. The Professor and Mr. Johnson put in the time by verifying some experiments with the microscope.

It was well after eight o'clock when the scrunch of wheels on the gravel was heard, and Mr. Sarony stepped out of his carriage. He made it a rule always to arrive a little late—it showed that he was full of business and then his entrance after the other guests created a bit of a flutter. He was in full evening dress—self possessed to a degree that he never was in the recitation room. The Professor was interested in a specimen that he had under the glass and was not inclined to stop scientific researches. But after several calls to order, the business of the evening was taken up. Mrs. Wilson elected herself Chairman and bluntly began by explaining that a former pupil of the Professor's had kindly died, and by his will left twenty thousand dollars to the Professor, and the money had arrived that morning.

Mr. Johnson's jaw dropped, his blue eyes stared, he actually gasped for breath; he swallowed hard and then sat speechless. Mr. Sarony was not surprised; legacies are nothing—that is, when only trivial amounts are involved. He walked carelessly over to the table and squinted at the slide under the glass and asked the Professor if it was a *bacillus acidi lactici,* or what? As he got no answer (still peering into the instrument) he inquired:

" How much did you say, Mrs. Wilson? "

" Twenty thousand dollars—I said, twenty thousand dollars."

" Oh! a beautiful specimen this is."

" And I want to consult you about how to invest it—you know the Professor is no manager."

" Yes, I know."

" And so we sent for you both," added Miss Celeste, nodding toward Mr. Johnson. " Papa has so much else to think of, of course he does not trouble himself about finance."

" Well, what shape is it in now? " asked Mr. Sarony, who had now satisfied his scientific curiosity and had taken his seat.

" A draft—what you call a New York draft. Papa, show the gentleman the draft—I said, show the gentleman the draft! " remarked Mrs. Wilson. The Professor felt in several pockets, then stirred up the contents of sundry table drawers. Then he rummaged in certain pigeon holes of his desk. He stopped, perplexed: " Now where did I put it? It was a long, greenish piece of paper. Daughter, did n't you see it? "

" What book were you reading this morning, papa? "

" Why, the Darwin, I believe."

The Darwin was pounced upon excitedly by Mrs. Wilson and sure enough the long greenish bit of paper was found.

" There—you see the kind of man he is! " said the good woman to Mr. Sarony

Mr. Sarony smiled knowingly, adjusted his nose glasses with great deliberation and examined the draft. Then he handed it back. All waited for his verdict.

" It 's O. K."

" Eh? "

" It 's good for twenty thousand plunks, less one fourth of one for exchange."

" We do not exactly understand," said Mrs. Wilson.

" Why, it 's good for the rocks—but it will cost you one-fourth of one per cent to collect: it is drawn on New York! "

" Oh, you mean it is payable in New York? "

" That 's about the size of it."

" But I have no time to go to New York," peevishly put in the Professor. Mr. Sarony smiled wearily.

" Why, papa—don't you know you do not have to go to New York, just deposit it here—you have had New York drafts before! "

¶ " Oh, yes, of course; I was thinking of something else."

" Then draw checks on it—I said, draw checks on it. First thing, we need a new house; this is no kind of a residence for a Professor —we should go into society more. I am sure that if the Professor would only spruce up he might yet be President of the University, or Dean anyway; don't you think so, Mr. Sarony? "

Mr. Sarony was a little doubtful about the presidency. It was not a question of merit, simply " pull," and very inferior men were often college presidents. But he was certain that Professor Wilson could be Dean—in fact he had heard his name mentioned in that connection. Mr. Sarony would himself look the ground over—it might take a little time—such matters usually do—but it doubtless could be arranged. The good old Professor was growing nervous. He interrupted the young man.

" But I am satisfied where I am. I do not want the deanship and you will oblige me greatly by never mentioning my name in that connection."

" Why, of course if you do not want the promotion, that is another thing. We will just let the matter rest there, but if at any time "—

" All I want now," broke in the Professor with much more decision than he was known to possess, " all I want now is to invest this money where it is safe and will bring in a fair rate of interest."

¶ " And won't we build a new house—I said, won't we build the house? " wailed Mrs. Wilson. Her question was disregarded.

" Very well, I am thoroughly used to such matters—bond and mortgage is what you want, or gilt edge railroad stocks might be better—I 'll write down to my father at New York and ask his advice," said Mr. Sarony.

This deference to his father was a good stroke. College men who think their fathers can tell them anything useful are rare. The old

Professor thought better of Mr. Sarony for this filial devotion. So it was decided just to let the long, greenish bit of paper lie between the leaves of the Darwin until they heard from Sarony the Elder ☙ ☙

As for Johnson, he had not spoken a word. Twenty thousand dollars all concentrated in a bit of paper! it quite unnerved him. He knew every paradigm of the Greek verb, and much about physical science, and all about the Aztecs and Incas, but this question of finance was very intricate—he was willing to let it alone. ¶ So the financial advisors departed.

And here is where the interesting part of the story begins.

☙

## CHAPTER IV.

In two days there came this letter:

SARONY & VAN SLYE,
111 WALL STREET,
BANKERS AND BROKERS.
*Cable Address, "Slye."*

Dictated S. to G. B.

Prof. Chilo Wilson: New York, Feb. 4, 1890

Dear Sir—We are informed by Charles Sarony of the legacy that has come to you. Understand that you desire to use funds to best advantage. Beg to congratulate you on windfall. If other arrangements have not been made will be pleased to have you open acc't with us. Will pay 5 per cent on daily bal. and when we see good chance for investment will advise.

Thanks for favors extended to our son.

Yours truly,
SARONY & VAN SLYE,
Per S.

P. S. Market flat just now. Can hardly tell which way cat will jump. Will send you daily Stock Bulletin.

There was a special delivery stamp on this letter, so it was brought by the messenger direct to the College. It found the Professor in his class room about to begin a series of experiments in Physics. He opened the missive and read it twice, then turned the sheet over and looked at the back. Then he examined the envelope and the array of stamps. Then he read the letter again. The class was getting quite interested in the proceeding, and when the monitor was beckoned to come forward the curiosity was at fever heat. Mr. Johnson read the letter and thought he understood it—all but that about the cat. The Professor had an antipathy toward cats, and it always made him nervous to be interrupted in his scientific work and so he lost his temper just a little: " Plague on 'em, what do we care about their cat?"

" But the stock bulletin may explain when it comes—it is a live stock bulletin, I suppose—we may get some points on zoology."

" Go to your seat, Mr. Johnson," said the Professor.

The missive was deposited in the old-fashioned high hat that stood on the table, and the lecture was begun. The Professor soon grew interested in his theme and all passed off well.

The letter was forgotten until the old gentleman reached home, when he noticed it in his hat and gave it to his wife to read. Now, Mrs. Wilson had taught a " deestrick " school in her younger days and prided herself on good grammar. In fact, she was an adept in the " lower criticism; " that is, the criticism of punctuation, the crossing of t's and dotting of i's.

" Our son, *our* son is it—speaks of our son and then signs the firm name! "

" But Mother," said the Professor, clutching at anything to stop quibble, " don't you see it is all right? it means ' our son,' ' per S'."

¶ This seeming error disposed of, Mrs. Wilson fell to admiring the letter. It was plain and to the point. Business men have a literary style sometimes called the " Western Union "—they do not waste words. They were not anxious about the money either

—deposit with them if you wished, otherwise no difference. The allusion to the cat was too deep even for Mrs. Wilson, but as soon as Celeste read the letter she said, " Why they do not know whether the prices of stocks will go up or down, that 's all."

¶ " Now, of course; I knew that was what it meant all the time," chimed in the mother.

Then the fact that the firm had a cable address was proof that they did business all over the world. Besides, no man in college spent more money than young Mr. Sarony, so his father must be rich

Mr. Charles Sarony and Mr. Joshua Johnson were again sent for.

¶ They came, and Mr. Sarony explained that if the draft was deposited with Sarony & Van Slye it would cost nothing for collection and would always be subject to check. No one could draw it except on the signature of Professor Wilson, and if any investments were made it would never be unless with his special permission

Mr. Joshua Johnson twirled his thumbs, and said nothing, because there was nothing for him to say.

And so the draft was duly sent for deposit to the Banking House of Sarony & Van Slye (whose cable address was Slye), and there came back promptly by express, charges prepaid, a package containing the following:

One check book.

One pad of deposit tickets.

One pad telegraph blanks.

One private telegraph code.

The last item is worthy of a remark or two. It was a beautiful little book with gilt edges and bound in flexible leather. It had a silver clasp or something that looked like silver, and appeared for all the world like a solemn little prayer book. Celeste thought it a dainty volume and Mrs. Wilson quite gushed over it.

On the first page of this pretty book was a notice printed in red

ink, that if it should be lost or stolen Sarony & Van Slye must be immediately notified by wire.

" That is so they can send another," said Mrs. Wilson, " how very thoughtful of them."

Then the two women fell to reading out of this little volume, but they could not exactly get the run of the story. It was just like a dictionary, only different. Instead of giving the meaning of words it gave something else. For instance, " stickfast " meant today, " kite " meant one thousand, " mule " meant haste, " crawfish " meant dollars, " bottles " meant cancel, etc.

Following the express package came a letter requesting Professor Wilson to sign all telegrams, Quinn, and adding that where this signature was used all messages could be sent D. H.

These things rather annoyed the good Professor: it broke in on his scientific work sadly. It was all so hopelessly foolish and trivial. Why should he, at his time of life, call himself " Quinn " and send messages " D. H."—what in the name of Archimedes did they mean? He did n't propose to send them any messages, anyway

So Mrs. Wilson put on her bonnet and shawl and her lace mitts, and went up to Matthews Hall, where Mr. Sarony had his apartments, to make inquiries about the meaning of "D. H." and to ascertain if possible who this man Quinn was.

Mr. Sarony was always a perfect gentleman. He greeted the good lady with great courtesy, as became her high station as helpmeet to a learned Professor.

He explained that " D. H." stood for a Latin formula meaning gratis or without expense. The signing of the name " Quinn " to telegrams instead of the Professor's own name was a mere device to keep the telegraph operators from talking about Professor Wilson's affairs—the messages could be sent to the office by a boy and then the gossips would know nothing about the transaction

But the name Quinn—could not some other be substituted? it was the name of the garbage man. Mr. Sarony thought a better sounding name could be chosen—he would see. As for the code it was simply to keep one's business to one's self.

" Of course, I knew it all the time," said Mrs. Wilson, " but then I thought I would ask—I said, I thought I would ask! "

" To be sure," said the gracious Mr. Sarony. " I knew that you knew it all the time, and you know that I knew that you know! "

¶ Then they had a real nice little visit—talking about the weather and things. And about a man Mr. Sarony knew who made a hundred thousand dollars in stocks in a year. Mr. Sarony promised that he would call often and he walked with the lady, bareheaded, clear to the corner. After supper Mrs. Wilson suggested that the Professor memorize the code—he could easily do it—it was not nearly so hard as the Greek verb:

" What does ' stickfast ' mean, Pa? "

" Yesterday," answered the pupil.

" No, no, no; ' today,' did n't I tell you! "

" Now ' measles? ' "

" ' Measles ' means sell."

" That 's right; ' bilious? ' "

" Oh, please don't, Mamma; Papa is tired; there is no need of trying to commit that thing to memory. We will probably never send a single message," exclaimed Celeste.

Then Mrs. Wilson started off on the story about Mr. Sarony's friend who made so much money in stocks. " Two hundred thousand in a year—starting on just twenty thousand dollars. He bought when things were low and sold when they were high. Sarony & Van Slye know when stocks are going to advance and they telegraph their friends. If we make a hundred thousand we can have a beautiful residence and large grounds all laid out in flower beds like a botanical garden! "

The Professor squirmed in his chair.

" But, mother, we must not be foolish. We have enough money now, and this house is good enough. People of our age should not change their habits of life. Celeste was born here. Let us stay and be content."

" But then, don't you know, people who have money are much better thought of than those who have not! Only last week you were telling of how you would endow the Chair of Biology if you had the money."

" That 's true, I did, I did, but speculating in stocks is not much better than gambling! "

" You need not speculate in stocks. Mr. Sarony says you can just buy wheat or corn when it is cheap and then when it goes up, sell it."

" But we have no place to store corn."

" Sarony & Van Slye will keep it for you—they have an elevator —they will sell it for you and measure it out to the man themselves, and get his money for it so you will not be bothered."

¶ " Oh, now, Maria, you know the money is bringing five per cent interest; is not that enough? I have important work to do, and must not have my mind troubled with business! Let the money rest—some day Celeste may need it—she shall have it all. Come, daughter, dear, take the pen: let me dictate a thought to you—we must finish this chapter tonight. Now then: All tissue is cellular and has the power inherent in itself to add cell to cell. Under certain conditions these aggregations become " * * * *

## CHAPTER V.

PEACE reigned after that draft had been sent away. The Professor's mind went back joyfully to that unfinished chapter on Diatoms and Infusoria. Peace reigned: it reigned all one day and part of another. It was then ruthlessly deposed by a telegram

which was handed to the Professor right in the midst of his morning lecture.

Professor Wilson had about the same horror of a telegram that many hysterical ladies have of a mouse.

The Professor was a thoroughly good man, but his nerves had been put to a severe strain during the past few days. His lecture was interrupted and the telegram was handed to him by the monitor with the information that the messenger was waiting without and wanted to know if there was an answer.

" The nodal cell is the lowest of the three and exists in every form of tissue, therefore "——

" What shall I tell the messenger? " said the monitor.

" Tell him to go to the devil," replied the Professor,—" and as explained in my last lecture "——

Then he opened the envelope and read this message:

D. H. Nite.

N. Y., Feb. 9.

To Prof. Wilson

gravel mouser haymow shoofly boots

Slye.

Naturally the sense of the communication did not at once dawn on his mind. By the time he had read the message over four times and carefully examined the chirography on the envelope, the lecture had taken wings. He tried to recall what he had said and what he intended to say, but all that came to him was " gravel mouser haymow shoofly boots." So he simply dismissed the class with the explanation that a message of great importance had come to him and its contents must have immediate attention.

He put on his overcoat and started homeward without his hat. He ran a little at first, and this caused one facetious student

to remark to another that Professor Wilson's brother must be dead. Then this student told another that the Professor's brother was dead—killed in a railroad wreck or something. One of the Boston evening papers contained a wood-cut of the Professor and announced that "the younger brother of Professor Chilo Wilson of Cambridge has been killed in a railroad collision. Full particulars will be given in our next edition."

This is what is called a scoop.

On the way home the Professor revolved in his mind the probable import of the message. Either Van Slye had committed suicide or old Mrs. Sarony had fallen down-stairs and injured her spine. In any event the sad news must be broken gently and tenderly to Charles Sarony. Mrs. Wilson was much surprised to see her husband at this time of day—much surprised to see him without his hat and much surprised to see him so red in the face, as if he had been walking rapidly. More than all she was surprised by the telegram that fluttered in his hand.

"Land sakes!" She snatched the bit of yellow paper from his grasp and tried to read.

"The code, mother; the code, quick! it is cipher!"

And so the code was brought out and the two gray heads were close together as Mr. and Mrs. Wilson leaned over the table and wrestled with the little book.

Finally it was made out: "C. B. & Q. is off. Good time to buy."

¶ This worthy couple were human; naturally they were a bit resentful to think there had been no accident.

"What do I care! Let C. B. & Q. go off as fast as they want, all three; plague take 'em!"

"But perhaps they are friends of young Mr. Sarony's," interposed the lady.

So Mr. Sarony was sent for. When he was ushered into the presence of Professor Wilson he met with a North Pole reception.

¶ "Tell your father not to harass me with any more messages.

If your friends X. Y. and Z. want to go on a journey, is that any reason why I should be bothered? Just inform him that anything I wish to buy I can get right here just as cheap as in New York."

¶ Mr. Sarony was very patient. He explained that C. B. & Q. were simply the initials of a great railroad company, and that the word " off " signified that the stock was low, so the suggestion was given that it was a good time to buy.

" Of course, I knew it all the time—I said, I knew it all the time," remarked Mrs. Wilson.

" Professor Wilson should not be pestered with these things—he has important work to do—like Agassiz he has no time to make money; there are matters more vital than money making," said the diplomatic Sarony addressing the gallery. Then he explained that a great many telegrams were sent out, and that people were often glad to be informed of the fluctuations in the stock market, but Sarony & Van Slye should know better than to trouble the Professor of Biology with such themes. And then the gentlemanly Mr. Sarony withdrew, excusing himself for his seeming haste in thus tearing himself away. The Wilsons excused him.

¶ Every day there came by mail the Stock Exchange Bulletin. A bulletin is quite interesting. There was no wit and humor column in this one, yet it pleased Mrs. Wilson to think that the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye, whose cable address was " Slye," should be so thoughtful about mailing it. She wondered whether it was Mr. Sarony or Mr. Van Slye that directed the wrapper; and she concluded it must be the senior member of the firm, for the writing was large and bold. It made one think of a great big rich man with a gold watch, a fob chain and a bunch of seals. Business men are so bluff and hearty. The Professor had no watch chain, only a tape that he wore around his neck and his watch was silver and open-faced at that, so it could not be shut with a snap. Then the Professor was pale and dyspeptic and his handwriting was cramped and small. This on the wrapper

had a large, free and easy swing that betokened the successful man of affairs.

Young Mr. Sarony called quite often.

He explained to the ladies the mysteries of the bulletin. "C. & A." meant Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, "Lackawanna" was Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, "M. C." was Michigan Central

It was very interesting.

Then one evening, to illustrate a point, he took the Bulletin of Feb. 9th. He ran his finger down the line to C. B. & Q. and asked Celeste to set down on a piece of paper the quotation for that day. She did so. Then he found the quotation on the last Bulletin. She set that down above the other and subtracted and found the difference seven and a half cents. Then Mr. Sarony asked her to multiply five thousand by seven and a half. This she did and Mr. Sarony pointed the figures off with his pencil and set a dollar mark before the sum.

"Now, suppose the Professor had followed the advice and bought five thousand shares of C. B. & Q. and then sold them today, his profit would have been exactly $3,750.00!"

The ladies held up four hands in astonishment.

"Oh, why did n't he do it—I said, why did n't he do it!" exclaimed the mother.

Then Mr. Sarony showed the quotations on wheat and pointed out how it had declined. He figured on a pad, like a lightning calculator, and proved that a thousand dollars invested in wheat a week before would have made the purchaser eleven hundred dollars

"But you say wheat went down—you lose when the price falls!"

"Oh, no; you simply buy short."

It was very wonderful, this stock market miracle! Mrs. Wilson could hardly comprehend how you made money if the price

went up, and you often made still more if the price went down; but Mr. Sarony was sure about it. It must be so.

The next day after dinner Mrs. Wilson took the Bulletin for Feb. 9th and 16th and showed her husband how C. B. & Q. had advanced. Then she showed him Mr. Sarony's figures.

" Chilo Wilson, you have lost three thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars—more than your salary for a year—I said, more than your salary for a year! " exclaimed the lady upbraidingly

The Professor was incredulous.

Then Mrs. Wilson showed him how the money was just within his grasp, but as he failed to reach forth and take it, he of course had lost it.

That evening Mr. Sarony called again. Mrs. Wilson was very anxious to know more about the wonders of Wall Street. She wondered why miracles could only be wrought on one street and asked if it was a long street or a short street, and were there street cars on it. And as Mr. Sarony knew all about Wall Street, and how fortunes were made, he unburdened his mind of the information: carefully concealing the fact that Wall Street is only a little bigger than an alley.

" Now a thousand dollars buys you ten thousand bushels of wheat "——

" How so, when wheat is a dollar a bushel? " interrupted Celeste

" But you see, you put up a margin of ten cents a bushel "——

¶ " Who supplies the rest? "

" Why, we do—Sarony & Van Slye—you put up a thousand dollars and that gets you ten thousand bushels, and if the price advances four cents, why, tomorrow you are four hundred dollars better off than you were today."

" Four hundred dollars! "

" Yes, Mrs. Wilson, that is what I said, just four hundred dol-

lars. Wheat has been going down point by point for a month. I had a telegram from the Governor today that it had touched rock-bottom. Tomorrow there will be an advance—now you see! "

Next day, after dinner, Mrs. Wilson brought the subject up with her husband. He smiled indulgently as she explained how Sarony & Van Slye had so kindly offered to supply nine-tenths of the money. The Professor had to furnish only ten cents a bushel, and if it went up four cents the Wilsons would make just four hundred dollars a day.

" Maria, do you really want me to speculate in wheat? "

" Why, no, not speculate, just buy it and then sell it again and make a lot of money."

" You say Mr. Sarony knows it is going up? "

" Yes, his father is sure of it—he knows all about it, you know! "

" Wait until the Bulletin comes tomorrow and we shall see whether he is right."

" If he is right will you try it just once—only a thousand dollars—you have twenty thousand in the bank, you know; it really should be earning something? "

" No, no—but still—well if Mr. Sarony is right and it does advance—yes, I 'll give you just one hundred dollars to invest. If you lose it, it will teach you a lesson."

The Professor had put on his hat and was about to start for the college. His wife tenderly took his arm and walked to the door. The old man kissed her and patted the withered cheek—he was not given to much demonstration! She was pleased and he was pleased that she was pleased. For the moment he was feeling younger; he twirled his cane as he walked toward Harvard Square, and even whistled a bar or two from an old love song that he thought had long since been forgotten.

And here is where the exciting part of this story really begins.

## CHAPTER VI.

NEXT morning Mrs. Wilson stood with a shawl over her head and waited for the postman. He seemed to be late; but at last his brass-buttoned uniform came in sight. He handed out the Bulletin and the eager hands of the woman tore off the wrapper. ¶ " Wheat 1:03! "—yesterday it was only 1:01—" Market firm." ¶ At lunch time Mrs. Wilson stood again at the gate with a shawl over her head. In one hand she held the Stock Exchange Bulletin that came yesterday, in the other, today's.

Exultantly she showed the Professor the quotation.

" There now, did n't I tell you Mr. Sarony knew it was going up? You would n't believe it, would you? what do you say to this? See! ' One dollar three and firm.' You promised me the hundred dollars to invest if I proved to you that Mr. Sarony knew—no backing out now! "

The Professor was annoyed by this profuse and confident crowing. He had in fact forgotten his promise of the day before, but he drew the check and gave it to her.

Mrs. Wilson had decided that she would rely entirely on the advice of Mr. Sarony about the investment. She sought him at his rooms without delay. He advised immediate purchase of one thousand bushels at 1:04 or under, telegraphing the order. So the code was consulted and the order sent.

The following morning the grey haired woman again stood with shawl over her head waiting for the postman. She was a little feverish and her hands trembled as she scanned the Bulletin page. " Wheat strong, 1:05! "

She hastened to the college and called Mr. Sarony out of the recitation room. He read the quotation and smiled knowingly. ¶ " 'Spose I write 'em to sell when she reaches 1:07? " suggested the Napoleon of Finance.

" It may go still higher! "

" Yes, but it is uncertain."

" Well, do as you think best."

So the young man wrote an order to sell Mrs. Wilson's wheat when the market reached 1:07. The second day came a message to young Mr. Sarony saying they had sold at 1:07½. Mr. Sarony did not take this telegram down to Mrs. Wilson's—it was too trivial a matter to look after personally. He sent it down by a bootblack

When Mrs. Wilson received a letter by next post from the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye her heart began to beat violently. She feared there must have been some mistake about the telegram—they had failed to sell and the market had gone down.

" You open it, Celeste, you read it to me—if it is bad news we must never tell Pa—I feel as if I was going to faint, oh my! "

Celeste opened the envelope, unfolded the big sheet of letter paper and out there fell, fluttering to the floor, an oblong bit of paper. It was a check for $126.50 and this check was pink of a very pretty tint. The letter with the check merely mentioned that the wheat had been sold as ordered and proceeds were enclosed, less commissions. Then the great firm of Sarony & Van Slye (whose cable address was " Slye ") said that they would be much pleased to receive Mrs. Wilson's further orders.

The letter was laid on the Professor's plate at dinner time. He felt the aura of suppressed excitement before he saw the check and knew something was coming.

" How much did you give me? Chilo Wilson, answer me that! I said, how much did you give me! "

Chilo Wilson admitted that it was just one hundred dollars—no more and no less.

" How much is that check on your plate? "

Professor Wilson was forced to admit that it was $126.50. He was further forced to admit that one hundred dollars deducted from

one hundred and twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, left twenty-six dollars and fifty cents.

" How long ago was it that you gave me that one hundred dollars? " ❧ ❧

There was no use of denying it, it was only five days before.

Then another problem in arithmetic was presented to the Professor, namely: If one thousand dollars had been invested instead of one hundred how much would the profit have been? All probabilities pointed in the direction that the net sum made would have been $265.00.

" Now you just give me a check for $500.00 and I will make enough in a week to buy a new Axminster for the parlor."

" But, Mother, would n't it be better to take this check and buy the carpet? "

" Yes, but this check is capital—one hundred dollars of it is—Mr. Sarony says we should never encroach on capital, but keep it active."

" Well, we will see! "

So the matter rested.

Mr. Sarony chanced to call that evening and of course there was only one subject for discussion. The Professor had work to do, but he was drawn into the conversation against his will. He was annoyed ❧ ❧

" Do you advise my wife's investing five hundred dollars more? " he icily asked Mr. Sarony.

" Oh no, not a dollar; I was just saying that there was no certainty about the market now."

It came over Professor Wilson that possibly he had been doing Mr. Sarony an injustice. Evidently he was honest in this Wall Street business. The conversation turned to the uses of wealth ❧ ❧

" Money in itself is not bad; it all depends on how you use it. Now suppose I know a poor fellow whose heart is fixed on college

and he has no money to take him, and I pay his way for a year to give him a start? "

" Excellent! excellent! " exclaimed the Professor.

Then the subject of endowments was broached, and the names of several men who had given much to endow colleges, hospitals and libraries were mentioned.

" You know you would like nothing better than to endow the Chair of Biology? " said Mrs. Wilson.

" Certainly, for the Faculty brought the matter up at the last meeting and one of them even suggested dropping it for economy's sake; what a shame it would be, just for the lack of a few paltry dollars, to discontinue so valuable a course! "

And so the use of " means " was discussed at length. Mr. Sarony took his departure and all voted that it had been a very pleasant evening

It was more than a week before he called again. Then it was on business. He merely wished the Professor to know that a dollar or so could be made in corn without any trouble. His father had sent him a telegram and if he did not tell his dear friends, Professor and Mrs. Wilson, he would feel he was derelict to duty. Of course it was their own matter—they must use their own judgment about investing.

" Is your father sure about the market? "

Mr. Sarony made no answer, only looked at the lady, and a half smile of pity stole over his face.

" How much should we invest do you think? "

" Oh, only a little—not a thousand—say five hundred. There is no use of being reckless, even if you are sure."

The Professor drew the check for five hundred dollars. Two days passed

The market went down; so did Mrs. Wilson's spirit.

" Corn lower," said the Bulletin. Mrs. Wilson was in the depths and Mr. Sarony not to be seen.

Then there was a change—" The continued backward spring has sent corn up six points in three days," announced the Bulletin. ¶ Young Mr. Sarony wired the firm to sell. They did so and then sent a message to Mrs. Wilson saying her profit was $81.62.

The message was duly laid on the Professor's dinner plate. He had gotten used to finding things there now. The Bulletin was there every day and he had taken to scanning it. It was quite interesting to see how the prices moved up or down like the mercury in a thermometer.

" ' On account of the continued backward spring.' How did your father know the spring would be backward? "

" Employ meteorologists—don't you know! " said young Mr. Sarony, in a matter of fact way, as he looked out of the window.

Professor Wilson did not know that bankers and brokers utilized science—it raised the " street " a bit in his estimation.

Still he was not specially interested; the thing his heart was in was the Bacteria. He flatly told his wife so in the presence of Mr. Sarony and requested her to talk of something beside that miserable stock market.

His blunt remark and gruff treatment of herself and the dear friend caused the good woman a weeping spell.

As for Mr. Sarony he congratulated the Professor on his oneness of aim and prophesied that the " Bacteria " when published would become an authority in every University in the world.

It must have been ten days before Mr. Sarony called on the Professor in his private room at the college and showed him a telegram just received from the elder Sarony. It read: " chance of lifetime better let professor wilson in on ground floor particulars by male."

Professor Wilson could not see the object of spelling his name without capitals, but the young man explained that this was merely the lack of education on part of the telegraph operator. ¶ The letter came and detailed that a pool was being formed to

bull Erie and that five thousand dollars put in would probably double itself in a month.

" You better not say anything to your wife about this—women do not understand these matters, you know."

Professor Wilson agreed with this sentiment—his estimate of the feminine intellect was low, for a man's opinion of women is determined by those with whom he is most intimate. He was n't sure that men understood " these matters " either, but a desire had been in his heart for some time to endow the Chair of Biology, and here was " the chance of a lifetime." The elder Mr. Sarony said so and his judgment so far had been correct. It is easy to draw a check. Professor Wilson drew one and young Mr. Sarony promised to keep the matter a secret and attend to all details.

¶ Young Mr. Sarony kept the matter secret and he likewise attended to all details.

And here is where the tragic part of the story begins.

## CHAPTER VII

PROFESSOR WILSON was a genius. The wife of a genius often takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man's interest at heart she endeavors to arouse him out of his lethargy by railing at him. Occasionally he awakens enough to rail back. And so it has become an axiom that genius is not domestic.

¶ Professor Wilson was now deeply intent on completing his book. Both he and Mr. Johnson would often work away until well after midnight. Loss of sleep does not tend to make mortals amiable and then there is that which is known as " literary irritability." Another thing that did not help the Professor's temper was the thought of that Wall Street investment. To be led into such a thing by a mere boy! It was only an impulse and ever since he had drawn that check his self-respect had been less.

¶ Then my Lady Tongue was worse than ever

She never mentioned the stock market now-a-days. He thought it a little queer—but was glad she did not. He would not bring the theme up—not he. Yet he pondered over it a good deal.

Mrs. Wilson reasoned with Talleyrand that language is given us to hide our thoughts. About the only subject that was in her mind was the stock market, so she never mentioned it. She talked of other things, for she was deep in buying and selling and constantly in communication with Mr. Sarony.

" No use of telling your husband—he doesn't understand these matters," said that worthy young gentleman.

The lady agreed with him.

Her husband had given her permission to keep that six hundred dollars and she had promised to put it in the Savings Bank. Instead, however, she gave it to Mr. Sarony; for with Mr. Sarony it would draw a much higher rate of interest.

They bought wheat, then oats; sold corn short and chased pork up the " street " and then down. Sometimes they lost, sometimes won. But recently the market " soured " on them, as Mr. Sarony expressed it, and losses were the rule. In fact the first profits made had disappeared and the capital had dwindled to less than two hundred dollars.

Still Mr. Sarony was hopeful; he was sure that a lucky strike would bring it all back.

Meanwhile there came to Professor Wilson mysterious letters about the pool that was booming Erie. " It 's all right—only taking a little more time than we thought. Plans have come out just as arranged, but not yet liquidated. Will write soon."

But the days passed, and the expected letter of explanation did not come. Instead there was a telegram saying: " have carried our point doubled investment but all agreed to put in forty per cent more to fully consummate sure thing."

This was encouraging.

All the other investors in the pool had agreed to put in forty per

cent more to fully complete the scheme. Of course, as the others had paid up, Professor Wilson should, too. The amount invested would just double, that is Professor Wilson's seven thousand dollars would be returned to him with seven thousand more—all in a week. Young Mr. Sarony was very sure of this.

The old gentleman was doubtful at first, but he soon caught some of the younger man's enthusiasm and the check for two thousand dollars was handed over.

" It 's only for a day or so," said young Mr. Sarony. " We will try Northwestern next, we must not have all of our eggs in one basket." ❧ ❧

But Professor Wilson thought best to wait. They were both feeling good. Seven thousand dollars profit in six weeks! A few such strikes and the Chair of Biology could be endowed. Eureka! or almost ❧ ❧

Then a week went by, as weeks will to those who wait, but the expected liquidation did not materialize.

The Professor found little peace at home. Something was troubling his wife: her hair seemed to be getting whiter, the face thinner, the features drawn. A difficult point had been reached in the chapter on Spore-life, but still both he and Mr. Johnson worked away.

Meantime the Faculty held another monthly meeting and the subject of continuing the Chair of Biology was again brought up. The revenues of the college had been reduced in various ways and it was voted to discontinue several departments, including Biology. This meant entire loss of salary to Professor Wilson. ¶ Still no word came from New York.

It is hard for a frank and generous soul to keep a secret. A secret gnaws—the more you hug it the more you suffer. The Professor was keeping his secret, Mrs. Wilson hers; and being in the same house they each became aware that the other was holding something back. The daughter, too, felt the strained relationship.

¶ Celeste had always been her father's confidante—he explained to her his hypotheses concerning animalculæ and many matters that she could not fully comprehend. He also consulted her whenever he bought a new pair of trousers, but this investment in Wall Street was different.

The confessional is a necessity for great souls and small; and a point was now reached where this simple hearted man must talk with somebody. His love for his daughter was profound. Should he tell her? He concluded he would, but not until after he had consulted Mr. Johnson.

So Mr. Johnson was summoned, the door was locked and Professor Wilson went over the matter in detail with his favorite pupil. Mr. Johnson had pretty good sense on most points and his judgment perhaps was right this time: he believed the Professor was being robbed. He told him so plainly.

Mr. Sarony was sent for but could not be found. His room-mate said he had gone to New York to spend a week's vacation but would be back in a few days. On Mr. Johnson's advice a telegram was sent Sarony & Van Slye demanding that they state plainly the condition of the Erie investment.

An answer came back that if Professor Wilson would send a thousand dollars more the plans could be carried through as at first conceived.

Mr. Johnson and the Professor were now positive that there was dishonesty abroad and that the best thing to do was to get the balance of Professor Wilson's deposit out of the hands of Sarony & Van Slye. So a check was signed and made payable to Joshua Johnson, and Mr. Johnson started for New York.

He found Sarony & Van Slye's office on the fourth floor in a large block. The quarters were small but fairly well fitted up, yet it was not the great banking house that Mr. Johnson expected to see. On presenting his check at the counter it was received by a dapper young man who looked the visitor over with an air of amusement.

Then he examined the check and was not so much amused. He went back and consulted with an older man, who was reading a newspaper, with his feet in the window, and this man was not amused at all. They conversed in an undertone for a minute or two and came forward together.

" Is your name Johnson? "

" Yes, Joshua Johnson."

" Well, we do not know that."

" Yes, but it is so, I 'm of the Class of Eighty-one."

" We don't care what class you are; how do we know your name is Johnson? "

At that moment Mr. Johnson caught sight of a face at a glass partition that separated the principal room from a private office. The face peered out and suddenly dodged back.

" There! there's a man who knows me—he will identify me—Charles Sarony."

The clerk went back to the private office and returned with the information that young Mr. Sarony was not there.

" You lie," shouted Johnson.

His face was white and his stooping shoulders had suddenly become square and firm; he showed the strength of a dozen such men as stood before him. His shambling gait disappeared as he slipped around the end of the counter, flinging aside the man, who attempted to stop him. Three steps brought him to the private office where in a corner crouched Charles Sarony.

" Thief, my money—here is the check—my money! " Four men stood about, hesitating before seizing the obstreperous intruder and ejecting him. Johnson faced them.

" Don't lay hands on me, gentlemen—I will kill the man who touches me—the money for this check is all I want! "

He waved the check aloft in his left hand, then slipped the paper into his pocket, and his great hands seized the back of a light chair

There was an instant of intense but suppressed excitement. Not a word was spoken. All felt quite sure that the chair would crash on the head of any man who moved forward, and none cared to touch the button that would explode the mine.

Young Mr. Sarony broke the spell. Calmly lighting a cigarette he took a seat, blew the smoke through his nose and then said, " What 's the use of raising such a devil of a row, Johnson, about a check—let 's see the thing! "

The check was passed over, but Johnson's eyes still glared and he had a couchant look as if about to spring.

Sarony handed the check back carelessly—looked out of the window, tilted his hat over one eye. Then he blew out a cloud of smoke and remarked to the elderly gentleman standing near. " It 's all right, Gov'nor, I know this lunatic, he 's Wilson's hired man, you'll have to give him the stuff! "

Then turning to Johnson, " I say Johnson, how are the boys? "

But Johnson still glowered; he refused to converse. Meanwhile young Mr. Sarony smoked, and the elder Sarony read the paper which he held upside down. The two other men were getting the cash together to meet the check. It evidently put them to their wits, for they had to go out for a portion of it. At last the whole twelve thousand four hundred dollars was placed on the table in two brick shaped packages. Johnson endorsed the check and distributed the money through various pockets.

" You 'll get robbed before you get home," smiled young Mr. Sarony

The elder man found time to look up from his paper. " I say, you Whats-your-name, tell your boss that we are sorry about that Erie deal; it caught us for a hundred thousand—you know these things will happen! "

But Mr. Johnson was gone.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE prediction that Mr. Johnson would get robbed did not hold true. He arrived home safely and made his way at once to Professor Wilson's.

It was after ten o'clock, yet the lights were burning brightly—in fact one might have supposed that there was a reception in progress. Mr. Johnson's ring was not answered, so he walked in. There was no one to be seen in the library or parlors. Coming from upstairs were sounds of hot argument, strife and suppressed excitement.

The man listened. He took two steps up the stairs and stopped.

"Take your hands off—I order you to be gone—this is my house, unhand me!"

Then came the noise of scuffling feet and the deep breathing of wrestling—a woman's sobbing voice. Johnson was no coward. At a bound he reached the top of the stairway and stood for a single second at the door of the room. Two men were struggling with Professor Wilson.

Johnson rushed forward, seized one of the men by the throat and with a quick trip and a whirl he sent the fellow spinning across the room where he fell with a crash against the wall. Johnson struck the other man with his fist, and then closed with him. Celeste Wilson rushed forward and endeavored to separate them.

"O Mr. Johnson! don't you see, it is the doctor—you must not, you must not, do you not see, it is the doctor?"

Johnson's arms fell, his form relaxed—he staggered and leaned against the head board of the bed for support.

"Forgive—forgive me, I thought they were robbers. But—I—I—I—I don't understand it!"

"Nor we either, Oh, Oh, Oh! just look at him!" It was Mrs. Wilson who spoke and she pointed at her husband who sat quietly on the bed staring about.

Johnson could not see anything wrong, except that the Professor's face was ghastly white, his eyes bloodshot—evidently he was very sick. Mr. Johnson tenderly took his hand and at the instant the sick man started up and threw his arms around his pupil's neck

"Save me, Johnson, save me, they are trying to tie my hands, save me!"

Johnson sat down and tried to quiet the man's fears but in vain.

"They are brokers, bankers and brokers. They robbed me and now are trying to take me away to boom Erie! Don't let them do it, Johnson—save me, and those women, too, are against me! Drive them away, Johnson—drive them away—I am president of the Erie, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, ding, ding whoooo—whoooo—ding, chuka, chuka, chuka. Don't put all your eggs in one basket. Take away the headlight, Johnson, it blinds me, take it away, I say!"

The doctor who got the fall now came forward, his forehead bleeding from a bad gash. He was consulting with his colleague about what to do. The Professor was watching them and became more frantic than ever, begging Johnson to protect him.

Mr. Johnson had the good sense to see that the presence of these two doctors, and the two crying women, was exasperating the patient

"I can manage him—leave the room, all of you, and I will put him to bed."

They withdrew and Mr. Johnson turned the lights low and then explained that the enemy had withdrawn and that the Professor should go to bed.

"I will stay right here all night, not a soul shall enter the room. I will be with you all the time."

He bathed the old man's face in cool water, opened the windows and sat by the bedside holding the thin, bony hands; sat there until the stars stole to rest and the east was flushed with pink—

until the sun came up and sent long streaks of light dancing into the room ❧ ❧

During the night the patient had moaned and muttered in his sleep. He had tossed about and several times had tried to get up, but the pupil's strong arm restrained him, and his voice brought reassurance ❧ ❧

When morning came the Professor was calm and rational, yet he wished Johnson to stay with him. He still had some fever and complained of pain in the back of his head. He asked for his daughter and begged her to remain.

The doctor came, but as soon as he entered the patient began staring wildly about. He addressed the Physician as " Mr. Van Slye " and enquired about the stock market. When his wife appeared at the door he became strangely fearful and begged of Johnson to protect him at all hazards.

All that day the pupil and daughter cared for the sick man. He wanted both near him all the time. He got up and looked out of the window; if any passer-by glanced toward the house he was sure the person was a spy in the employ of his enemies. A grocer's wagon stopped at the door, and the poor man quickly drew down the blinds, trembling with alarm. At times he would imagine he was running trains.

" I must boom Erie—ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch,—whooo—whoooo—ding, ding, chuka, chuka, chuka! "

Several of the neighbors came in to offer their services: among them young Mr. Sarony who had just returned from New York, dropped in to express his sympathy and offer his help in this time of sorrow. Every step was heard by the unfortunate man, and commented on. They were after him but Johnson must stand by ❧ ❧

All that day and the following night the faithful friend was with him.

Finally by use of sedatives the man was put to sleep and a consul-

tation of physicians was held. The decision was reached that he should be sent away to a hospital for the insane.

Mr. Johnson asked if he could not go too, so as to take care of him. The doctors explained that this was impossible—competent nurses were employed, and friends of the patients were never allowed with them. In fact, an attendant from the asylum had been sent for and was now in the house to assist in getting the Professor away early the next morning.

Mr. Johnson was getting much worn from the constant excitement. He looked very haggard. Celeste begged him to go to his room and rest. At last he consented. It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Johnson went away. Night came on.

Rain had been falling most of the day. Pools of water stood in the streets. The air was full of mist and fog. It would have been very dark had it not been for the flickering gas lamps that stood at infrequent distances along the street.

The few belated pedestrians, with umbrellas, hurried homeward with thoughts fixed on cosy firesides.

It was near eleven o'clock when a brown horse, attached to a light buggy was driven rapidly, splashing through the mud, toward Professor Wilson's house. A neighbor who peered out through her window thought it must be the doctor. By the fluttering light of the street lamp she saw him tie the horse. He let down the top of the buggy, lifted the whip from its socket and then set it back. Then he threw the robe forward on the dashboard ❧ ❧

He was a tall man, thin but broad shouldered. He took off his overcoat, removed his gloves and tossed them with the coat upon the seat. Then he cast one more glance at the horse and buggy, unsnapped the hitch rein, snapped it again, and walked up the steps with a quick, nervous, determined tread.

He opened the door gently, stood an instant in the hallway, and listened ❧ ❧

Professor Wilson's voice could be heard pleading with his attendants. Softly the man climbed the stairs. No one heard him when he entered the room. The first intimation they had of his presence was a wild laugh followed with " Whoooo—whoooo—ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka! "

The man who was endeavoring to hold Professor Wilson on the bed was Charles Sarony. He started in alarm and faced about. The tall man seized him, collar and elbow—gave him a quick jerk forward, brought him out of the room to the top of the landing, then turned, caught him across his hip, like an experienced wrestler, and flung him headlong down the stairway. The two other men who were in the room made their escape to the street by the back way, calling loudly for help.

Meantime the intruder had wrapped the sick man in the bedclothes, took his clothes that were on a chair, threw the limp form across his shoulder, and carried him down the stairs, out of the front door and seated him in the buggy. The snap that held the hitch rein to the bit was slipped and the man stepped into the buggy just as Celeste Wilson rushed from the house and seized the horse by the bridle.

" They are mad—don't you see, it is Mr. Johnson and my father —they are madmen, both, help me—help! help! help! "

Several men came running forward, one seized a wheel of the buggy and sought to overturn it—he nearly succeeded.

The whip sang through the murky air and wound with a savage crack under the horse's stifle. The affrighted animal made a wild bound forward. Still the girl kept her hold on the bridle—again the whip fell. The horse, now frantic with fear, lunged, his hoofs trod on the dress, carried the girl down under his feet and the buggy gave a lurch as the wheels passed over her form. The horse and buggy with its occupants disappeared in the gloom.

The sound of splashing hoof-beats grew fainter and were lost. Then there was only darkness and the soft falling rain.

# The Legacy

BOOK TWO—CHAPTER I

## *Our Scene Shifts to the Far West*

ALL succesful lives take a zigzag course. Rattlesnake Pete had been a relay rider on the Pony Express, had driven stage coach, fought Indians, struck pay gravel, gambled away his fortune and then turned plain cow puncher.

For a time he ran the Fort Dodge trail; he was then elected sheriff of Kewakee County, and when the county seat was at Red Gulch it was he who took charge of the posse that repulsed the mob from the rival town of Windy City. Both places claimed the county seat but Pete saved the day, and also the hook on which the records were filed.

If this had happened in England a few hundred years ago the Rattlesnake would have been made a Baron, and his descendants would have belonged to the nobility.

However we are straying, for Rattlesnake Pete had no descendants; instead of adding to the population he reduced it. There were six notches cut in the butt of his pistol.

Yet it must not be imagined that Pete was a Bad Man, he was not even a bad man. There was more good in him than evil, so we should call him good. Howbeit he was not pious, for he sometimes swore, although when he did the originality and uniqueness of the oaths were worthy of admiration. He was amiable, kind, generous; and truthful, except in regard to history and here it was memory lapsed, not intent.

If you were a stranger and chanced to call at Pete's cabin he would have taken you in, warmed you, clothed you, fed you, and he would have felt insulted had you offered to pay. If you had fallen among thieves, been beaten sore, and left by the roadside

half dead, and Pete had chanced to pass that way he would have stopped, bound your wounds, set you on his own beast and taken you to a place of safety. Then he would have gotten a posse and gone in hot pursuit of your enemy; thus not only acting the part of the good Samaritan but seeing his bluff and going him one better.

¶ Pete reverenced the memory of his mother—two of the notches had been cut on her account—he likewise at rare intervals spoke with feeling of " a gal what died years ago in Arkansaw." At such times he would sigh and " suthin' would git in his eye." Yet he was no saint, for he chewed tobacco and occasionally used stimulants to excess, as the Life Insurance Companies express it, and as before hinted his vocabulary contained several words not found in the *Standard Dictionary*.

Rattlesnake Pete was getting old. It would have done no good to have asked how old, for he did not know and likely as not would have told you thirty on the fourth day of last June. For he was often painfully exact in his statements, as men are apt to be who talk at random. But about his age—he was n't sixty, and then what if he was! Yet a painstaking person with a passion for facts might have figured out from Pete's accounts of certain fights in which he had taken part, that this man with the hat-band of rattlesnake tails, was getting along in years: especially so, in view of the fact that many of those Indian fights occurred upward of a hundred years ago.

But we will let that pass.

Bullets and arrows, knives and clubs, teeth and claws, hoofs and horns had left marks pretty much all over Pete's anatomy. And now time was adding to the scars on his face; and rheumatism was stiffening his legs (just a little). Wind, sun and whiskey had ruined his complexion long before. Yet Pete's heart was not seared—he had no quarrel with the world—he was still one of " the boys " and he wore his big dusty white sombrero jauntily cocked over one eye and was quite particular about the blue flannel shirt with

its red stars on the bosom. He wore his hair long, his boots high, and scorned suspenders.

Pete's earth journey had been a tumultuous one. He had met many men, good and bad; a few women—mostly bad—but through it all he had retained his faith in humanity. If a man told him a thing it was as though it had been printed in the *Sun*. And if Pete told you he would stand by you—believe it.

He had been chosen a Justice of the Peace, but the duties of the office were only nominal. And this was well, for down deep in his heart Pete preferred strife to peace.

On a certain beautiful May morning, in Dead Horse City, Rattlesnake Pete sat on a beer keg, out in front of the Silver Spur Saloon. The nights are cool there in the mountains, but in the daytime the sun comes out warm and gracious. Pete sat there, blinking in the grateful rays, dreaming of old days before these piping times of peace had ruined business. He chanced to look up and he saw something that gave him quite a start: two tenderfeet —one an old gentleman in solemn black; the other younger, tall, angular, plain, long-armed.

They were looking about curiously, anxiously, in fact.

" Mornin', gents," said Pete.

" Ah! good morning, sir."

The two men stopped and consulted in a whisper for an instant:

" We are looking for a certain individual by the name of Snake— Mr. Snake," said the younger.

" Well, pardner, you put 'er a leetle queer but I reckon I git your drift. 'Taint Rattlesnake Pete you want mebbe? "

" Why yes, Peter R. Snake, I wrote it down! The landlord, I believe, said his intimate friends call him by the cognomen you suggest. Where can we see him? "

" Right here, gents," said Pete as he tapped the stars on his flannel shirt front, " set down," and he motioned to a couple of beer kegs ❧ ❧

" No, no, we want to see you on very special business—we arrived late last night and were recommended to you. We want an honest, reliable man to help us."

" Wall, I haint so very damn honest—Nothin' wrong I hope, gents!"

" Wrong! yes, Mr. Snake, everything is wrong—there are enemies after us."

The stranger's voice was earnest, his manner full of suppressed feeling. Pete's hand went to his right hip.

" The boys have n't been botherin' you? "

" No, not boys—*men,* wicked, designing, base men."

Pete was now thoroughly aroused. These strangers had come to him for protection—there must be fair play. With his hand on the butt of his pistol he sidled out into the middle of the road, so as to command a full view. He looked up the street and down—a few stragglers walking about, a mule train in the distance struggling up the trail. The enemy was not in sight.

" Where be the goddam rogues, pardner, we 'll make 'em show their hands."

Pete turned around twice, still on the look out, expecting every moment a bullet would come whizzing past.

" I do not think they have arrived yet—but they are on our track: we will not be safe until we get a full hundred miles from any railroad—You must take us into the mountains, where they can not find us."

" Will they git here today, think you? "

" Yes, tonight, sure. We have heard them calling over the rails to us this morning. You know all railroads touch each other, so there is a regular network of steel over the whole country. These thieves—bankers and brokers they are—keep calling to us over these rails which you know are charged with electricity. We hear the voices all the time. As this is the terminus of the railroad the shouting at us here is worse than ever! "

" And they be callin' of you bad names? Why in tarnashun don't

they come out like men and show themselves—what is it they say? " ❧ ❧

" Bull Erie—bull Erie—ch—ch—ch—ch—chuka, chuka, bull Erie! " ❧ ❧

" What 's that—they air in the cattle biz, air they? "

" No, no, no, in the railroad business. You see Professor Wilson here is a magnate—what you call a magnate, owns most of the Erie, all of the C. B. & Q., and half of the Lackawanna. They are all after him; they caught him once and tied him with straps to carry him off, but I rescued him. Now we must get just one hundred miles away from any railroad and then they will let us alone. You must take us, we can pay you well. Will you do it? "

Pete scratched his head; he could not make it out—this about the railroads. All he understood was that these men were in trouble. He looked at them in perplexity. Either man was taller than he; they were gentlemanly, civil, yet their pale, earnest faces spoke of distress as they stood there waiting for his answer. Pete's sympathies were touched—yet it would take money to buy a camping outfit, and there must be provisions bought and this would mean a pack burro or two.

" Will these dosh bing scoundrels that are after you git here today? " ❧ ❧

" Yes."

" Wall, less fight 'em right here—I kin git the boys together an' we kin stand 'em off. It will take a lot o' money to go into the mountains a hundred mile. We 'ort to have a horse apiece and a couple o' jack rabbits to carry the campin' outfit an' grub. It will take five hundred dollars! "

" Oh, we have money, look at this! "

The younger man drew from an inside pocket a green package, fully two inches thick. " We will pay all expenses and give you a salary of a hundred dollars a month."

" I 'll do it gents—put 'er thar—put 'er thar."

And all this happened on the ninth day after our fugitives had so tragically left Cambridge. On that eventful night they had driven to Revere, where they at once took a train back to Boston. They went to a small Italian hotel where they kept closely to their rooms

No disguises were attempted, save that both men had shaved off their beards. In four days the Professor had so recovered strength that they took an evening suburban train to a crossing twenty miles out, where they waited for the Express. They boarded the through train and duly arrived in Denver in four days. The next afternoon they reached Dead Horse City. They had refused to converse with any one and had not been molested.

In life all things are possible—even safety.

## CHAPTER II

RATTLESNAKE PETE was used to emergencies. He delighted in the unusual and never reached Nirvana, unless dealing with the extraordinary. He usually took destiny on a jocular basis, but the circumstances of the present case were a trifle confusing to his limited intellect, so he was serious and perplexed. His brain was hardly equal to his heart anyway; and a post-mortem examination might have shown a deficiency in gray matter, with convolutions not especially deep.

Then the sight of so much money, the offer of a hundred dollars a month, and these two anxious men with their soft ways, caused the thought to come over Pete that he was only drunk.

He tried to shake himself into life and realization of the situation, so he arose, as we have said, and remarked with animation, " Put 'er thar—put 'er thar! " The two strangers looked at each other in astonishment. After an instant the older man spoke:

" We hardly—that is to say—sir, we do not understand what it is you desire us to put there."

" It 's a go, d'w'ye see—shake."
" Oh, you desire us to introduce ourselves. My name is Wilson, Chilo Wilson, whilom Professor of Biology. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Snake, Mr. Snake, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Johnson is a prizeman, holds the degree of B. A., *Magna cum laude:* he is the best student in Ethnology I ever knew."
So they shook hands.
That is, the little man did the shaking and with a force and energy such as the others were evidently not used to.
Pete had now calculated the number of drinks he had imbibed since morning and assured himself that he was not drunk.
" Look straight over my shoulder, pard," he said, addressing the younger man in a low tone, " what you see? "
Mr. Johnson looked carefully, but saw nothing in particular.
" Don't you see the big cottonwood tree with the clump o' willows down by the crick, a mile away? "
" Yes, I see the tree."
" And so do I, " said the Professor.
" Well you, Johnsing, just skirmish off to the left easy-like, and I 'll meet you at that big tree in an hour, and th' ole man he 'll slide off to the right and git 'round to same place."
The two men seemed to place a confidence in the guide; but his lowered tone called their attention to a group of idlers across the street who were watching the trio curiously.
Transparent, simple souls, like our friend of the rattlesnake appendices, are often possessed of the idea that they have a rare skill in contriving deep laid schemes. They are so very anxious to divert suspicion that they attract it. The three men separated; Pete walked off leisurely up the street, whistling as he sauntered.
" Who be the tenderfeet, Pete? " asked a friend.
" Oh, a couple of consumpters, sent here by the doctors to kick out, I reckon."
" What they want of you? "

"Oh, nothin' but to ax the way to Bill Smith's up on the branch."

¶ Then Pete rolled on carelessly, still whistling. He reached the end of the one street of Dead Horse City, slipped off into the sage brush and laid down. He remained there long enough to make sure that no one was following; then he skirted the town, picking his way along the mountain side until he came to the big cottonwood tree.

Sure enough the two strangers were there: both trembling with alarm at Pete's long absence and fearing that they had been led into an ambuscade.

The scout sat down on a bowlder. As he did so the other men stood up. The day being warm Pete took off his coat and laid off his sombrero. Then he fished out of his boot-leg a long plug of tobacco, a pipe out of his coat, and a knife from his trousers and began scraping off tobacco to fill the pipe. All this without a word.

His movements were very deliberate. The strangers gazed on him with the look of bewildered helplessness, such as a woman in times of sore trial might bestow on the man she loves.

These two men were undone.

The dark lines beneath their eyes told of sleepless nights and days when food was repulsive—of anxious hours when enemies pursued. At last they had found a refuge; and this weather-beaten, confident, self-sufficient little man was the cross to which they clung. Their own strength could carry them no further. They had up to this time leaned on one another, and like drowning men had clutched until their hands were helpless. The tide of untoward events was fast drifting them to sea, but a rock had been found, a crag lifting itself out of the angry, hungry waves: and this crag was Rattlesnake Pete.

When men meet there is always a swift, unspoken understanding between them. So there was here. Pete felt their dependence; and when we know that others are reposing confidence in us it adds cubits to our stature.

Pete filled the black pipe with needless deliberation. He picked up the sombrero and holding it to the windward struck a match and took three long deliberate puffs. Then he spoke:

" You see, gents, don't you know, I was n't ezackly awake up there at the town—a man must allus git out away from folks and things to have his headpiece unlimber fer biz—city's no place fer childrun or grownups: too much smoke from chimleys and goin's on, an' raisin' hell. You see, I did n't git yer drift—could n't down thar, how could I? Now gin me that lingo and gin it slow."

Pete waited and silently smoked.

Mr. Johnson looked at the Professor. The Professor looked at Mr. Johnson. Both looked at Pete. Pete looked at the great white-crowned top of Pinelico, thirty miles away. Five minutes passed ❧ ❧

" Yer givin' of it slow gents, but a leetle too damn slow."

" What is it you desire us to give you, Mr. Snake? "

" The grand buzz—same as you did up at the Silver Spur."

" The what? "

" The racket! "

" Why we said we would give you one hundred dollars a month."

" Yes, but tell me again 'bout the rascals that are on your trail. I did n't ezackly git it straight."

" The rascals? Oh, the men who are after us?"

" Now you have it."

And so Mr. Johnson told again about the enemies who had sought to capture the Professor, of how they had bound his hands and tried to carry him away, and of how at last Johnson had planned a scheme to elude them, and of how after much journeying they had reached the terminus of the Dead Horse branch of the Rio Grande; and how even here the harsh discordant voices of the enemy could still be heard calling, calling, calling.

" I have n't heerd 'em shout—but then I'm a leetle deef," said Pete, making up a small white lie for the occasion.

Then there was another moment of silence, after which the scout knocked the ashes out of his pipe by striking it on his boot heel.

¶ " Gents, there 's two things to do. Git a few o' the boys together and fight 'em till hell freezes over, or skip fer the mountings as th' ole man said. As fer me I reckon the best thing to do "— ❧ ❧

The explanation was cut short by a peculiar sound coming from the direction of the Professor. " Ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka."

Mr. Johnson took it up too and his right arm went up in the air, then down and around, then faster and faster. The Professor was moving both of his hands in the same way—faster—faster—faster—" ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ch,"—

Pete took his eyes off from the distant mountain long enough to glance at the strangers. Then he again brought forth the big, black plug of tobacco from his boot-leg and refilled his pipe. As he struck a match, the Professor gave a long "whooo—whooo-o-o-o " —Mr. Johnson came in with a "ding dong, ding dong, ding dong," and the arms moved slower and slower and finally ceased motion and hung listless.

Pete glanced at the two men and remarked:—" is to stay an' fight 'em." ❧ ❧

" No, no, no—we must get away from the railroad! They keep calling to us over the rails, we must get away," cried both men in unison ❧ ❧

Pete still smoked. He was thinking.

That these two men were sorely distressed he well knew. Under such conditions any man might act peculiarly. That there were enemies after them he never doubted, but it came to him that the enemies who were after them were officers of the law. In which case it would be best to take to the mountains.

Law to Pete was a pernicious scheme for interfering with the rights of honest men. Some of the best and most loyal friends

he had ever known were fugitives—unfortunate men who had offended society and were obliged to flee. In fact all of the really good men he had ever known had at some time " skipped."

When Rattlesnake Pete got a clear view of any situation he always showed himself a man of decision.

He slid off the bowlder and announced: " Gents, we fly the coop in two hours—gimme that five hundred and I 'll git the outfit. You two stay right here and lay low."

" Take it all—you can care for it better than I," said Mr. Johnson, and the brick shaped package was handed to the scout. Pete took the package as if used to handling that sort of thing every day, and dropped it inside his shirt front, gave a hitch of his trousers and disappeared among the willows.

He picked his way through the shadows of the underbrush and dodged along among the jagged rocks for nearly half a mile. Finally he came out through the sage and appeared in town at the complete opposite end from the big cottonwood tree. His sombrero was on the back of his head and his gait was careless and leisurely. As he walked he chewed a small twig.

Arriving at the railroad station he sat down on the platform. A close observer might have made out that he was listening and furtively looking for some one.

He walked into the shanty-like building and stood at the entrance to the operator's room. That dignitary sat, with back to the window at the little table, with fingers on the clicking instrument. He was a slight, gentlemanly young fellow from the East and like most railroad agents felt a proper degree of scorn for the public. He knew Pete was waiting at the window, yet he did not look around.

Pete heard the click of the key and he also could distinguish a plain buzzing sound that at times partially put itself into words. It was some one shouting, sure. The scout was no coward but that continual buzz and click made him feel a little queer. He

tiptoed out, as he thought unobserved, and laid his ear down close to the rail. Yes, there it was, a plain, though muffled sound, of some one shouting and calling from miles and miles away! ¶ It was the enemy coming in hot pursuit of his new found friends

A desire to get away came over Pete; a tremor ran through his hardy frame and an uncanny feeling of evil seemed to envelop him. He felt to see that the brick-shaped package was all right, that his pistols were in place and then he drew his belt one hole tighter, gave a swift glance behind and started for the hotel. ¶ What was it agitated him? The Unknown.

The known may be alarming but the Unseen is terrible. It saps the springs of action and by it decision is shorn of strength. It is the miasma of the dismal swamp that shuts down and holds the victim in its soft embrace; the mist of the mountain top that conceals the precipice and yet says alluringly—" This way." It is the fog that hides the iceberg; the jungle that covers the tiger; the doubt that paralyzes will. We can cope with the defined: when Goliath comes forth on the open plain we fearlessly give him fight with nothing better than a sling and pebbles from the brook. But Goliath in a maze of mystery, Goliath shouting curses, guttural and deep, from out the blackness of a cloud—ah! that is different

Rattlesnake Pete's air of easy indifference had given place to apprehension; smothered, of course, but still there. The sauntering shamble was replaced by an eager, erect and alert attitude. He moved away.

The bar room was his first objective point.

Behind the rough board hotel, known as the Grand Central, was a corral wherein were kept a dozen or more horses. Bronchos they were, with ewe necks, rat tails and brands of various devices, burned deep on hip, neck or withers. These animals were the property of a speculator called " Kiuse Joe." This worthy man

fitted out prospecting parties who went out into the mountains from time to time. When these parties came back, they had horses to sell and the Kiuse bought them at his own price.

Then suspicious strangers often rode in on sorry scrubs and being in haste to catch the train would sell their nags at Kiuse Joe's first bid ❧ ❧

Whether Joe was like Cæsar's wife or not is entirely irrelevant. We are not here to investigate his character nor cast slurs on his business methods. Further than this the writer of this tale craves no libel suits, not even when he might claim "truth" and "justification" as a defense. But at any rate the corral behind the Grand Central at Dead Horse City was often a great convenience to the citizens.

You could get a horse there at a moment's notice. The price you had to pay of course depended entirely on the urgency of the case, just as the rate of interest at your banker's depends upon how much you need the loan; or as certain men advance the price of lumber if they see a neighbor fall off from the dock, so did the Kiuse's figures fluctuate.

If you rode up on a horse badly blown, that trembled on his legs when you dismounted, Joe would take your tired horse and give you a fresh one for fifty dollars to boot. If, however, you had three days to spare, and would sit on the corral fence, and tell yarns and by your actions convince Joe that you did not want a horse, you might get a fairly good animal for fifteen dollars, provided you would stand treat. Another advantage of buying your horses of Joe—they were always warranted sound and kind.

¶ Joe's live stock never saw oats: they interviewed alfalfa once a day and the rest of the time browsed on the cottonwood poles that formed the corral and chewed the cud of reverie. Yet it must not be supposed that they were devoid of spirit. Cottonwood bark is said to make a broncho feel his worth more than any other variety of provender.

" I want three bronc's, Joe, get yer lariat, quick! "
Rattlesnake Pete's voice betrayed his anxiety. He had known Joe long and well and his innocent nature expected his old " pard " would respond to his necessities. But the Kiuse had lived so long in town that civilization had tainted his honor.
" Have n't no bronc's to sell," growled Joe as he continued to whittle away on his stick, " what 's the rush? "
" No animiles to sell! Whose air these? "
" All spoke for—who wants any? "
"*I* want 'em, you dirty prairie dog—you measly buzzard—I want 'em! Name yer price an' jest remember that I 'll find you with an empty cartridge belt some day and you 'll think a grizzly is after you. How much for my pick outer yer boneyard? "
" Now Pete, what 's the use o' gittin' riled. I tole you the bronc's was sold—but in course, we are old fren's, p'r'aps I kin stand the other feller off. Take yer chice fer a hundred apiece."
" Git yer lariat, ye miserable road agent, an' rope the roan with the bar X brand, the claybank with the A. B. and the Pinto stud."
¶ " How 'bout the dust? "
" Oh, you think I have n't money—lookee this! "
Pete reached down into his shirt and brought up the big green package. He cut the strings that bound it and counted out the three hundred dollars. But when he came to tie the money up again the bills proved very obstreperous and the package swelled to double its former size.
The dealer in horse bones looked on with staring eyes.
" Here, let me give you a lift."
" Not you, kiute, git them horses I 've overpaid you for."
The slippery bills refused to be " roped " and in desperation Pete thrust them into his bosom in three big handfuls.
Then he started out to find a sheep herder, who lived at the end of the street, who he knew had a pair of pack burros.
The herder was finally found and the burros purchased and paid

for. They were a mile away in the foothills but the sheepman promised to have them at the hotel in an hour.

But sheepmen hold truth lightly.

In the meantime Pete had improved each passing moment as it flew. He had taken just eleven drinks of what he was pleased to call "pizen," and this had quite called back the old time self. He was brave to rashness and cursed back under his breath at the voices that kept ringing in his ears. He had almost decided to wait until the enemy came up, and give them fight in the public street! But he happened to think of the two strangers down in the willows who were waiting for him. Besides he had promised to get them back in the mountains and he proposed to keep his word ❧ ❧

At the St. Louis Supply Store, across the street from the hotel, he bought saddles and bridles for his three horses, and a full camping outfit with a goodly supply of hard tack, bacon and coffee. Then three Winchester rifles and a thousand rounds of ammunition were added to the purchase and Pete adjourned with the salesman across the way and threw dice for refreshments.

¶ The scout went out and looked up the street anxiously from time to time for his pack burros. But they were not visible to the naked eye. Then he went back and took another drink, calling up the "boys." There was quite a large family of these boys, and their numbers seemed congested, about this time, around the Grand Central bar room. In fact excitement was a scarce article in Dead Horse and the fitting out of a prospecting party was quite an event. Especially so, as the two strangers had attracted considerable attention by their peculiar ways; and the truth had now gotten out that they had employed Rattlesnake Pete as their guide, treasurer, secretary and legal advisor. This news having been whispered by Pete to the bartender, while absorbing the seventh three fingers of "strychnine and logwood."

After drawing the back of his hand across his mouth, after the

tenth drink, the further information was added, in strictest secrecy, that one of the " tenderfeet " was Mayor of New York and t'other Mayor of Boston.

Pete never got drunk; he was proof against any such weakness—whiskey merely loosened his tongue a little. And all the time his senses were in good condition. He felt quite sure that the two strangers down in the willows were not exactly like other people, and he feared they would be ridiculed if he allowed them to come up into the settlement. His intention was to get the burros loaded and then take the horses down to the cottonwood and make the start from there. But the burros did not come.

Sheepmen in general, sheepmen everywhere and this particular sheepman especially, were all well cursed and reviled as Pete went out and looked up the street for the twentieth time. No burros in sight, but something else was: Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson walking hurriedly up the dusty road, hand in hand.

As soon as they saw Pete they ran to him, shook him by the hand and fell on his neck with joy. The scout took it as a matter of course and introduced them to the crowd as his old friends, the Mayor of Boston and the Mayor of New York. This the strangers evidently took as a necessary subterfuge on the part of the guide to hide their identity, so they made no protest.

¶ Three cheers were given for the eminent visitors and all drank to their health, at Pete's expense. The landlord stood on a chair and made a speech of welcome. The Mayor of New York was urged to reply. He did so and branched off on the subject of Co-Education. His speech was heartily applauded and the Mayor of Boston had taken the platform on the subject of the Microscope in Botany, when the long looked for burros were announced. There they stood—these two meek, patient bearers of burdens, in their modest gray, waiting the bidding of their new master.

¶ Pete cast one glance of contempt on the sheepman: he would not waste breath by upbraiding so despicable a thing!

Willing hands brought forth the packs and camping outfit, and bound them onto the descendants of Balaam's *vis a vis*. It 's a matter of science to tie a pack so as not to sow pans and kettles along the trail, but the volunteers had done this thing before. They tugged, and pulled, and swore, and those who did not work gave orders and advice to those who did, and helped on the task by many merry jests: off-color perhaps, so they can not be given here ❧ ❧

The two Honorables from the cultured East stood apart from the crowd and looked on. Suddenly the jack opened his mouth and gave a long and most discordant bray. The mayors moved as one man and made a mad rush for the door of the hotel. Finally they were induced to come out.

" What is in those bags? " asked the Professor of Rattlesnake Pete ❧ ❧

" Grub, man, what you s'pose? "

" Beg pardon—I did not understand."

" Chuck, grub, hash, belly-timber."

" Oh, you mean food. Why I meant to tell you, we brought provisions from Boston. We thought we could get nothing here."

¶ " That 's right," put in the landlord, " they have five boxes o' stuff, I did n't know what it was fer, though! "

" Fetch 'em out," roared Pete.

Five men brought out five boxes, which bore labels as follows:

*Zower's Cooked Oats.*

*Gloucester Boneless Cod.*

*Boston Baked Beans.*

*Boston Brown Bread.*

*Boston Health Coffee.*

" Holy smokes—it 's a queer kit, but put 'em on! " remarked Pete ❧ ❧

The boxes were piled upon the patient burros, more rope was produced, more advice was tendered by the bystanders and then

there were more oaths and merry jests. The boxes were at last secure ❧ ❧

That is they looked secure, but when the jenny gave a loud, long he-haw of protest and laid down and rolled, the vanity of human things was apparent.

The burro had gotten out of that pack as easily as a woman might out of a hoopskirt. Boxes and bags, guns and pans, packages and parcels were left in the dust and the jenny galloped lazily off up the street, while the jack, loving and loyal, with the mountain of sin on his back, hobbled after.

There were jibes and jeers, flings and fleers, shouts of laughter and roars of mirth from the assembled populace; while red curses both loud and picturesque came from Pete.

A man on horseback, who was viewing the scene, rode after the eloping burros, rounded them up, and brought them back. An expert put on the pack this time; it stayed. Then the three bronchos that had been purchased from Kiuse Joe, and warranted sound and kind, were brought out.

The oldest veteran, and most saddle scarred, was selected for the Mayor of New York. He had never ridden on horseback and after Pete had mounted the animal to prove its docility and show him how, the Mayor was assisted into the saddle. The gold rimmed glasses and high hat and white hair were pathetically out of keeping with the big Mexican saddle and the bony broncho, but the crowd respected old age and was silent.

Then the Mayor of Boston mounted and showed by his actions that he had done the thing before.

" Take back that dun and gimme ' the Lamb,' " ordered Pete of Kiuse Joe.

This horse that the guide called for at the eleventh hour had considerable more than a local reputation. He had a pink muzzle, white eyebrows, one eye blue and one brown, and a limp tail that was carried on the side. To the uninitiated he was innocent

and free from guile, as his name suggested. He appeared as child-like as a bunco steerer, and as the residents of Dead Horse were a people fond of pleasantry, they called him the Lamb. The Lamb had been sold by Kiuse Joe seventeen times and bought back as many more at half price. He was the animal always selected for a tenderfoot who carried too much style.

When the Lamb was sold to a stranger word was quickly passed around, and out of the board shanties, the tents, and the dug-outs came the worthy citizens to see the proud aristocrat mount. Of course he was thrown and when he recovered (if he did recover) enough to protest he would ask Joe, " Why in heaven's name did you tell me that horse was kind? "

" He air kind—(kind-er full o' hell—) you must 'er aggerwated him somehow! "

Then the crowd would guffaw boisterously and various worthy citizens would come forward and swear in peculiar and unique oaths that the horse was gentle as a lamb; the stranger would then have to buy distilled spirits and Kiuse Joe would buy the Lamb back at his own figure.

Yet if the rider could stick to the saddle for just five minutes he won the respect of the Lamb, and the citizens, and had a good horse—as good as there was in Joe's corral. Pete knew this, then the crowd knew that the Lamb was in the corral, and Pete knew that the crowd knew it.

Pete's honor was at stake. He *had* to ride the Lamb and that was all there was about it.

The Rattlesnake led the horse out to the middle of the street, and pulled both girths tighter. He put his left hand into the check strap, and bunched the reins in his right, which was on the horn of the saddle. Then he put his left foot cautiously into the stirrup and watched the horse's blue eye.

The onlookers were breathless; for they remembered that the last man who attempted to ride this horse was picked up in the

stony street, with blood bursting from ears, eyes and mouth and that he never spoke after.

As the scout's weight was felt by the horse, the brute sank down and was still as death. It appeared simply as if the law of gravitation was pulling him to the earth.

Quicker than lightning's flash he shot up in the air and forward. But the forward lunge merely drew Pete into the saddle. When the mad animal struck twenty feet away, the rider was astride but standing with his weight in one stirrup, so that the concussion which might have knocked the breath from his body was considerably eased.

Pete gave the horse no chance to rest—the spurs were applied so that the blood spurted; the big white sombrero was rolled into a club in a twinkling, and fell with a bang over the animal's head. There were jumps, kicks, rears and wild plunges, with that stifled mixture of groan, grunt and screech which a mad horse makes; but the girths held. A good rider, but one less skilful, might have thrown the horse backward in one of those perpendicular rears, but Pete was an artist.

At last the broncho bounded forward like a racer, and shot down the long narrow street. Pete stood up in one stirrup and raked the spur on his right heel from the horse's head to his tail; then drew his revolver and fired a volley into the air. The crowd cheered ❧ ❧

In five minutes the Lamb and his rider jogged back in a sleepy fox trot ❧ ❧

All this time the two burros, with their loads piled high in the air, dozed in the sun. And the Mayor of New York and the Mayor of Boston sat astride their quiet steeds looking on in speechless horror ❧ ❧

"Now we 're off! Follow me, gents, and you boys, start the burros." ❧ ❧

Several volunteers, with kicks profuse and curses jocund, awak-

ened the burros and clubbed them forward. They also started the horses of the two strangers.

The sorry steeds bearing the Professor and Mr. Johnson moved. Moved slowly and leisurely, with lowered heads and dragging feet—moved right around the corner of the hotel to the corral. ¶ Then the kind and courteous citizens led them back into the road. Again the stubborn brutes refused to leave their home—sweet home ❧ ❧

Sticks were produced and applied but with no other effect than to cause these thoroughbreds, that were warranted sound and kind, to bite at the legs of their riders, and kick out one foot as a cow will that has conscientious scruples about being milked. Pete swore. Kiuse Joe declared that the animals had never balked before. Dozens of men gave advice. But the landlord decided on what to do; he told Pete to make a train of them. Pete for reasons of his own thought it best not to dismount, but every one present was willing to do his bidding. The three horses were put in a line —one behind the other, with the guide in front, the Mayor of Boston next, the Mayor of New York following, next the jack and then the jenny. Each animal's halter was tied to the tail of the one in front.

Just then the Mayor of New York gave a loud "ding, dong, ding" and his right arm moved up slowly, down and over, like the piston rod of a locomotive. The Mayor of Boston did the same, "ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka—"

The crowd looked in wonder, but high above the sound of escaping steam came the voice of Rattlesnake Pete:

" Wait till I say when! "

The crowd stood ready. Some with clubs, some with sticks, some with hands on hip pockets.

Pete lifted his sombrero, and holding it above his head in mid-air counted—" One—two—three—let 'er—went! "

There was a yell from a hundred throats—the clubs were brought

down on the burros, the sticks were applied to the horses—those who had no clubs and could get within reach gave a kick at the nearest animal—and the volley from revolvers made a din that raised wild echoes from the distant hills.

The train was off like a thunderbolt, with the Lamb in front plunging and kicking and snorting but always moving straight ahead. Away they went in a cloud of dust! The Mayor of New York clung for dear life. His high hat blew off, he lost his spectacles, his trousers worked up to his knees, but still he clung. ¶ As for the Mayor of Boston he held fast, too, and yelled like a maniac—he seemed to enjoy it.

Down the street they went like Satan running away with the souls of men. They swung around into the trail a half mile away in an instant and were lost to view. As they turned the corner their speed was so great that a truthful onlooker has left on record the fact that "the jinny's tail snapped like a whip." ¶ It was a great exit! It supplied Dead Horse City food for conversation for many moons.

## CHAPTER III

IT was a rough ride and a furious.

But soon after making the turn into Sante Mino trail a loud "whooooo" was heard followed by a "ding dong, ding dong, ding" and Mr. Johnson's voice called:

"Reverse her—reverse her! apply your air brake, Mr. Snake, your air brake!"

Being now beyond the din of the crowd the horses were showing a desire for a more moderate gait. The burros were rather a heavy tail to the comet anyway, for a burro is conservative and has a great faculty for holding back. Pete turned in his saddle to view the cavalcade.

"Do you always—always—leave town like that?" asked Mr.

Johnson from out of the alkali dust, as they slowed down to a walk ☙ ☙

" Sure—gener'ly a leetle faster though. Reckon we better stop and fix up the Mayor of New York."

It was time; the poor old Professor was a sorry sight. Fortunately his horse had not kicked or plunged, so by dint of close clinging to the horn of the big Mexican saddle he had been able to hold fast. But his hat and spectacles were gone, one end of his collar burst and his cravat was around under his left ear. His feet were out of the stirrups and his trousers had worked up clear to his knees, showing quite a space of bare leg, all chafed and bleeding from the dashing stirrups.

There he clung, his white hair blowing in the breeze, his eyes staring, and even after Pete had come to a dead stop, it took him a full minute to get his breath.

" My glasses—Mr. Snake, and my hat—back up I pray you—back up and get them," then feeling in his coat pockets, " and my note book, Mr. Snake, it bounced out of my pocket, back up I pray you! "

" How fur back air they? "

" Oh, a mile—back up and get my glasses."

" Could n't you see Jagoold without 'em? "

" What 's that—you do not think he is coming, do you? "

" Don't I? In course he is, he an' Sly and the whole damn raft.—There 's no time to monkey 'bout hats and spec's and note books. You kin have my note book and my hat—here try this on! "

¶ Pete had dismounted.

He came back and clapped his own big sombrero with its band of rustling, rattling snake tails, onto the Professor's head, and knotted up a red bandanna handkerchief as a cap for himself. Then he adjusted the old man's clothing as well as he could, placed his feet in the stirrups and told him how to sit properly in the saddle. The animals were then separated, the burros driven

on in front, and by the help of much thumping from the guide were kept from vegetating. The other two horses were now perfectly willing to follow, so all went well as the sun slowly settled down behind the mountain peak.

Ten miles perhaps had been made. The road so far had led along a gently ascending slope. Suddenly to the view, this slope opened out into a beautiful plateau which was skirted on one side by a murmuring mountain stream and on the other by piles of tumbled bowlders ❧ ❧

The last rays of the sun came through the divide and caused the great cottonwood trees to send out long shadows, as if in the absence of mankind to greet the tired travelers. It was an ideal place to camp, for there were the three requisites: feed, water and fuel ❧ ❧

The horses had evidently been here before, for they turned off the trail of their own accord and came to a halt.

" Well, gents, here we camp," said the guide as he flung himself from his horse ❧ ❧

The Professor sat in his saddle until assisted to alight. He took no interest in anything, but Mr. Johnson looked about as if pleased with the beauty of the place.

Pete slipped the saddles from the horses while the Professor sat on the grass and looked dumbly on. Then by the help of Mr. Johnson the burros were relieved of their burdens, like unto the good man in *Pilgrim's Progress* when about to enter the gates of Paradise.

The animals all drank a long and refreshing draught from the stream, then rolled on the grass, and getting up shook their sweaty hides with satisfaction. The jack rolled over four times, as if in glee, and arose to explain, braying a long ear-splitting bar of discord to prove his gratitude for getting rid of his mountain of sin ❧ ❧

The good old Professor was too worn and weary to be frightened.

Perhaps, though, he had gotten acquainted with the jack by this time; but he could not even smile when Pete, busy making a fire of brushwood, called, " He 's talkin' to you, Uncle! " The fire was soon crackling merrily as Mr. Johnson, in compliance with the guide's orders, piled on more brush.

Then Pete produced fishing tackle out of the mysterious depths of the packs and began turning over logs and flat stones looking for bait. The stream was only a brook in places—dancing over the pebbles that were magnified into precious gems by the clear, sparkling snow broth.

In one place the waters took a sudden plunge, making a miniature cataract that fell at the bottom only in mist. But right at this spot great, jagged rocks, hurled ages ago in wrath by the gods from the mountain summit, blocked the stream's hurried journey to the sea; so that a little Lake Pepin had been made, as if to enable children to sail their tiny boats. But in the cold, clear depths of this little lake where the waters rested ere rushing onward, were trout galore: speckled, hungry, savage, gamy trout that fought for the hook. Gentle Izaak Walton never saw such fish, for if he had the ***Compleat Angler***, excellent as it is, would have resolved itself into an epic sublime as the ***Iliad***, rich as ***The Tempest,*** " compleat " as ***Hamlet*** and as gladsome as the ***Merry Wives*** ❧ ❧

In five minutes enough brook trout were floundering on the fresh grass to make a meal for thrice three men.

" It 's nearly equal to the Maine woods," said Mr. Johnson as he again cast his line.

" Maine woods, b'damned! " answered Pete contemptuously, " Maine woods! I s'pose you caught that box of codfish in the Maine woods! "

Mr. Johnson made no reply; evidently the sport took him back to childhood's days, for it needed a stern swear word and an order from the grim guide to make him reel his line.

The fish were quickly cleaned, rolled in cracker dust, salted and peppered, then placed between layers of fat pork in the " spider " over the coals. Potatoes were roasted in the ashes and Pete proved that he knew how to make coffee.

The guide stripped pieces of white birch bark off from a tree that stood near, which they used for plates.

The Professor still stupidly stared out in front, too tired to eat or even move. Mr. Johnson finally succeeded in getting him to take one of the birch bark plates and then to taste the fish. He seemed to relish the morsel. Then he drank a whole tin cup of the coffee and dumbly passed back his piece of birch bark for another trout and a roasted potato.

" That man hain't dead yit—what an apesy he do have! " said the scout ☙ ☙

They all had an " apesy " in fact, for all the fish they had cooked were dissected. Pete made pretense of squeezing the coffee pot: Mr. Johnson polished the inside of the skillet with a piece of hard tack; then the guide flung his birch bark plate into the fire: an easy way to wash dishes. The two other men mechanically did the same and all sat hugging their knees, watching the decorated tableware sputter and crackle and burst into flame.

No one spoke, but there was about them an atmosphere of content that comes with a full meal and a camp fire, the murmur of running water and the mountain twilight.

Pete produced his pipe and silently smoked. The Professor forgot all about his enemies and was too sleepy to start a train. Mr. Johnson seemed inclined to reverie as he watched the soft curling smoke. The drowsy hum of beetles, mixed with the melody of the waters, and all the muffled noises of the gloaming were joined to form the one great silence of the starry night.

A cold breeze was blowing gently down the valley and the guide got up and piled on more brush. The animals had eaten their fill and lain down to rest. Blankets were brought out and Mr.

Johnson tenderly wrapped the Professor round, making him a pillow out of a little pile of twigs and leaves, then laid him down, feet towards the fire, tucking him in as he might a child. More wood was thrown on the embers and Johnson, thoroughly tired, following the example of the guide, rolled himself in a blanket and placed a saddle under his head.

Only the faint stars and the great silver moon kept guard, and the soothing song of the brook was a lullaby that soon brought sleep: balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.

## CHAPTER IV

PERHAPS they had slept four hours; slept soundly as men do after an exhausting series of events. The moon had gone down behind the mountain that lifted itself against the blue-blackness of the night. The stars shone as if they felt it their duty to make good the light that had been lost. It was quite dark. The wind increased and made a mournful, sighing sound through the swaying branches, and from far off across the valley came the dismal howl of a wolf.

The fire had burned low.

Still the men slept. The cool night air made them unconsciously draw the blankets over their heads.

Again the howl of the wolf and the screech of an owl from the distant foothills.

The horses were all up and grazing again. The jenny lying down, with the jack standing over her with lowered head.

Suddenly the Lamb lifted his head, thrust his ears forward, gave a snort and dashed away in a manner that tested the strength of the lariat. But it held.

Pete was awake in an instant and seizing the Winchester that was by his side, crawled out into the chaparral, to get away from

any chance glare of the smouldering fire. Then he lay flat behind a bowlder and listened.

No sound was heard save the sighing of the wind and the noise of running water.

The scout could see by the aid of the sheet lightning that shone out now and then that the three horses were all standing expectant, with heads erect looking out down towards the trail.

Pete slipped around to the other side of the rock.

" What ever it air, it will come from that side," said Pete to himself as he leveled the rifle across the bowlder.

He waited.

There was a sound of approaching steps and Pete could make out a man on horseback riding slowly forward.

The rifle rang out on the night air and the ball cut the leaves of the cottonwood far above the head of the stranger.

" For God's sake, Pete, let up on that—don't you know me? "

¶ The empty cartridge was pumped out and replaced with another

" That you Pete? "

The figure in the darkness stood still.

" Don't you know me Pete, it 's me—Kiuse Joe. Some one's run off two of my horses. Have n't heard any one go by, have you? "

" Nary a one."

Pete was suspicious. This man was a rogue and not over brave as the guide knew; and his coming at this time of night and alone after a horse thief was a little more than Pete could believe. But the fellow proceeded to tell a very plausible story—about the horses being taken from the corral just at eleven o'clock, of how the loss had been accidentally discovered and the trail followed for several miles when it was lost.

" They must a turned off back at the ford, for no one has come by here," said Pete.

" Wall, if you don't keer I 'll just git warm by your fire and soon as mornin' comes I 'll pike back and find their tracks," returned the Kiuse.

" I 'll excuse you if you pike back to wunst."

" Why, Pete, you would n't go back on a fellar that way would you? "

" Go back on you, you sneak—yes, if you want to put it so—fact is, I 've no use for you, now don't come no closer! "

" All right, Pete, you 're mighty cranky but I 'm no man to quarrel. I 'm an honest peac'ble man, I am. Just let me git a light for my pipe at your fire and I 'll say good night."

The man had dismounted and now came forward leading his horse. Pete lowered his rifle and allowed the fellow to approach the fire. The man sat down and bringing out his pipe filled it and handed the tobacco over to Pete without saying a word. Pete took the proffered plug, brought forth his own pipe and then sat down. There they sat, these two, in the flickering light of the dying fire and quietly smoked. Pete sat where he could note the slightest move of the man, his rifle across his knees. Each moment he intended to order the caller to be gone, and yet he was half ashamed to be so inhospitable to one against whom he merely had a prejudice.

Pete surveyed the man with one eye and all the time Joe sat there calmly smoking and looking into the fire; his horse with lowered head standing meekly behind. Off to the east faint streaks of silver gray light stood out against the horizon. Pete was calculating how soon it would be sun-up and wondering if it would not be much more manly to let the visitor stay, give him his breakfast and then let him go of his own accord than to order him off at the muzzle of a Winchester. In fact he was on the point of apologizing for his incivility, when a sound from behind as of a breaking twig caused him to spring to his feet.

It was too late. Before he had reached an upright position he was

borne to the ground by two men, one of whom had clasped his legs and the other was on his shoulders. He fell heavily.

They pinned him fast and had gotten a lariat twice wrapped around and knotted about his body and tied about his wrists before he recovered his breath.

There he lay, hands and feet tied; one ruffian standing over him with the Winchester and the other feeling in his pockets.

And all the time Kiuse Joe sat and smoked.

Pete cursed and kicked and struggled to get his hands free, but in vain. Then he managed to partially sit up, but a push and a kick set him back to earth. There was a shout of triumph when several handfuls of much crumpled green paper were pulled out of the shirt front of the helpless victim.

This brought Kiuse Joe to his feet.

" Here you, give that here! "

" But you hain't goin' to forgit that a quarter of it is mine! "

" That 's straight," put in the third man, " we had a clar understandin' 'bout that—one quarter to each of us! That leaves you the hog's share."

" But by the great jee-hoss-afat who was it struck the lead anyway? You know damn well both of you that it was me located the claim! "

The man holding the Winchester stepped back four paces and in a voice unnecessarily calm, said:

" Just give us our share of the wad, now."

Kiuse Joe's voice changed a trifle as he answered, " All right—but the two tenderfeet that was with him—have they vamoosed for good, think you? "

" They air two miles off and runnin' hard, I 'll bet. When Pete popped the Winchester they broke for cover like gazelles. Come, the green stuff, divide now like an honest man! "

" Oh, you need n't be oneasy, you know I 'll do the squar

thing, we 'd better finish the job first. The tenderfeet air sick anyway, but Pete here must be fixed. If we let him go "—

" Here, Joe, you 're talkin' too much with your mouth—you know we will have nothin' to do with that part of it. You give us our share and we will skip—that 's what we agreed."

The man still stood off, holding the rifle in his hands and toying with the lock.

" Well here she goes," said Joe.

He shook up the fire so as to get a better light; then getting down on his knees he carefully laid the money out in four piles.

" Here now gents; two of these is mine and one each is yourn. We will pull straws for first pick."

Four blades of grass were gathered and the three men half sat, half crouched, over the four piles of money. Each man seemingly expecting that the others would make a grab.

There was a nervous wrangling about who should hold the straws. It was finally decided that they were to be put in a bunch under a hat so that the ends were barely visible. This was done and the three men were each over on all fours intent on seeing fair play. Joe was to draw first. He was just reaching forth his hand, and the cat-like eyes of the others were upon him, but he did not draw—something else happened.

He fell forward senseless, his face ploughing through the sand and his body covering the four piles of money.

A heavy club had swung through the air and descended on the back of his head; for Johnson had lain in the sage brush all the time only ten yards away. He had witnessed the whole performance. When the enterprising business men had forgotten all else in the pulling of straws, Johnson tiptoed forward and dealt the blow. With a yell like the scream of a panther he threw himself on the taller man. The fellow had gotten to his feet, and although he was a powerful man he had met his match in the college athlete. Johnson grappled with him and quickly worked him toward the

precipice. Then there was a quick scuffle on the brink, heavy breathing, the pause of an instant when each man stood still, his muscles knotted like coiled wire.

But Johnson's strength was the strength of a maniac.

He surprised his victim by releasing his hold of him: threw himself half under him—the cross-buttock did it, and the man went crashing through the slippery shale—down, down, down—through cacti and briers and over jagged rocks. He tried to seize a small tree that was near, but the roots gave way—it was gravitation pulling him down and the rocks above loosened by his fall, chased after, rattling 'round his head. Down, down, down—the sound of slipping and sliding grew less and then there was heard only a faint splash as the torn body shot out over the last projecting cliff and fell into the icy water below.

And all the while Rattlesnake Pete lay tied, helpless. He had seen Johnson approach with upraised club. He saw the blow fall. He saw the struggle on the edge of the precipice and all the time he heard the sound of hoof-beats dying away in the distance. One of the callers had made a wild and unceremonious rush for freedom. That panther's screech and scream had made safety his only wish.

¶ Johnson stood absent-mindedly at the edge of the precipice for several seconds after that ominous splash was heard.

" Here you, Mayor of Bosting, air you goin' to let a feller lay here and die? "

Pete was half sitting up, twisting and writhing with the lariat like the Laocoon of old.

Johnson followed orders, getting a knife out of Pete's belt and cutting the ropes.

Pete stood up and flung his arms out.

" It made my hands go asleep—that 's all. Where 's the Perfesser of Goshology—I hope he did not miss seein' the fight! But Lord, you did that well—I 'm proud on you Johnsing—proud on you."

¶ Rattlesnake Pete piled buffalo chips and brush on the fire, lit

his pipe, and then paid his respects to Kiuse Joe. The man had received a hard blow on a vulnerable spot. He was still insensible —breathing deeply at long intervals.

Pete lifted the limp form from the "promises to pay" and replaced the bills in his shirt front. Then an attempt was made to get the injured man into a sitting posture, but he rolled over like a sack of salt ❧ ❧

"He may be playin' possum. If he 's dyin' it won't do no harm for him to go to hell with his hands tied," and Pete fastened the unprotesting hands and feet very much as he himself had been tied so short a time before. Meanwhile Mr. Johnson had gone out in the brush and brought in Professor Wilson. The old man was trembling with excitement so he could scarcely stand. He looked at the helpless form of Kiuse Joe and a gleam of relief came over his ashen face as he said:

"Is it Sarony or is it Van Slye?"

"It 's Jagoold" answered Pete, "Slye and Sar'ny flew the coop."

¶ "Oh, if you could only catch them all!" moaned the Professor.

"We will yet, if they try to follow us," soberly answered Johnson.

¶ Pete looked at Mr. Johnson. He saw that the man was in earnest. Mr. Johnson, too, thought that these three robbers were enemies in pursuit of Professor Wilson.

It was near daylight.

The sun's red rays were coming up, grand and resplendent, right out of the distant plain that swept away like a tideless, changeless sea. The foliage was dripping with dew that stood in crystal beads on each leaf and flower.

Birds chirruped in the bushes or sang in the tree tops and the loud drumming of a woodpecker could be heard coming from an old stump across the gorge. The murmur of the stream seemed more musical than before, and the distant mountain tops to the west—snow-capped—glistened like burnished silver. The horses were peacefully munching their feed; the donkeys were each lovingly

scratching the other's shoulder with their teeth; Pete was busily preparing breakfast.

Very savory was the aroma of the coffee and very peaceful was the scene; save only for a pile of something that lay off to one side, covered with a blanket.

From under this blanket protruded the spurred boots of a man.

## CHAPTER V

AS the scout stood by the fire munching a biscuit, which he held in one hand, a tin cup of coffee in the other, even a casual observer could not have failed to see two large red marks about his wrists. These lines looked like bracelets. But the exciting events of the night had not interfered with Pete's appetite. Not so Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson; they sat before the fire silent and barely tasted the food; yet they seemed relieved to think that for the present their enemies were vanquished.

Both were thinking—thinking hard.

" It was self-defense, " whispered the Professor.

" Yes, they attacked us."

" If you are arrested I think we can prove it."

" Yes, but the thought of killing a man! It is awful to contemplate!"

" Who 's killed anybody," barked Pete, " then what if you have! There 's heaps o' men need killin'. 'Sides that if you take a look over the side o' that canyon and let your off eye run down the stream about fifty yards, you 'll see where your man crawled up the bank. Just swum across and got out on t'other side."

Both men ran to the edge and stared at the spot pointed out. It did appear as if the dew on the swale had been disturbed.

" Oh, I 'm relieved to think that he was not killed—I think he has been taught a lesson, though," said Mr. Johnson.

" And as for this under the blanket," continued Pete, " he had

heart disease anyhow; but like enough he 'll live to be hung yet, for I jest seed him move. Wait 'till I have 'nother cup o' coffee and we 'll set on the case—I 'm a Justice of the Peace, I am." ❧ ❧

Pete drank his coffee with needless deliberation. Before he had finished, the blanket was moving with animation and angry swear words were heard coming from beneath.

" How that gentleman do cuss, it 's what you call blas-fee-mus— But I reckon he won't get his claws loose— there 's heaps 'o things I can't do, but I kin rope! "

Pete stripped the blanket off and asked:

" How you feelin' Joe? "

But Joe was full of strange oaths and modern instances, as he struggled to free his hands. Soon his mood turned to penitence and he begged that they would let him go, offering to pay any sum desired for sweet liberty. He protested that he knew nothing about the two other men who had tied Pete. The good old Professor's heart was touched by these appeals, and he suggested untying the lariat.

" Never, never! " shouted Pete, " he 'd watch his chance and kill us all." ❧ ❧

Kiuse Joe shed many tears and begged hard for mercy, but Pete stood firm, only at last consenting that Mr. Johnson should place the man in a sitting posture. Then the Professor fed the prisoner—fed him as he might a baby—stooping before him and putting morsel after morsel into his mouth.

About this time something was seen protruding from one of Joe's pockets, at sight of which Pete had a mock convulsion and swore he was deathly sick.

" My innards hain't right. I feel as if I had been bit by a rattler," he groaned ❧ ❧

He reached down and drew from the pocket a flask partially filled with whiskey. He held it up to the light, smiled and said:

" Thankee, I never drink, but seein' it 's you, Joe, and you was so kind as to fetch it for me—purpose for me—here 's looking at you and hopin' you 'll find your horses."

A prolonged gurgle was heard and the flask was well nigh emptied.

" It 's damn poor stuff," said Pete meditatively, " that is to say all whiskey is good, but some is gooder than others. This is not the best, but just fairlee good. I 'm sorry I 've nothin' better to offer you gents! "

He passed the bottle to the Professor, who declined it: next to Mr. Johnson. Johnson took the bottle and flung it far into the bushes ❧ ❧

Pete stared hard, but he met a gaze that was as steady as his own. Then he smiled—a smile that drew a trifle tight around the corners of his mouth. Then he whistled, and reaching over, a well-worn pack of cards was brought out of one of Joe's boot-legs where it kept company with a plug of tobacco.

Squatting on the ground he pushed his sombrero on the back of his head, shuffled the cards, and solemnly holding them out to the Professor asked him to cut.

" I have no knife," answered the old gentleman.

The scout made no answer but shuffled again and dealt out three piles of five cards each. Then turned the hands and announced with dignity straight at Kiuse Joe:

" Pris'ner, you 've been caught in the act, holdin' up the most innocent gent in this neck o' the woods. There 's no defense and in order that perfect justice be did (for I 'm a Justice of the Peace), I 've throwed the kyards to see whether it 's the canyon, the lariat or the Mazeppy act, and on a square deal it 's the lariat and, may God have mercy on your soul! "

The prisoner grew livid and the sweat started out on his forehead. The terror on his face would have moved a heart of stone. He tried to plead, to beg, to pray, but the words were only a confused jumble. Then he coughed as a cow does when she has found

feathers in her hay. Pete was adamant. Like most ignorant men he at times considered himself a section of the Day of Judgment, and his sense of justice then smothered his charity. Johnson very imperfectly understood the little speech of Rattlesnake Pete, but he guessed its import.

" What are you going to do with him? "

No answer, but a series of pantomimic moves ending with an upward jerk of one thumb above his head.

" You mean to hang him? "

" I 'm sorry, but the kyards decided it! "

" But you suggested some other form of punishment? "

" Yes, the canyon! "

" Throw him over the canyon? Horrible! it would be murder."

" Yes, I know it 's murder—you sent one feller over yourself before breakfast! "

" I? But I had too, man: but what is the other you mentioned? "

" Oh, the Mazeppy act—don't you know? A young feller read us about it from a book up at Brown's Ranch—used to read ev'ry night in the winter in the bunk house. It 's a way the injuns in Turkey have. Tie a man on his horse and send him off! "

" If we tie this man on his horse, would the horse take him home? "

" In course."

" Well, we will tie him on his horse and send him home! "

¶ " But 'bout the kyards! "

" What about the cards? "

" They say hang him! "

" Yes, we will send him home," broke in the old Professor, " we will send him home. Perhaps he has a wife "—

" Lord help him, yes—he has a wife, I forgot! " Pete smiled a cynical bachelor leer.

" We will send him home," again spoke Mr. Johnson.

Pete turned and looked at Johnson. He saw something in his face that he had not discovered before. Pete prided himself on being a

judge of human nature—now inwardly he acknowledged he had been mistaken, mightily mistaken: Johnson was no weakling.

" We 'll send him home—to his wife!" echoed Pete.

" Oh, God bless you, boys—gents I mean—God bless you. I 'm sick, send me home." This guttural roar of thanks came from the prisoner

Pete heeded him not but repeated as if speaking to himself: " We 'll send him home—we 'll send him home—we 'll tie him on a horse and send him home—on the Lamb."

" Oh, for heaven's sake, not the Lamb. I 'm an old man—I 'm forty-six las' June. He 'll kill me—one buck and I 'm done, or he 'll lay down and roll with me. Oh! Oh! ! Oh! ! !" groaned the Kiuse

" We 'll send him home on the Lamb," repeated Pete as he very deliberately filled his pipe. " Have a smoke, Joe? "

Joe was getting more quiet and signified his desire to smoke. A pipe was fished out of one of his pockets and filled by the Professor's own hands. Then Johnson dragged the unfortunate man to a bowlder near-by where he could be propped up, the pipe was placed in his bewhiskered mouth. Pete lighted the pipe and the fellow puffed away with genuine relish.

Pete had gone off toward the horses; and now that matters had taken on a more agreeable outlook the Professor and Mr. Johnson turned towards breakfast.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out.

Johnson and Professor Wilson dropped their tin cups and the Professor jumping with alarm started to run. Turning to glance back he was much relieved to see Pete laughing. But Kiuse Joe did not smile. He spoke and Mr. Johnson noticed that he was no longer smoking.

" It 's a dirty trick, Pete, you know damn well I never shot a pipe out o' your mouth!"

Pete had now taken the saddle from Joe's horse and was putting

it on the Lamb. Joe's horse was a good one—worth two such as the Lamb ❧ ❧

Pete called Mr. Johnson over to him and explained that the horse called the Lamb was so called on account of its docility—when away from Dead Horse City.

" A reg'lar pet—a ladies' horse. If I was married I 'd buy him for my mother-in-law."

" You see," continued Pete, " I bought all o' these animiles of Joe, and through mistake I got the Lamb 'stead o' the one there which I bought, so we 'll just send Mister Kiuse home on the ladies' pet."

Joe's hands were tied behind him but his feet were loosened so he could walk. Having escaped death he was partially reconciled to any other fate. He was led over to the horse that stood meekly awaiting its rider. A lift, a push and a shove and Joe was in the saddle—his feet tied under the horse, three wraps of the rope were run around his body and tied to the horn of the saddle and then knotted.

" Start him easy-like—start him easy-like, for God's sake," groaned Kiuse Joe.

" Oh, he 's gentle enough—don't you see, Johnsing? "

" Surely the horse is very docile," said Mr. Johnson. " Yes, yes, very gentle, very gentle," echoed the old Professor.

What was Pete doing?

Mr. Johnson could not make it out. He did after a minute, but it was too late. Pete had worked the horse up by degrees near to the smouldering fire, and had run the ends of the lariat that remained after tying the man on, over and around the horse's tail and then tied the rope to the end of a branch of a tree that lay in the fire.

¶ Johnson tried to protest but Pete gave an " injun yell," at the same time kicking the horse and firing his revolver in the air.

¶ The frightened animal made a mad bound forward, and kicked frantically; the burning branch jumped and struck the rider over

the head—and then there was only a display of fireworks, all obscured in a cloud of flying gravel and alkali dust that went like a cyclone down the trail toward Dead Horse City.

" I reckon," said Pete, " I reckon they will make the settlement in less than a hour at that rate! "

## CHAPTER VI

WHEN the cloud of dust marking the rapid progress of Kiuse Joe was lost to sight down the valley, the Professor heaved a sigh of relief

Pete was already busy putting the packs on the burros. Johnson was saddling the horses. The last remains of the smouldering fire were put out with water carried from the stream.

" We ought 'er been off long ago—an' would too, if it was n't for that pesky visitor—but all through life you finds skeeters! " said Pete. The effect of Joe's whiskey was still in his blood and he gave a ra, ta, ta, ta, ra, ta—bugle call in imitation of " Boots and Saddles."

The Professor tried to mount, but his legs were too stiff and sore to accomplish the feat. The hard ride of the day before had chafed and bruised his anatomy until he could not sit in the saddle without positive misery.

" I did n't live two years with the Sioux for nothin'," remarked Pete, and this worthy proceeded to cut two tall, slender, young cottonwood trees, that were soon divested of their branches. These poles were placed on either side of the Professor's horse and fastened by an improvised breast collar, thus making a long, springy pair of shafts, the lower ends of which dragged on the ground. A blanket was swung between and pinned in place with wooden skewers. Then the old man was gently lifted into this home-made hammock and the cavalcade started.

Winding up the gently ascending trail that led along the side of

the mountain, with the guide ahead and Johnson behind to keep up the lagging burros, they made their way.

For two hours they thus rode—the scout uttering not a word. Johnson was interested, just as any young man would be in the novelty of the scene, and now and then he called to the Professor, endeavoring to arouse him from what seemed to be a hopeless stupor. But the old man lay with closed eyes and answered not.

¶ After five miles of slow travel they reached a spot where a great rock seemed to block the roadway. At the base of this mighty bowlder there was a tiny spring. Pete dismounted and scooping out the sand, lay flat down and drank; Johnson did the same and the Professor was induced to try it too. Then more sand was dug out and the animals, one at a time, were allowed to slake their thirst

"I would like to analyze this water—it seems to have peculiar mineral qualities." It was the first time the Professor had shown any interest in anything on the route—or in fact for many days. Johnson was pleased.

"Yes, yes," he answered, "and how it seems to gush right from the very rock itself."

"As if Moses had smitten it—as he did in the wilderness of Zin. I must make a note of it for the class."

"P'rhaps Mose did it, it 's the wilderness of sin, allee samee," spoke Pete, who was filling his pipe.

"Ah, I 'm glad you see the allusion—you have read the Scripture?"

"The which?"

"Scripture—the Bible."

"Oh, yes—that is—we allus swear folks on a Bible in court—I 'm a Justice of the Peace, I am."

The old man had seated himself on a ledge by the roadside and was looking out across the valley.

"I was trying to think, Mr. Johnson, who the gentleman was who

had breakfast with us this morning—what was his name did you say?"

"I do not know his name, he was a robber."

"A thief and a robber? No, no, he was insane—you tied his hands—too bad, too bad, we should have cared for him. Was it Van Slye?"

¶ "No it was not Van Slye."

"Then it was Mr. Sarony?"

"No, this man was not after *us,* he wanted only our money."

¶ "Yes, but that is all Sarony and Van Slye wanted, you said, yet they tied my hands and would have carried me away had you not rescued me. Has the class come in yet, Mr. Johnson? Dismiss it please, tell them one of my old headaches has come back—tomorrow at the same hour. Where is Celeste? Ask her to come bathe my head. Yes, Celeste can cure it—her touch is very gentle—call Celeste, Mr. Johnson, call Celeste!"

Pete's pipe had gone out and he had lost all disposition to smoke as he stood with staring eyes listening to the prattle of this white haired man. He could not make it out: he glanced at Johnson and thought he saw something like a tear rolling down his cheek. In presence of danger Pete was not afraid, and amid most emergencies was ready. In fact his senses were only alert when stimulated by the extraordinary, but here was something that struck him speechless, something with which he could not cope. And when the old man laughed a loud hollow laugh that died away into a moan, Pete's brick-dust complexion turned yellow, and his pipe fell from his mouth.

"Who is the old gent axin' for?" he asked Johnson in a hoarse whisper

"His daughter—Celeste."

Pete turned, walked away three paces, placed a hand each side of his mouth and in a voice that might have been heard two miles, roared:

" Celesty, Celesty—Oh-h-h Celesty—your father wants you!" ¶ Then he came back to the old man and said in a tone that was designed to be gentle, " I 've sent for her, Uncle, she 'll be here in a minute." ❧ ❧

" Oh, I 'm glad. She can make me well, she knows just what I want. You are the Doctor, are n't you—not the one who tied me though! Don't let them tie my hands, Mr. Johnson—don't let Sarony in if he calls, or Jay Gould—ch, ch, ch, ch, ch, ding, dong, ding,"—

Pete put his arm around the old man and laid him in the hammock and then dipping a handkerchief in the spring he bathed the throbbing temples as tenderly as a woman might.

" Oh, I 'm so glad you are here, daughter—dear Celeste, your old father needs you—I knew you would come, your touch has healing in it," and the helpless man held tight to the calloused and grimy hand of Rattlesnake Pete.

" Yes, daddy, I 'm here—I 'll stand by you—I 'm here—I 'll take care of you." The scout paused and gulped hard as he tried to think of something to do. " Yes, daddy, I 'll take keer on you—damn me if I won't."

The sudden illness of the Professor had quite unnerved Mr. Johnson and he could only look on in dismay.

" It 's good twenty mile to the next water, we must light out to wunst," said Pete.

" Can't we stay here? The Professor may die on the road," answered Johnson.

" No feed here—we have got to git. Th' ole man has a hell of a fever—but if we kin make The Glades we kin take keer on him." ¶ So they covered the sick man with twigs and green branches, placing a wet cloth about his head, and started forward. The sun had now come out hot and the alkali dust arose in clouds from the dragging feet of the tired animals. All that long, lonesome afternoon they rode in the scorching heat and Pete spoke never a word.

Now he rode ahead, then he would swing around behind to club along the lazy burros. No sight of animal life was to be seen, save a solitary wheeling buzzard that floated on outstretched wings through the sultry air and seemed to follow the travelers.

The sun was already lost behind the mountains when " The Glades " was reached. A small plateau, it was, of green grass and wild sunflowers and several tall trees that were watered by the melted snow on the mountain side.

But the one thing that gave a quaint picturesqueness to the scene was a deserted house, made of logs clumsily put together and chinked with the hard yellow soil. The house had a dirt roof that had partially fallen in. There was one big room but no window, and the structure was built solidly as if to withstand a siege either from an armed force or a howling storm, or both. The heavy battered door responded to the guide's kick and swung open on its creaking wooden hinges. An owl flew out with a screech of alarm, and bats disturbed dashed toward the chimney. There were bunks of rough boards along one end of the room and a big fire-place at the opposite end made from logs and plastered over with mud; a dirt floor pounded down hard, but not a vestige of furniture. Several of the berths were partially filled with dried leaves, showing that other occupants had used the camping ground. Into one of these bunks the old man was placed: he was now so weak he could scarcely lift his head.

Johnson made a fire in the fire-place, for the air was already getting chilly, and Pete went out to attend the animals. Part of the camping outfit was brought inside and it was not long before supper was ready. The sick man ate very little but after his clothing had been removed and he had been rolled up by Pete in warm woolen blankets, his fever seemed to subside and in half an hour he broke out into a gentle perspiration and fell asleep. The guide and Johnson sat before the fire that sent long fitful streaks dancing among the rafters overhead. Pete smoked in

silence—something seemed to be weighing on his mind. At last he spoke: ❧ ❧

" See here pardner—you 're white—there 's not much style 'bout you, and you ain't good lookin' but you air on the square. An' so am I. But I acted like a fool this mornin', I 'm a fool anyway, but when in licker I 'm a damn fool. That 's why I chinned so. Now I 'm done—will you shake? "

So they shook hands—did these two. This man who could not read print without it was " easy;" and the man who spoke Greek and Latin as readily as his native tongue. They shook hands in the grim light of the dying fire, in that windowless cabin, and they looked into each other's faces and they each saw mirrored in the eyes of the other the soul of a brave and honest man.

They were vastly different, yet alike. They both had the fearlessness of innocence, they both had lived in solitude—one the solitude of nature, the other the solitude of books. Neither knew the wisdom of the world, both lived near to Nature's heart, and they were each made of the stern stuff of which martyrs and heroes are made. Neither was aware that sentiment or poetry had any place in his heart, but that hand-clasp in the night, as the sick man slept and the moon and mountain kept guard outside, was filled with an affection so disinterested, so sincere, that a maiden might have coveted it ❧ ❧

" Johnsing—you 're a man, I 've knowed it all day and I thought my heart would bust if I did n't tell you I was sorry I made fun o' you. You come from the States and I know that heaps of good men git in trouble thar. Never mind, I 'm your friend! It may be you held up a train, or the old man might have been pres'dent of a bank and you cashier and you scooped the wad—but you had a perfect right to do it—that 's what I 'll maintain 'gainst all hell! Or it may be a woman case—no matter, you need n't tell me, it 's your business, not mine. This is your money in my shirt, all the animiles and campin' kit is yourn, and I 'm your friend! "

So they shook hands again, and then they tiptoed over to the bunk where the sick man slept. Pete turned down the blanket and these two men looked at the anxious, furrowed face in its wreath of white hair, just as fond parents take a loving good-night look at their sleeping babe.

Then these men looked at each other and smiled, for they knew that all was well. They covered the old man as they might a child, and Johnson climbed into one of the bunks while Pete rolled himself in a blanket and with a rifle in his grasp, lay down against the door with the big awkward wooden hinges.

And so they slept—slept seven hours without waking; slept until the bats and the big white owl, who in partnership owned the cabin, saw signs of approaching day and made haste to come flying homeward, and with noisy flap of wing, sail in at the hole in the roof; each to find his own soft place to hang or roost until sunset should come again.

## CHAPTER VII

PETE awakened with a start—stood up, stretched himself " to get the sleepy feeling out of his tips " and then stirred the smouldering fire.

The old gentleman looked out from his bunk with an air of bewilderment

" Hello, Uncle," called Pete, " ain't this jest right, parlor, sittin' room, kitchen an' upstairs all in one! "

" Is it your house, Mr. Snake? "

" Yes, in course—my wife is on a visit to her mother, so things ain't jest right but we can git along I reckon! "

" How did we get here—I do not remember! "

" Oh, you was a leetle lush las' night—so you do not recoleck."

" I do not understand, Mr. Snake! "

" Well, never mind—you 're all squeedunk now—ain't he, Johnsing? " ❧ ❧

Mr. Johnson had just finished drawing on his boots and had now placed one hand tenderly on the forehead of the old man.

" Your expression is a trifle technical, Mr. Snake, but if you intend to say that Professor Wilson is much better, I certainly most heartily agree with the sentiment."

The scout was perplexed.

" Once more please! "

Johnson repeated the remark exactly as he had at first stated it.

" Is he sick? "

" No," answered Johnson.

" Well, why in tarnashun could n't you say so then? "

Johnson assisted the old man to dress and after bathing his face with water brought from the spring, seated him before the fireplace. The boxes containing provisions were used for chairs.

Pete had seen that the horses were all right. The sick man was much better; the morning was beautiful and Pete was in good humor. A man who can joke before breakfast is not wholly depraved ❧ ❧

" Wal, gents, what will you have for breckfuss—just name it and the cook will purceed to do the act," and he made pretense of balancing the skillet on his nose.

Mr. Johnson and the Professor conferred together in an undertone for a moment while Pete busied himself among the packages.

" Mr. Snake," said Johnson, " for myself I will take fish balls, toast and baked beans. The Professor will take the same except that he wants the toast brown on one side only. Two cups then of the Health Coffee—one cup weak."

Pete stood silent, then made a show of looking for a club.

"And gents, may I ax where the Health Coffee is? "

" In this box."

Pete knocked the lid off from the box and proceeded to examine

the contents of the packages. After smelling, tasting and looking at it he declared that the stuff was not coffee at all.

At times Pete was as quarrelsome as an English sparrow; and this happened to be one of the times.

" Of course it is not coffee, it is a patent preparation made from bran. It is a brain food—rich in phosphates and especially strengthening for the nerves! "

"An' yet you call it coff! " argued Pete.

" Why, yes."

" Gents, kin you make coff outer brown paper with the help of a yaller label an' a paste brush? " persistently asked the guide.

" We are from Boston—" answered the Professor.

"An' this codfish—what 's that fer—to bait traps fer skunks? "

" It contains a large per cent of phosphorus and "——

" Wall, gents, none of it goes into *my* spider—it 's pizen—rank pizen."

But all the while Pete was making the Health Coffee and putting the codfish in the skillet preparatory to cooking it.

Then he knocked the cover off of a box marked ***Bunker Hill Baked Beans.***

A can was opened and the contents examined.

" It 's the color of a cinnamon bar and smells like buzzard bait, but if you say warm it, I 'll warm it."

" We say warm it."

" Wall, I say damn it, but here she goes! "

And so he warmed the beans and boiled the coffee, all the time swearing that he would do neither and declaring he would go out and browse on cactus before he would eat such stuff. But when he poured out the coffee he filled three cups. Then he set the skillet of beans on a box and all three men drew up seats and began to eat, dipping into the skillet with forks. Pete ate as much as the other two and was pouring out his third cup of the Health Coffee when Mr. Johnson asked:

" Mr. Snake, how far away is the nearest grocery? "
" Oh—not far—'bout sixty mile—shall I run over and git you five cents worth o' chewin' gum? "
" No, Mr. Snake, but from the way you eat, our provisions will not last long."
" Don't mind me, Johnsing! This sort of grub is what made you and the old man sick. I 'm tryin' to git er outer the way."
" So we see."
This response came from the two men: they spoke exactly in unison: evidently through some mystic psychic influence.
" How much tobacco did you bring, gents? "
" We never use tobacco—it 's a filthy, dirty weed," spoke the Greek chorus.
" Oh, you don't say! "
" Yes, only one worm in the whole realm of entomology will eat it."
" Wall, count me in as jest that sort o' worm o' the dust."
" We will, we will."
Still they spoke as one man. It startled the guide. He roared out:
" This is no singin' school! You give me gooseflesh! Can't you talk 'cept like twins? "
" We can, we can! "
This was too much for Pete's nerves. He strode out of the door, somewhat hastily, on pretense of looking after the horses.
He came back and after eyeing his charges suspiciously, entered and took the skillet of codfish off from the fire. But neither the Professor nor Mr. Johnson cared to eat it. It seemed to be burned or something.
" It 's not like my mother used to make," said Johnson after smelling of it.
" Don't throw up to me what your mother uster make! " spoke the guide peevishly.
" I might if I ate much of your cooking," was the sober reply.

## CHAPTER VIII

A SUMMER morning in the Rocky Mountains is a foretaste of heaven. The first warm rays of the sun are so grateful—they seem to liberate a delicious quality in the atmosphere that soothes, invigorates, and half intoxicates. On some systems it acts like laughing gas. Then things always look better after breakfast, anyway; and when Mr. Johnson led the old gentleman out of the cabin and they sat down on a great rock in the sunshine and looked across the stretch of mesa, they each clasped the hand of the other as lovers might in recognition of a mutual joy

So they sat hand in hand contemplating the scene. The old gentleman was very sore and lame from his much shaking up in the hammock: he could not ride on horseback.

" Never mind, I 'll buy him an elephant and a velvet cushioned what-do-you-call-it for him to ride in," said Pete with mocking irony

" You mean a howdah," spoke up Mr. Johnson.

" Yes, a howdy do," answered Pete.

But an idea was buzzing in Johnson's brain and after a little while he called the guide and explained a wonderful plan he had conceived. It was to make a howdah in which the Professor could ride at ease.

" I b'lieve you air from Boston," enquired Pete.

" We are from Boston," came the concerted reply.

" Wall then, git out your saw and square and auger and gimlet and screw-driver and post hole digger and jack plane and chalk line and adze and ax and buzz saw, and make yer howdydo while me and the Professor does suthin' practical; I go a-fishin'—come on Uncle! "

The old gentleman looked at Johnson, who signified that he might follow the guide if he wished.

Pete produced fishing tackle from mysterious hiding places and

set about to catch grasshoppers for bait. The warm sun had gotten the 'hoppers wide awake, and the Professor, following the scout's example, strove industriously after the unattainable. Soon Johnson saw his two companions stroll down the bank of the creek and disappear among the willows.

Every invention first finds form in a thought. With his inward eye Johnson saw his howdah complete. The idea being developed it must next be materialized. He went into the cabin and quickly knocked one of the bunks to pieces to get the boards. He then dipped these boards in the stream, wetting them thoroughly to a length he desired, then holding the ends in the fire they were burned off to the requisite dimensions. He took a gun cleaner and heating it red hot burned holes in them; weaving in strips of bark, peeled with the help of his knife from an ironwood tree. Then by placing a board under each end and tying it fast he had a platform. A saddle was put on the gentlest horse: a hole was burned through the boards so the horn of the saddle could go through, and when in position the platform reached from the horse's tail to his withers. Then a hole was burned in each of the four corners, a short length of stout sapling was sharpened off and driven in and a stretch of bark was run around the squared circle ❧ ❧

It takes about a minute to tell this, but it took an hour to do it. ¶ Johnson viewed his handiwork and pronounced it good. It was truly artistic, yet wobbled a trifle too much for safety to the rider ❧ ❧

The fishermen had not yet returned and the young man thought it time to look them up; besides that he wanted them to commend the skill he had shown. He followed down the creek for a full quarter of a mile and discovered his friends, their trousers rolled above their knees, sitting on the bank paddling their feet in the stream ❧ ❧

They were discussing the Copernican Theory.

The Professor had explained the matter; and Pete, taking issue, was ventilating his own view of the case. The argument was getting quite warm when Mr. Johnson's appearance interrupted it.

¶ On the bank were more brook trout than three men could eat in a week.

The old gentleman had found a flint arrow head, much to his delight, and this had led up to the subject of aboriginal handicraft and from that to the Copernican Theory by a sequence unexplainable

" The aborigines never made a howdah like mine," said Johnson, " come and see! "

The old gentleman carrying his shoes in one hand and pressing his precious find in the other, picked his way barefoot among the stones back to camp.

The howdah was profusely admired. There was a touch of cynicism in Pete's remarks that fortunately was lost on the others.

" Gents, you see afore you a invention that will do away with saddles—let a horse buck and the rider turns a flip-flap and falls inside of his howdydo. She ain't very firm though! " mused the guide as he tested the security of the scheme. Still in spite of the sarcasm Pete showed a willingness to co-operate. He brought a lariat and making it fast to each corner of the platform proceeded to cinch the howdah securely in place. Then he climbed up on it, danced a jig and declared it the wonder of the age.

Then they rested, slept and feasted. The big white owl dozed on a rafter in the cabin and the Professor sighed because he could not secure the bird for the Peabody Museum; yet he would not kill or disturb it.

That night they slept well. In the morning Johnson said, " I go a-fishing."

" No, you don't; git to work and rope these packs on—we can't stay *here!* "

" Could we not stay and recuperate until tomorrow? "

" 'Cuperate, no, it 's onhealthy to 'cuperate—did n't you tell me thar is en'mies after you? "

" Yes."

" Wall then, we must climb."

" But where are you going to take us? "

" We are bound for the *Last Stand*."

Then Rattlesnake Pete explained that " The Last Stand " was a hillock surrounded on every side by a palisade of perpendicular rock; that the top of this hill was a plateau of twenty acres and that the only approach to the summit was through a peculiar canyon twelve feet wide. Pete knew the place through Indians, who had shown it to him ten years before. The savages thought the place haunted and there were certain bands of Apaches who came on a pilgrimage each seven years and offered sacrifices there.

¶ " They say it were wunst an injun town—long 'fore white men came to America. And a pest came and carried off the whole blame tribe, for which let us all rejice. It 's the only place I know on where three men can stand off a reg'ment—and I only found it accidental. When you said you wanted a safe place I thought of The Last Stand—and Last Stand it is; we 'll reach it in two days if we look sharp."

The packs were adjusted, a final look was taken through the cabin for lost articles, the fire was put out, and again the march began ❧ ❧

The Professor was assisted into his howdah, and seated on a bean box with a green branch over his head for a canopy, he advanced like an Egyptian king.

But the way was rough as the road to Paradise, and progress slow. From time to time the old gentleman would get down and walk a little way. Then there were places so steep that Pete would dismount and putting his shoulder to the rear of one of the pack burros would push, directing Mr. Johnson to do the same with the other; so by the help of many adjectives and unprintable

exclamations from Pete they surmounted the obstacles that fate had placed in their way.

After one such effort Johnson remarked to Professor Wilson sorrowfully:

" Once I was head of my class in mathematics and now I am only assistant to a jackass."

" Many a man serves in a like capacity, but this is a case in which you had better be assistant than principal," answered the Professor without a smile.

Near noon they made a short halt. As they were resting Johnson suddenly exclaimed:

" We 've forgot something! "

" I know," said the Professor, " my glasses."

" No."

" Then it was my note book."

" No, we have neglected to start a single train out of Omaha for two days."

" That 's so, sure enough—not since Mr. Snake was so abrupt in starting away."

One hand began to go up and over—Pete fired his revolver in the air and shouted an order to move on and so they started again

It was a hard day's march, and when they camped at sundown the guide gave the glad news that The Last Stand was only twenty miles away.

## CHAPTER IX

THE next afternoon as the shadows began to lengthen Pete announced that only twelve miles had been made. The trail was steep, rocky, and in places partially barred by debris that had been carried down the mountain side by the avalanches of the spring

" But, thank the Lord, we are in sight of the promised land," exclaimed the guide.

The caravan halted and the three men dismounting stood on a ledge of rock while the scout pointed across the valley at a solitary hillock, faced on all sides by a perpendicular wall. As the men gazed down upon it from the mountain side it looked like an island amid the sea of sage and chaparral.

In the Garden of the Gods, that spot so interesting to the geologist, one sees in miniature, similar formations. Fantastic shapes of earth stuff, each one intent on expressing its own individuality; they defy the combined forces of snow, frost, sun and wind to subdue and reduce them to one common level. Yet all the time Gravitation tugs—patiently biding his time, knowing that his prey can not escape from his relentless siege.

" That 's The Last Stand, gents. That 's whar we live when we 're to home. It flares at the top 'cause there 's a layer of stone there that is harder than the stuff below. The wind and rain can't fetch it, gents; the weather can't gnaw it, they have tried for ten thousand years. There 's twenty acres of it and only one way to git up thar and that by a canyon what looks as if it was cut out by God Almighty a purpose for his children, so they could climb up a top and larf at their en'mies! "

" It appears like a fort. Who owns it? "

" Gents, I won't deceive you—why should I—it 's mine! "

" Yours? "

" Yes, it 's mine; I 'm goin' to charge you a dollar a year rent for it, and when we leave I 'll give it to you for a soov'neer. Three cheers for The Last Stand! "

The cheers were given, the guide fired a volley from his revolver, the burros brayed and the down grade march began with an energy which an hour before would have been thought impossible. The old gentleman forgot his rheumatism, the student his depression, the guide his weight of responsibility—even the horses par-

took of the joy and shook their heads as horses will when they draw near home.

After an hour had passed Mr. Johnson called, " I say, Mr. Snake, we do not seem to be much nearer than we were—how is that? "

" Wall, I 'll tell you honest, that young mountain of mine has a way of slipping back, and if we don't go right lively we can never catch it."

The explanation was not wholly satisfactory to Mr. Johnson; the guide noticed it and asked half apologetically, " How fur do you think we was from The Last Stand when we seed it first? "

" Oh, about three miles I thought."

" Of course that was what you thought, but we was just ten. If we reach it by dark we 're lucky."

At last the level plain was reached and another mile brought the weary travellers to the base of the hill. Skirting this for a ways they reached a narrow ravine. The walls were nearly perpendicular and the canyon had the appearance of an immense fissure that had been made by Nature some glacial night years agone. A short distance up this gorge water was oozing from the sand. The guide with his hands quickly dug out a basin so the horses could drink, then the saddles were removed, the packs taken off, and the animals turned loose; two of them being hobbled.

All about the mouth of the ravine the feed was plentiful. This verdure stretched away to a cottonwood grove half a mile beyond. Mr. Johnson wished to go up to the top of the hill at once but Pete ordered all hands to skirmish for buffalo chips. The Professor of Biology obeyed; Johnson dragged in the top of a dead tree while the guide himself was getting out the " timber " for supper. Soon a bright fire was blazing and there came the aroma of coffee and the fragrant smell of things grateful to the senses of tired and hungry men.

The trio squatted around the fire and ate without a word. They were too busy for conversation. After a time the good old Profes-

sor sat looking into the fire and began to nod like a sleepy child. Mr. Johnson seeing this, dug out a hole in the sand and spread a blanket preparatory to putting his charge to bed.

" What you doin' Johnsing? " asked the guide.

" Going to bed."

" What 's that—not on the ground? "

" Of course; where did we sleep last night? "

" Why, gents, I 'm s'prised, I must send you to your rooms to wunst. Front! " roared Pete.

After every meal Rattlesnake Pete's playful spirit showed itself in just such silly banter as this. He took a delight in mystifying others and in telling queer tales and doing peculiar and wonderful things. Once he had been to St. Louis with live stock and stopped at a hotel and twice he had visited Kansas City, where among other places he attended a sleight of hand performance. This was an epoch in Pete's life; and if he had written an article for the *Ladies' Home Journal* on " Men who have influenced me," he would surely have put the juggler first on the list.

When in good humor Pete always slipped off into the mysterious. Revelling in the quizzical, he had covetous desires after the honors of the prestidigitator, only Pete did not call it by that name. ¶ Johnson had observed this tendency towards the absurd and concluded that such things could come only from an unbalanced mind

" Front," roared Pete again, " show the gents to 'leven hunderd and one! "

Away up the canyon came the answering echo " Front—" and died away into a muffled " 'leven hunderd and one."

The Professor started with affright.

Johnson got up and walking around to the other side of the fire, led the guide a few steps back and said:

" Mr. Snake, I beg of you to restrain yourself! "

" In course! Front, show the gents to their rooms! "

" Mr. Snake, you must be calm—Here, I 'll give you a dose of bromide of potassium, and then if that does not take effect I have chloral. I think I 'll try you with Hyoscyamus first, then Cannabis Indica or Lupulin! "
" Have n't you any whiskey? "
" No, be calm, I pray you, you may even make a neurotic of me." ❧ ❧
" The which? "
" Nervous prostration—verging on melancholia."
" Melon colic—who's got it? "
" Not you, yours is hysteria with aberration and hallucinations. It may develop into paresis. You have ringing in your ears, see flashes of light before your eyes; you have cold feet and streaks up your vertebræ."
" Hold on thar, Johnsing—how long have you been so? "
" You mean the Professor—oh, about six months—it began just as yours is developing—great exaltation of spirits, then hallucinations followed with depression. Now I have studied Nervous Disorders carefully—I can bring you around all right. Depend on it, I will never desert you."
" You won't desert me? "
" No."
" I wish you would—if I stay with you I may catch it! "
" Catch what? "
" This crazy business."
" Be calm—I 'll stand by you."
" Why, man, I 'm the only feller in the party what 's got any wits." ❧ ❧
" Of course, that is one of your hallucinations, but I can cure you." ❧ ❧
" Tell me now how I 'm off my cabeza? "
" You mean to ask how I know you are not right in your head? "
" Yes."

" Well, I 've been watching you closely—you fed our oatmeal to the horses! "
" But what in thunder is oats fur—not fur a man to chew. He might as well eat hay! "
" Oatmeal is rich in carbon—stimulates the digestive ganglia and is "——
" Johnsing, I 've been watching you close—you 're off your nut, but I 'll stand by you—be calm."
" Me! I 'm the only sane man in the party! "
" Of course—why did you claw the air and go ch, ch, ch, ch, the first time I saw you? "
" Never mind that, Mr. Snake, it 's a way I have. Tell me why did you sprinkle tobacco over that codfish you cooked for us the other day? "
" Codfish ain't fit to eat nohow—it 's pizen, no fish that lives in salt water is good; they are like buzzards and crows and ravens and eagles and kyutes "——
" Never mind the lecture now, Mr. Snake. You are wrong in your head because you talk to yourself and chuckle and call to people who are not near ."
"And you have clammy hands, and headache, and nightmare, and see streaks, and hear railroad trains, and buzzin' and tootin', and whoopin' and snortin' and ringin."
"And you call ' Front, show the gentlemen their rooms,' when there is not a room within fifty miles."
" Hold on thar, Johnsing—come with me."
The guide seized a burning brand and taking Johnson by the arm they walked about fifty feet up the canyon. Here the flaming torch was placed between two stones, and Pete scrambled up on a pile of broken rocks that were heaped against the crumbling wall. He motioned that Johnson should follow. They began to tumble the stones down; great round bowlders that required their combined strength to move, gravel, earth and broken fragments.

They worked like beavers for ten minutes. Pete went down and got the torch. An aperture full two feet square in the wall was seen. The scout motioned that Johnson should enter.

"After you," said Mr. Johnson.

Pete crawled in and Johnson followed. They stood in a room six feet high and nearly ten feet square, hewn out of the solid rock.

¶ Pete gazed at his companion triumphantly and Mr. Johnson stared back in bewilderment. He looked at the ceiling and saw that it was covered with black soot; the walls were scrawled with rude pictures and peculiar marks. He scratched the rock with his thumb nail and found it to be of soft tufa.

" Wonderful, Mr. Snake, most wonderful; this cave was excavated by the hand of man, excavated a thousand years ago! "

"A thousand and seven! " answered Pete. "And these buffler robes and the tools I left here just nine years ago last Septober, are perfectly dry."

As he spoke he began spreading out the robes that were piled in the corner. Beneath them were several axes, picks, shovels and various boxes of canned goods.

" Did n't I tell you I 'd show you to your rooms? "

But Johnson did not answer. He hastened down to the camp fire where the old man sat dozing and led him back by the hand, all the time telling him of the wonderful cave.

But the old Professor was too full of sleep to be interested. He only mumbled " Yes, yes—a great cave—we 'll take it back and present it to the Peabody Museum—Let me take a nap, Johnson, call me when the class comes in."

He stopped as ordered and crawled into the new found home. He lay down and the student tenderly covered him with the buffalo robes.

The guide went out to look after his horses and take care of the fire. When he came back he found his charges sound asleep, side by side.

" They are queer ducks," murmured Pete, " very queer, but I 'll stand by 'em, damn me, if I don't! "

Then he examined his rifle, pulled off his boots, lay down and dreamed of going to a sleight of hand show where the performer waved a wand and caused five hundred and seven caves to appear in the side of a solid stone wall.

# The Legacy

BOOK THREE—CHAPTER I

SOME philosopher has said that the life of man is like a finger thrust into a stream and withdrawn, leaving no trace. You lift one man, or a dozen, out of the stream of life that crowds on Broadway and what boots it? Return the next day and the street looks exactly the same—the tide of traffic still roars on. Broadway has not met with a loss, but perhaps there are heavy hearts elsewhere and listening ears, that wait for footsteps that will never come.

When those children called silly, childish cries after an old gentleman who was short of hair, and bears came out of the woods and devoured them, my soul does not go out in thankfulness that the hunger of bruin's family is satisfied, or that the old gentleman's wrath is appeased; but my heart is with households where the prattle of innocent glee is no longer heard, and the patter of little feet echo no more. So the gloom of death takes the place of gladness, and on my ear there falls a lullaby hushed to a moan.

¶ "Nature takes no thought of the individual," says M. Renan. But if Nature were a Personal Being, looking down upon us from the mighty distance of another world, the mad antics, strivings and runnings to and fro of men on the ball called Earth would surely strike this Being as very funny.

Here we have two of these insignificant mites, calling themselves "men," suddenly running away and hiding themselves somewhere. At once there is a great commotion among the mites left behind over the affair, just as when you jab your cane into an ant hill. Mighty efforts are put forth to bring the two runaways back. In heaven's name! why bring them back—are there not more left than can be fed?

But to us who are yet on earth there is such a thing as the

brotherhood of man. We can not get away from it—when one suffers all suffer; and these painful separations, these awful strivings after right adjustments, these frantic efforts for harmony, are tragedies as dark, and deep, and sad as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death.

Yet we are philosophers and therefore must perceive that there is an undertone of comedy even in the tragic.

When James Russell Lowell was ill with the malady whose cure was the grave, he listened, one sleepless night, to the scramble and squeal of mice as they scampered through the space between plaster and floor. " Some dandy mouse has eloped with a graybeard's wife—What a commotion the neighbors do make over it! " and the poet smiled as he speculated on the scandal; for even the approach of death could not still his laughter.

His thoughts were not unlike those of " the Aristophanes of Heaven," who, Heine says, is probably amusing himself watching our gyrations ❧ ❧

Hence it happens as I relate the solemn truth of actual events, an occasional smile can not be restrained. And because I smile let no hasty soul accuse me of frivolity. Philosophers are above the frivolous—if they smile, it is because they have a true sense of values. In the most intense scene of *Macbeth*, Shakespeare introduces the tipsy porter; in *Hamlet* we have Polonius and the jolly gravediggers; Mercutio dies a-punning; *Lear* has its fool; and in the sublime tragedy of *Faust*, Mephisto is half clown.

A little seriousness is a dangerous thing: a great deal is absolutely fatal. And so let us proceed with the story.

On that eventful night when Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson disappeared they left behind them two very much astonished doctors, a wife in hysterics, a screaming servant, a dozen neighbors, and a promiscuous crowd of strangers, each of whom gave advice and all had a theory.

As for Celeste Wilson, she was picked up out of the mud by three

strange men and was being carried into the house when she managed to free herself from her captors and stand on her feet. Her injuries strange to say, were very slight, and if she was cut by the hoofs of the horse, and her fragile form bruised by the wheels of the vehicle that passed over her, no one ever knew it. She walked up the stairs alone and into her room, locking the door, where she proceeded to divest her face of the mud, that filled her hair and eyes, and to put on clean attire.

The front door was open and the parlor full of men and women, talking and explaining to the fresh arrivals how it all happened. Some said there had been a burglary, others that it was only a family row. One woman explained, that Celeste Wilson was trying to elope but had been caught in the act and brought back. A crowd always attracts a crowd—more people came—neighbors rushed in, some in partial undress—one woman carrying a two-year-old child in its night clothes. To add to the confusion this baby set up a very loud and prolonged cry.

Attention was finally focused on Mrs. Wilson, who sat in a corner of the parlor moaning and crying—" They have stolen him away, they have stolen him away."

That she was crazy was very evident, especially so after a man had explained the fact. The callers made a ring around her—none daring to go near until a fat man elbowed his way through the crowd and fearlessly began a cross-examination. But all he could get was, " They have stolen him away. They have stolen him away," as she rocked back and forth.

Then the joker, who is always present on such occasions, called " Look out, she 's loose " and a stampede was made for the door. Just at this moment a hook and ladder company dashed up, followed by a fire engine. The bystanders began to carry out the furniture but The Stout Gentleman called " It 's all out! " and being a man of ready resource he explained to the foreman of the fire brigade that it was only a lamp overturned. Then he exhibited

several imaginary burns on his hands as proof and asked one of the fire laddies if his whiskers were much singed, but the fireman could not see that they were.

In the meantime the two young doctors who had made such an allopath exit, knowing that the buggy carrying the assailant had gone, had returned. They found something in the front hall that fully occupied their attention. It was the limp form of Mr. Sarony. His descent had not been straight down the stairs but on the bias. He had struck the railing and gone clear through it, falling heavily to the floor. Blood was oozing from his mouth and nose, and as one of the doctors thought there had been a pistol shot and the other was sure that the unknown assailant had an uplifted dagger in his grasp, they thought best to examine the body at once for gunshot wounds and knife thrusts. So they dragged the man into the dining room and pushing the crowd out, placed him on the table and proceeded to cut off his clothing. In a minute the senseless form was naked, but the ready probes were useless, and no wounds were found.

" His hide is whole," said one of the doctors in a non-professional, disappointed way. There was a contusion on top of the head, a scratch across the jaw, a slight scalp wound, and two front teeth were much missing, but the combination offered no promise of a post mortem. " He don't breathe like a dead man," said one of the doctors as he pushed up one eyebrow of the patient and scrutinized the pupil. " He don't breathe like a dead man, and by the great Austin Flint he 's playin' possum! "

As the good physician made this remark he drew from his vest pocket a small vial and drawing the cork, let fall two drops of aqua ammonia on the patient's nose. There was a cough, a sneeze, a sputter and a damn. The man sat up on the table and stared wildly around.

" How came I here? "

" Say something else, please, they always ask that on the stage! "

The doctors here turned their attention to Mrs. Wilson, who seemed in a bad way, while Sarony, wrapped in the table-cloth, glowered in silent rage. It was a tableau vivant that might well have served to illustrate an edition de luxe of *Sartor Resartus*. Just then Celeste came down and was vainly endeavoring to get the intruding strangers out of the house. The Stout Gentleman came to her rescue and threatened, ordered, pushed and hustled until the rooms were cleared.

The hurry-up-wagon drove up sharp and two policeman appeared on the veranda just as the front door was being locked. They asked for information as to the trouble. The Stout Gentleman, knowing that generalities would no longer answer, called Celeste (whose name he had picked up from the mother, and she told the guardian of the peace the facts and begged them to go in search of her father and Mr. Johnson at once. One of the policemen busied himself in making a hasty sketch of the house. As he opened the dining room door he discovered Mr. Sarony wrapped in his red table-cloth toga. Sarony was abusive and incoherent, the loss of teeth no doubt adding to his jumble. He cursed the officers roundly and dared them to touch him. Just then The Stout Gentleman appeared in the doorway. As his glance fell on the figure of Mr. Sarony, his face showed blank astonishment.

" Who is this man? " demanded one of the officers.

" Blest if I know—never saw him before—what does he say? "

" Won't say nawthin'—just damns! "

" It 's no time to fool—do your duty."

The policemen looked at each other knowingly and without a word fell on the luckless Sarony and hustled him out of the house and into the wagon. Then they drove rapidly to the station to report the facts of the abduction and call out the reserves. Arriving at the station the officers half dragged, half carried their precious freight into the building and standing one on either side of him, before the desk, the Captain of the precinct

took down a description of the prisoner and ordered the officers to search him.

This was a task soon performed.

The name was entered on the blotter as "Charles Sarony"—in quotation marks—thus indicating that the officers considered it an alias. All hands agreed that the prisoner had a most villainous phiz and the door-keeper thought he recognized him as " Charles the Lifter," a famous crook. He was addressed as " The Lifter," and although he hotly repudiated the title it was placed on the blotter after his name. Then he was catechized as to his share in the abduction and as to why he was on the premises. His answers were very contradictory—in fact his confusion was clear proof of his guilt. He was told that his partners in the crime had been caught and that they had confessed, implicating him, but still he maintained a dogged persistence in his assertions of innocence. The wound in his head had started bleeding and the house surgeon who happened to be present, examined the cut and was obliged to shave one entire side of the man's head in order to properly apply the adhesive plaster. More adhesive plaster was used for the scratch on his chin—all at the expense of the State. Sarony was then locked in a cell awaiting the arrival of the Superintendent of Police, for whom they had sent.

It was near an hour before this dignitary arrived. He at once questioned Mr. Sarony. He soon decided he would take the prisoner back to the house for identification. A tramp's cast off suit of clothing was found for the alleged abductor, and arrayed in this and handcuffed to an officer, the pair, with the Superintendent behind, made their way to the Wilson residence. On the way Sarony explained that Mrs. Wilson and he were personal friends—in fact he was her confidential advisor, and was in her house as a friend when he was so ruthlessly assaulted.

" Very well—say no more—if Mrs. Wilson says you are all right that is all there is of it."

When the residence was reached it was very evident that the household was astir. The servant girl answered the ring and the Superintendent asked for Mrs. Wilson. By the use of stimulants that worthy lady had arrived at a degree of calmness. She walked out into the hall alone; and as she appeared Mr. Sarony, having the true instincts of a gentleman, removed his hat. At a glance the woman saw the shining gilt of the Superintendent's uniform and the officer in citizen's clothes; then her quick eye fell on the wickedest piece of grinning humanity that she had ever seen. The room swirled before her, the floor gave a list to starboard, she threw her hands above her head and in a wild scream she shouted; "They have caught him, they have caught the man who stole my Chilo!" and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

The Superintendent gave a quick nod to his subordinate, who was just on the point of marching the prisoner back to the lock-up, when one of the doctors who had not yet left the house appeared. The doctor identified Sarony and requested the officers to liberate him. But the Superintendent would not do so until Miss Celeste had fully vouched for the man. Then the handcuffs were removed and half apologies made by the Superintendent, who warned Mr. Sarony that he might yet be wanted.

The Stout Gentleman here came forth and shook Mr. Sarony by the hand, congratulating him on his innocence, in which he had believed all the time, and begging ten thousand pardons for his own insignificant part in the blunder.

"These things will happen," he said, and smilingly explained that he himself had not arrived on the scene until after the abduction—Otherwise the rogues might not have been so successful in their nefarious scheme—Never had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sarony before, but often had heard of him and always in high terms of praise. Just a misunderstanding—that is all, but the past is past. The future we can not reach, the past we can not recall. The present only is ours, as the poet has said and wisely said.

Now what to do? that 's the question—what to do:—it 's a condition, not a theory, that confronts us. It is after two o'clock—no use of going to bed, better just decide on what to do and then do it. The past is past—what to do? That is the question. Professor Wilson is gone. I myself have thoroughly searched the house—no Professor Wilson—now what to do? In the meantime suppose we step into the dining room and take a drop of something at the sideboard." ❧ ❧

The Superintendent of Police was a man of few words but he fully agreed with The Stout Gentleman that the past was past; further, it would be well to get at the facts at once and decide on what to do; and there was no special objection to the sideboard. The company followed The Stout Gentleman to the dining room, where he placed chairs for them around the table. Then he ordered the servant girl, whom he familiarly addressed as "Liz," to bring in "a little cold meat or something." Celeste assisted the tearful servant, who was much excited by the presence of the policeman, in bringing in an acceptable lunch.

The Stout Gentleman found a bottle in the sideboard and he, Mr. Sarony and the doctor took something for their stomach's sake. The Stout Gentleman insisted on all sitting down. He sat at one end of the table, the Superintendent of Police at the other. Seated on one side were the doctor and Mrs. Wilson, who had revived from her faint, and the servant girl, "Liz;" on the other side were the patrolman, Mr. Sarony and Miss Celeste. No one could be excused—a conference must be held and the facts arrived at—Would the Superintendent of Police get Mrs. Wilson's story first?

The good woman began with the time of her marriage and offered to show the certificate, but The Stout Gentleman told her that this, for the present, would be waived, and quickly brought her down to date. Then she rehearsed the facts concerning the Professor's illness—his aberration of mind—his hallucinations—

how a consultation of physicians had been held and the decision reached that he should be sent to an Insane Asylum. When all at once a man rushed in—

"Hold on, Mrs. Wilson," said The Stout Gentleman, "not too fast—what kind of a man?"

"Why a large man—a man about seven feet high—he pitched Mr. Sarony downstairs, then seized my Chilo."

"Be calm, Mrs. Wilson—be calm—these things will happen." But Mrs. Wilson could go no further—she fell to weeping and the doctor asked that she might be excused until after the other witnesses had been examined.

The Stout Gentleman excused her.

Celeste explained that she did not see the man enter the house, but she saw him pass out of the door carrying her father. The man was Joshua Johnson and he surely was insane. They were both insane. She thought that Mr. Johnson had been so much with Professor Wilson that through excess of sympathy he had partaken of Professor Wilson's hallucinations, and that he (Mr. Johnson) had carried Professor Wilson away to keep him out of the hands of supposed enemies.

On cross-examination the fact was brought out that there was no money in the pockets of the old gentleman's clothing—possibly a note book and a pair of gold glasses were in a pocket of the coat —but the young lady was not certain.

The servant had only seen the buggy as it was driven away. She saw the vehicle run over Miss Celeste and she felt sure that Miss Wilson's dress was ruined. She also knew that Mr. Sarony had broken seven railings out of the banisters.

The doctor next gave testimony. He told how he had grappled with the assailant, who was a powerful man, weighing over two hundred. The assailant produced a knife, when the doctor was compelled to flee for his life. He never saw the man before and did not care to again—he did not appear as if insane, more like one

possessed of a devil. The Stout Gentleman made a note of this. The doctor had run down the back-stairs and around the house, hoping to head the villain off before he could escape, but when he got around the front veranda the buggy was just disappearing. His opinion was that the abduction was made in the hope of a ransom. The man who planned the villainy had certainly resorted to " heroic " measures in order to raise money, and when caught his punishment should be severe.

Then Mr. Sarony gave his testimony. He explained just how he was holding the frantic Professor when suddenly he was seized and dragged by two men to the door and thrown down-stairs. He exhibited his shaven scalp and absence of teeth as proof. Johnson —Joshua Johnson was the assailant.

The Superintendent asked several questions and then The Stout Gentleman took the witness in hand and had him repeat the whole story over again. Then he asked about Johnson—who he was—what he was—his relations to the Wilsons and his relations with Mr. Sarony. The witness answered at length.

A bright thought here came to Mr. Sarony. His glassy eyes glowed —he straightened up in his chair—cleared his throat—reduced his voice to a hoarse whisper and said: " Joshua Johnson appeared at my father's Bank in New York last Thursday and cashed Chilo Wilson's check to bearer for fifteen thousand dollars! "

" What 's that? "

He repeated the remark. Did Mrs. Wilson know about this? No, she did not. Nor Celeste? No. They had seen nothing of the money and had no knowledge of the transaction.

The Stout Gentleman closed one eye and looked across the table with the other at the Superintendent of Police for a full minute. Then he stood up and announced that the inquiry was closed.

" But—but you do not think that Mr. Johnson has stolen this money do you? " interposed Celeste.

" Oh, no—I do not *think* so—he has—that 's all."

" And my father? "
" Well, Jackson has stolen him, too! "
" You mean Johnson."
" Yes, Joseph Johnson! "
" Why should he abduct my father, except through an insane freak? " ❧ ❧
" Young woman," said The Stout Gentleman, " men who cash other men's checks to bearer for fifteen thousand dollars are not insane. Johnson hypnotized your father and compelled him to sign that check—Then he carried the old man off so he could not inform on him—See? "
The Stout Gentleman arose, interviewed the sideboard, went out into the hallway, took his hat from the rack, selected an umbrella, and went down the steps out into the street.
It was now broad daylight. The gas jets all through the house were burning full head. The air had a hot, close, musty smell and each of the persons sitting around the table was tired, worn and wan. They sat in silence a space.
" What did you say the large man's name was? " asked the Superintendent ❧ ❧
" Who, the man who just left? "
" Yes."
" Why, I was just going to ask you his name! " answered Celeste.
" How should I know him—he had charge of things when I came! "
" But don't you know him, Mr. Sarony? "
" Why no, I thought he was some lawyer—a kinsman that you had sent for? "
The doctor had held a like opinion. None of them had ever seen the man before. And none of them ever saw him after, for he was never more seen of men. He was one after the order of Melchizedek ❧ ❧

## CHAPTER II

THE Sons of Melchizedek are a most peculiar people. So far as I know The Society for Psychic Research has not yet taken up the subject of these men who are without beginning of days or end of time. Yet surely it is a most vital theme. These beings who were never born and can not die, form a tribe that obeys no natural edict—they are a law unto themselves. They appear and disappear again. Like vagrant comets, their orbits can not be determined. ¶ They are visible only under peculiar and extraordinary conditions. They materialize at will and disappear without explanation. After a lecture, I have seen one of them rush forward and greet the speaker with a glow that must have gladdened the orator's heart for months. In fact your son of Melchizedek is an orator himself, and therefore knows the orator's need for a fervent word of appreciation after his " effort."

Once at a Methodist love feast, when there was a lull in the program and the minister asked "and is there not just one more who is willing to add a word of testimony? " I felt a slight cold feeling go over me and knew at once that the Unknown was rising to his feet behind. I heard him clear his throat and begin with, " My friends, I have been thinking while sitting here," in a low, musical voice—a voice all a-tremble with fervor. He spoke for fully fifteen minutes—spoke with ease, and to the point. At first there was a craning of necks and whispered questions as to who he was, but this was soon lost in admiration. After the service he shook hands with many then disappeared, none knew where.

This mysterious being often helps to carry in the piano, and in crowded street cars he has been known to supply the necessary nickel when the ladies could not find their pockets. When old gentlemen fall in a fit on the street he is on hand. Should a woman faint in church he gently carries her out. He opens the windows in cars; looks after the ventilators at all times, and at barbecues and outdoor public meetings he calls up the stranger to the feast,

introducing shy countrymen to others still more shy, thus thawing the social ice and making all secure.

When church debts are to be raised he sometimes arises in his seat and subscribes a large amount. At mass meetings where volunteers are called for to pass the hat, he always responds. He greets you cordially on the railroad train, shaking hands as he passes; asks after the wife and babies and shames you into smirking idiocy because you can not call him by name, and as he departs he waves his hand and charges you thus: " Take care of yourself, old man! "

He is always large, usually stout, and the true type has a dun colored chin whisker. At least he should have.

He carries a glow of good nature that warms like wine; he is never cast down, nor is his heart dismayed. At country funerals he often appears, consoles the friends, takes care of the flowers and arranges the chairs in solemn circle against the wall. At the churchyard he walks with uncovered head by the side of the clergyman, fetches the reins from the nearest team to lower the coffin, and handles the shovel with an unction that savors of joy.

He shows a rare skill in bearing other people's sorrows and under no condition does he fail to explain that every cloud has a silver lining ❧ ❧

He is a man of resource and conjures forth jokes and much good humor when hearts are breaking. His clothing is plain, sometimes seedy, but he is healthy, and where food and drink is spread, this modern son of Melchizedek is often found. In fact, for a being who has the power of etherealization, his hunger is most astonishing, and his thirst unique.

Hope is his distinguishing feature, and he glibly assures you that he lives only to learn, and learns but to do good.

## CHAPTER III

THE day after the disappearance of Professor Wilson one of the Boston morning papers contained the following item:

"The explosion of a lamp at the residence of Professor Chilo Wilson, on Appian Way, Cambridge, last evening, might have started a serious conflagration were it not for the fact that the fire brigade was quickly on hand and extinguished the flames before the devouring element had gained headway. Loss small. The quality of kerosene now sold from most stores is much below the required legal test. The Inspectorship should certainly be in better hands."

The afternoon papers gave a full account of the flight just as it occurred, save for a few gratuitous details. The statement was made that "both men were doubtless laboring under temporary aberration of mind, superinduced partially, if not wholly, from severe mental strain."

The differences in the accounts were trifling. One paper gave a map of the scene and pronounced a long eulogy on Professor Wilson, with a sketch of his career. Several of the classmates of Mr. Johnson were interviewed and all spoke of him in terms of praise. His eccentricities were lightly touched upon.

During the day the police got trace of the horse and buggy. It had been hired at a livery stable and the occupants had driven to Kappa, and there the rig had been left at a hotel barn. The two men had purchased tickets for Portland, but as the passenger trains passed each other at Kappa the railroad agent could not tell whether the fugitives took the train for Portland or back to Boston. By working the wires the police found that the Portland tickets had not been turned in to the General Passenger Agent by the conductor, and probably, therefore, had not been taken up.

¶ An inventory of the contents of Johnson's room was taken by the detectives but nothing of a suspicious nature was found, except a peculiar memorandum in Greek, which was duly marked

Exhibit A, and reserved for expert advice. The room was then locked and sealed, in spite of a protest from the landlady, who explained that Johnson was already a month behind in rent and that she could not afford to be deprived of the possibility of getting a new tenant. The fact of the month's arrear in rent was noted in his memorandum book by the detective as proof of Johnson's sanity—implying plan, motive, intent.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the *Herald* got out a Special containing a fresh version of the story in three columns. The statement was made that Johnson had, through hypnotic control, induced Professor Chilo Wilson to sign a check for $16,115.25, and that Johnson had taken his check in person to New York and secured the money in bills, refusing to accept change on other banks, and maintaining a suspicious and dogged silence as to why the money should be paid to him in this peculiar manner. He then returned home, went to the livery stable of Bradburn & Peek, selected the horse he wanted, drove to the residence of Professor Wilson, and at the point of a pistol carried away the only man who could have informed the authorities of his guilt.

Whether the abductor's intent was to drown his victim in Charles River, to carry him off to some dark and lonely wood and there murder him, or to hold him captive in some secluded spot, could only be guessed. The prevailing opinion was the drive to Kappa and the purchase of tickets for Portland was only a blind, and that the Professor having been drugged, was brought back to Boston and was being held a prisoner in some private house: a proceeding much less dangerous than to attempt to spirit him away to distant parts.

The fact that the Professor's life was insured for five thousand dollars, payable to his wife, was mentioned, and then the paper proceeded to detail the lady's virtues and apply the whitewash.

¶ This view of the subject seemed to be the one accepted by the police—that Johnson had robbed the man and then abducted him.

The officials refused to be interviewed—but looked knowing, declaring that they were not at liberty to make disclosures—let the public wait and it would hear something astonishing in due course of time.

The *Sunday Globe* contained pictures of Professor Wilson, his wife, Miss Celeste and Mr. Sarony. As no photograph of Johnson could be found, a sarsaparilla cut, from the "old horse pile" was inserted by the enterprising editor. Then followed a symposium by twelve college professors giving their views on the case, with pictures of the professors.

The various newspaper clippings bearing on the abduction, I now have before me in a scrap book. Among them are many editorials on the subject of mental overwork, taking Professor Wilson's case as an awful example. There are five sermons with the Wilson case for a text: using the subject for a simile to show how in a spiritual way Satan runs away with the souls of men. Certain patent medicine advertisements contained statements to the effect that Professor Wilson's mental trouble arose from Bright's Disease. One Texas paper and several other southern journals had long leaders showing that, while outrages occasionally occur in the South, the men who suffer are those who deserve it; while in the North, innocent, unoffending citizens are set upon. The London *Pall Mall Gazette* had a column headed:

THE GROWING INSECURITY OF LIFE
IN THE STATES

In two weeks the affair seemed, so far as the public was concerned, practically forgotten. Mr. Sarony was still being secretly shadowed, and a watch was kept over the Wilson residence, but on the third week even this was discontinued.

A "Personal" was seen in the *Transcript* couched in polite phrase, asking, "Will The Stout Gentleman please call on the Superintendent of Police to confer concerning the Wilson case." But that "Personal" seemed like a last, feeble, convulsive kick,

and the affair died on the hands of the police and was turned over to the Pinkertons for dissection.

The Detective Agency issued a circular offering " A reward of $1000.00 for the arrest of Joshua Johnson, and an additional reward of $500.00 for the body, dead or alive, of Chilo Wilson, late Professor of Biology in Harvard University."

These circulars were sent throughout the civilized world and brought many replies. Dozens of men were arrested, and tramps without number, who looked as if they might be Professors of Biology, were followed. Two frowsy specimens gave themselves up at Hope, Arkansas, confessing their guilt, and were duly brought on by a rustic constable and a Justice of the Peace, who claimed the reward. The constable and His Honor were loaned money to buy tickets home.

Still other tramps were arrested and held for remittances to bring them on.

Mysterious personages in seedy black called at the now well known house in Appian Way and proposed giving clues for a consideration. Spirit mediums wrote offering to supply information; one man out of the goodness of his heart called to state that he had communications with Professor Wilson across " the Border," and that the Professor had wished him to communicate with Mrs. Wilson ❧ ❧

Once a telegram came reading: " Wilson's body found. Send fifty for embalming and will forward." This put the poor widow in such a bad way that the Telegraph Office was requested not to deliver any more dispatches at the Wilson residence.

But in six months the " information " had fallen off until the psychometers held a monopoly, save for an occasional caller with a " clue " that might be had cheap for cash.

### CHAPTER IV

IN stirring times that try men's souls, plain women are apt to be overlooked. So up to this time it seems that we have given but little attention to the best ballasted character that has appeared on our stage—Celeste Wilson.

It is unfortunate for the present scribe that she was not tall, willowy and lissome, with a wealth of auburn hair, eyes of languorous blue, from which she shot alluring glances or shafts of scorn ❧ ❧

Then she never smoked cigarettes nor made sarcastic and scathing remarks on manners and events. Neither was she petite, sparkling and dashingly witty, dressing like a girl of fifteen when she was twenty-three. All this, I say, is peculiarly unfortunate for the story writer, and were he to hesitate between truth and duty, there might be danger of retouching the negative and making the lady appear as she was not.

Celeste Wilson was neither tall nor short, neither stout nor slender, neither a blonde nor a brunette. Her eyes were hazel, and her hair, which was always neatly parted and combed back, was brown—but brown of a lustrous order, and this is the only mark of beauty we dare put forward as such. Her nose, mouth and chin were of the kind you never remember. Her form was shapely and vigorous—that 's all.

Perhaps it is true that no man is greater than his mother, but it is most surely a fact, and a fact for which to be grateful, that in mental acumen, girls often surpass their mothers. And not seldom is it that the fault of the parent becomes a blessing to the offspring. The children of drunkards are often temperance fanatics; the lack of books in a household may give a child a thirst for knowledge; the shiftlessness of the father may make a shrewd financier of the son; and lack of opportunity in country homes whets desire for better things. Extremes cause violent oscillations to the other side.

And so it occurred that the nervous impatience and lack of poise in Mrs. Wilson produced an inward revolt in the heart of her growing daughter; and without ever mentioning it to a soul—without even being aware of it herself—she began placing a curb on her own tongue, and to cultivate an inward self-sufficiency.

¶ Before she was sixteen she had silently vowed again and again that, no matter what the future had in store for her, she would not busy herself in petty trifles—she would not be whimsical and fault-finding; she would not agitate others or be agitated herself by trivialities.

She devoted herself to her father, often writing his lectures for him. And so well did she know his mind that she could anticipate his thought on most themes, and he would read off these lectures to his class, all unmindful that another had prepared them.

The young woman had gone through the Grammar School, spent two years at Wellesley and then had come home to assist her father in his researches for his forthcoming book.

She knew French and German and spent long hours in diving into musty volumes for obscure facts. Her mind was calm, self-centered, methodical, incisive. She knew the German philosophers and got a deal more delight from them than she ever did from a drowsy society atmosphere of green and yellow, where was brewed an attenuated conspiracy of chrysanthemum and pink tea, by the bonneted, or otherwise.

The mother would not think of allowing her to share any of the household cares. No romance had come into her life; all of her "company" was of a very prim, staid and proper order, that visited in the family sitting room and left when the old gentleman put out the cat, and wound the clock. Around such a woman is a sacred circle—a psychic dead line within which no trifling person can enter. Mr. Sarony respected the girl, he almost thought he loved her, but he was afraid of her, and in her presence he never felt quite secure. His facts did not pass current. She gauged him

thoroughly and he knew it, and so with others of his sort. This colorless life to a strong and womanly woman was not complete. Let us admit that beneath that plain Quaker-hued exterior was a heart throbbing with revolt at the colorless calm of such a passionless existence.

What was wanting? A husband you say.

Possibly you are right and possibly not. For her to have married a well settled college professor, or a preacher, with a salary of fifteen hundred and house rent, would have been called by the neighbors a great match. It would have been her intellectual and her spiritual death.

What she needed (of course she did not know it) was a cyclone of feeling, a tornado of God's wrath—trouble, red revolution, a shipwreck that would make her swim for life. She needed that fate should clutch her with fierce talons and bear her away on steady pinions—and then drop her, so that she would be compelled to fly, or fall and be ground to dust.

And fate was kind. The insanity of her father and his disappearance, with that of Mr. Johnson, struck her a blow that awoke her dormant faculties. There are chemicals that do not crystallize until after a sharp jar, so there are souls whose excellent qualities remain in solution until the extraordinary occurs.

The spirit of Celeste Wilson rose to the level of events. She assumed charge of the household for the first time. The mother was crushed and had no wish save to discuss her troubles with any and every one that would listen. Celeste protected her from the idle curiosity seekers who called to condole; she looked after her father's financial affairs, conferred with the police and made the arrangements with the detectives for offering the reward.

She was sure that both men were mentally irresponsible. The detectives explained that if this statement of the case was put out, the officers throughout the country would cease to look for the men, believing that they had committed suicide. The robbery and

abduction phase made the affair more sensational, thus increasing the talk and making the chances of apprehension of the fugitives more probable. Miss Wilson therefore allowed the Pinkertons to word their circular in their own way, still maintaining that when found, the innocence of Mr. Johnson could be easily proven.

¶ Her appreciation of Johnson's worth was not small. She had found more satisfaction in his society than in that of any man whom she had ever known. Being a woman, she knew his sincere but unspoken regard for her, and she reciprocated his feelings to a degree that only the holy confessional of the silent night and the sacred silence knew.

But now he had cruelly, brutally deserted her. Her pride was stung, her finer feelings violently wrenched. And yet she knew in her inmost heart that the man must be insane to commit such an act: and in this thought there was a moiety of consolation. And more than this, the loving heart is always forgiving.

Like Mephisto, Mr. Sarony had had a fall; Mr Sarony remained in bed for three days after the fall—then he appeared at the Wilson's to offer his services. Miss Celeste met him in the parlor. She was calm, quiet, self-contained. He had expected to find her crushed. He tendered his sympathies in lavish manner and denounced " the man who was the cause of this awful tragedy."

¶ Miss Wilson sat quiet and looked at him without the twitch of a muscle.

He repeated his abuse of Mr. Johnson.

Meeting no response, only that calm steady look of the brown eyes, he squirmed, shifted one leg across the other, looked at his watch and said:

" You do not think that Johnson was insane, do you? "

" I did not tell you what I thought! "

" I know—but by your looks—come now, tell me—if he was insane why should he have cashed that check and taken all the money with him? "

But the young lady was not disposed to argue the case. Mr. Sarony tried crossing his legs the other way, but still he was not comfortable. He looked at his watch again, suddenly bethought him of an engagement and hastily departed with his hat on hind side before.

Part of the Professor's great book on Bacteria was in the press. The publishers had announced it for a certain time—subscriptions had been paid. The text was exceeding technical, only three persons in the world could properly correct it, so the publishers said. Two of them were dead, or worse—the task fell on Celeste Wilson. Several chapters were yet to be written and several hundred microscopic photographs were to be taken. Many of the slides were not prepared—even the specimens not yet secured; there were hypotheses to verify, experiments to be tried and tried again ☙ ☙

The young woman locked the door, set herself at the task, and worked without halt four hours every forenoon. The afternoons were given to household matters, lighter cares and outdoor exercise. In six months the electrotypes for the great work were complete and the publishers, treating the young woman as her father's agent, paid her the first installment of $1000.00, as agreed. Still no word of the absent ones: only foolish letters from foolish people, calls for idle people, messages from designing people and rumors that brought nothing but disappointment.

Yet from the heart of Celeste Wilson hope had never fled.

☙

## CHAPTER V

" MUM, that 'tective man is here agin—you 'll have to see him, I s'pose."

It was the servant girl talking through the keyhole of the library at Miss Wilson.

In the parlor was Mr. Maclane, manager of the Boston Branch of

the Pinkerton Agency. He was a small man, smooth faced, slightly bald, quiet, gentlemanly, fashionably dressed.

" Miss Wilson, you know I would not trouble you without a reason—it looks at last as if we had a clue."

Miss Wilson smiled—a resigned, weary smile—so many things had been found that looked like clues. But to be sure, they were not from Mr. Maclane!

The detective wasted no words. He took from his pocketbook a letter and handed it to Miss Wilson to read. She saw from a memorandum on it in red ink that it had been received three weeks before.

Here is the letter:

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
*John Henderson, Proprietor.*

*Regulars or transients*
*accommodated at lowest rates.*
*The best of good things to be had at the bar.*
*First class livery in connection.*

Dead Horse City, Col., Aug. 19.

Pinkerton Detectors

I have them Fellars what you are after we have them both the 2 of them Charley Wilson and Bileology Johnson I seed your notus in The grocry here send along the dust all as you Promised for i have them Fellars Both

Yours. Truly.

Joseph Biffer.
US marshall

Miss Wilson read the letter slowly and carefully; she had seen many very similar documents during the past few months. She handed the letter back and her glance said, " Well? "

" There is nothing especially distinctive about this as you see.

But we replied to it as we do to all such communications, explaining that to prevent a possible fruitless journey photographs of the prisoners should be taken and sent to us; or some other proof forwarded to show that the right parties had been apprehended. In answer to our letter came this."

Here Mr. Maclane handed over a letter marked No. 2. It ran as follows:

Dead Horse, Wensday Evenin

Pink

Dear Sir—You dont seem to want them Fellars so bad after all Do you Think I can board them For you till they dy of old Age they air here and if you want them you Must speak right out in Meetin. they wont hold still to have pictures took I send you leaves torn out of Johnsons pocketbook that will show yer i am onest.

Yours Truly
J. Biffer.
Constable & Livery stable.

Celeste Wilson perused this missive without the slightest change of countenance. As she finished she held out her hand for what was to come next. The pencil-scrawled leaves from her father's note book shook in her fingers as she turned them over. Yes, they were genuine, no one but her father wrote like that, and the matter was of an abstruse and technical kind that only she could understand. It referred to the book on Bacteria on which she had been working so many anxious hours. It seemed like a message from the dead.

" Tell me," she said, " where did you get these? "

" I have just told you," answered the man—" they came in that letter."

" And where is the letter from, did you say? "

" Dead Horse—Dead Horse City, Colorado. Two thousand miles

from here, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains; not far from where Colorado, New Mexico and Utah join."

Then they were both silent. The detective got up and walked over to the window to give the lady time to recover her poise.

" And is that all, Mr. Maclane? "

" Yes, that is all. Now as I said before this looks like a clue. I do not say it is a clue, only it appears like one "—

" The writing is my father's! "

" Yes, grant that; but these torn leaves from an old memorandum book may have been stolen—taken from some desk in the college —then forwarded to that out-of-the-way spot. You notice that man—what is his name?—Biffer, wants us to forward the reward? "

" And you do not think it worth while to go and investigate? "

" Most certainly not until we know more about it. If this man has made the arrest he surely will not let the men go, so long as there is hope of securing the fifteen hundred dollars. If the place were near I might send a man on at once, but this town of Dead Horse is not even down on the map. I found a man at the Post-Office who says it is a mining town—one of those mushroom ' cities ' and that it is on a spur of the Rio Grande Railroad. The whole place might disappear before we could get there, and then you notice that Mr. Biffer calls himself a 'U. S. Marshal ' in one place and ' a constable and livery stable ' in another! "

" He might be a U. S. Marshal, and a constable too and then keep a livery stable besides," answered Celeste. She was in no mood for jest.

But Mr. Maclane was sure that nothing was to be gained by haste. He proposed that another letter be sent to the " Constable and Livery stable " urging for photographs of the men.

" But there may be no apparatus for taking photographs in such a primitive place," interposed the lady.

" But if such were the case Biffer would have said so; instead

he puts in the foolish excuse that they would n't hold still." ¶ Miss Wilson was strongly inclined to make the trip herself at once. She feared that her father and Mr. Johnson might not be receiving good treatment. Mr. Maclane's advice finally prevailed and a letter was composed by Miss Wilson to be sent to Mr. Biffer, when it occurred to her there might be a telegraph line to Dead Horse City. Mr. Maclane offered to ascertain at once. Miss Wilson proposed to go with him to the telegraph office. So they went.

The local manager of the Western Union had never heard of Dead Horse City, but suggested that the message be sent to Pueblo with orders to forward by mail, if Dead Horse was not a telegraph station. So the following message was sent:

Boston, Sept. 15

Joseph Biffer,
Dead Horse City, Col.

We will pay extra board of men. Give them good care. Send pictures and other proof of identity. Your reward sure if you have our men. Pinkerton.

Dead Horse City proved to be a telegraph point with an arbitrary rate known as a " hairlifter." All of which Mr. Maclane ascertained the next morning when a collect reply to his message came with bill for the one he had sent the day before.

This was the reply:

Dead Horse City, Sep. 16.

Pinkerton, Boston, Mass.

They will not put on pleasant expression proofs of identity sent in box.
Collect $2.95. J. Biffer.

Mr. Maclane read the message and scowled. " This is certainly

trifling," he said under his breath, " the box will contain bricks. Why in the name of all that 's good can't the practical jokers play their pranks on other people besides the Pinkertons! "

He mailed the message to Miss Wilson, writing across the face of it, " Probably only another hoax," and signed his initials.

In five days came a box with collect charges $4.05. Mr. Maclane paid the amount and scowled the grimmest kind of a professional scowl. It was a queer package—all iron bound and hooped: evidently once a tobacco caddy, then used as a feed box in the United States Marshal's livery stable, thought the detective. It weighed ten pounds.

Mr. Maclane was certain it was a hoax and he decided he would just take the box over to the residence of the late Professor Wilson and open it in the presence of Miss Celeste. It would show her how unhappy was the lot of a Pinkerton.

And so he tied the cumbrous and unsightly package in brown paper and duly arrived in Appian Way. He explained his errand to Miss Wilson and told the young lady that although he feared it was a hoax, he preferred to open the box in her presence.

They adjourned to the woodshed, a hatchet was procured, and after much prying and pounding the cover was removed. A block of wood was taken out and the rest of the space was stuffed with good honest livery stable hay. Mr. Maclane looked at the lady as much as to say, I told you so. She looked at him and shook her head in disappointment.

" What 's all this pounding in my back kitchen I 'd like to know!" It was Mrs. Wilson's voice; the gray-haired old lady had made her way down from upstairs and was now standing beside her daughter. " What a litter this man has made on the clean floor—why did you allow it, Celeste—my goodness! "

Her curiosity was ever supreme—she reached over and drew out a handful of the alfalfa—" It 's queer hay, is n't it now? " she said. Two handfuls, three—something fell out on the floor:

a pair of gold-bowed glasses. She picked them up, looked at them casually in a matter of course way and said " Why, they are your father's, child—look, there are the initials C. W. that you had engraved when you bought them a year ago last Christmas! " ¶ " Yes, they are father's glasses," quietly said Celeste, " they have found him."

CHAPTER VI

THE Alumni Association of Harvard University had recently added an extra thousand dollars to the reward for return of the wanderers. This had increased the Pinkerton's interest in the case. Anyway, when Mr. Maclane had decided on an issue he acted quickly

On the way from the Wilson residence he stopped in at Matthews Hall. Mr. Sarony was at home and was a little agitated at the sight of the official, although he had had several interviews with Mr. Maclane at the Pinkerton offices. A number of students were lounging in Sarony's apartments. Mr. Maclane declined to enter but calling Mr. Sarony into the hallway told him that he thought he had at last got track of Professor Wilson and Mr. Johnson. He proposed to send Martin Dunston, his best man, after them, but wanted some one to go with Mr. Dunston who could identify the prisoners beyond cavil. Mr. Sarony knew them both so well—would he go?

Mr. Sarony replied with enthusiasm that he would be delighted to go—had been intending to go to Colorado anyway for some time—was all up on all of his studies, except Logic, and could cram on that while gone if it would not interfere with the detective duties. Should he carry a revolver?

Mr. Maclane thought it might be as well to take a revolver; and he saw no reason why Mr. Sarony should not cram on Logic while on the trip if he desired.

" How soon will your man want to start? "
" Tonight at nine-fifteen. Boston & Albany—Kneeland Street! "
¶ " Je-whilaker, but you are speedy—no difference though—I 'll be there."
Mr. Maclane hastened away and Sarony rejoined his chums.
¶ " S'pose you fellows know that man, don't you? " said Mr. Sarony as he lighted a cigarette with much deliberation and proceeded to blow the smoke through his nose.
" Yes, I know him," said a youth, stretched at full length in the window seat, " he 's a tutor from Brown's who is going to help you in your Greek."
" Smarty! "
" Fact, two dollars an hour."
" Gentlemen, that 's Pinkey, old Pinkey the detective—and the smartest one on earth! "
The three loungers came to attention at once.
"And what does he want here? "
" Oh, nothing, only I have been working up a little case for him—me and him are going after the rascals tonight—I located 'em in California—two of 'em, murderers—Nine fifteen, Boston & Albany, Kneeland Street. Who says poker? "
No one said poker, but all wanted to hear details. Not a word could they get—" It 's professional business," explained Mr. Sarony—" professional business, and we have taken the Hippocratic oath, just the same as you medical fellows—understand? "
He nodded toward a young medicus, who signified that he understood ❧ ❧
Mr. Sarony's sudden air of mystery was not favorable for social converse: so the three friends slouched out one after another, each on a pretext of his own, and the man on whom greatness had so suddenly been thrust, was left to kill time until nine-fifteen ❧ ❧
Mr. Maclane procured his requisition papers without delay and

telegraphed to Dead Horse City that officers were en route. He then closeted himself with Mr. Dunston for an hour, so that that gentleman would have a full understanding of the case.

A word about Martin Dunston may not be out of place. His age was about forty; height five feet, nine; weight, even two hundred. He was a man after Allan Pinkerton's own heart. A close cropped beard covered his face; his eyes were gray and peered out from under bushy eyebrows in a dull and stolid way. The face showed no sign of animation or alertness; his clothes were usually a mixed tweed, ready made. The suit probably cost him twelve dollars; he wore a paper collar over a flannel shirt, and a derby, somewhat battered.

The streets are full of such men: he might be a mechanic looking for work; a well-to-do carpenter enjoying a rest; a blacksmith with a religious turn, taking a little time to think; an engineer with a lay-off; possibly he was more than this—he might even be boss of a construction gang.

But he was too commonplace for conjecture; and so dull that he excited no suspicions, even in the minds of criminals—they might chaff him and ask after the crops, and they occasionally did. No one of course would really affront him—men who weigh two hundred, who have square jaws, wear thick soled boots, and seldom talk, are safe from insult at least.

Yet here was the shrewdest working detective New England has ever known. Governor Long once said that if Martin Dunston chose he would make the smoothest confidence man in America.

¶ Dunston had been a patrolman and won his sergeant's stripes in a peculiar way. Seeing the glimmer of a match in a Tremont Street store at three o'clock one morning, he slipped off his boots and going around to the back-door of the store he found it unlocked. He managed to bar it so to stop any exit by that route, then went down through a coal-hole that was open, made his way up through the store and captured two burglars at the point of

his revolver. He compelled these men to manacle each other, then waited for daylight.

At nine o'clock Mr. Maclane and Mr. Dunston appeared at the Kneeland Street station. Dunston had fifteen hundred dollars in gold in a belt about his waist, a revolver in the inside pocket of his sack coat (he was too wise ever to reach toward his hip), certain warrants and requisition papers pinned into the breast pockets of his vest, loose money in several places for expenses, and a shining patent leather valise containing several sets of hand-cuffs ❧ ❧

Mr. Sarony arrived an hour before. As he was going " Out West " he had donned a blue flannel shirt, discarded suspenders for a leather tennis belt, and had purchased an imitation sombrero, which he wore jauntily turned up on one side.

Mr. Maclane noticed the outfit and could not repress a smile. Dunston shook hands awkwardly when introduced and noticed nothing. But Mr. Sarony did. He looked his partner over carefully from shining valise to paper collar: he was sorely disappointed. "A regular greenhorn," he said to himself, and if it had not been Mr. Maclane that introduced the man, he could never have believed that this was the great Dunston who unraveled the Middletown mystery. The detective's make-up was the art that conceals the art, but Mr. Sarony did not perceive the fact. How could he?

Then another disappointment was in store for the amateur detective—Mr. Dunston did not care to take a sleeping car. He preferred to ride with " the folks."

Mr. Maclane shook hands with the pair and said, " Good luck to you, boys," as he turned and went away.

The dashing Mr. Sarony followed " the greenhorn " into the smoker where they took seats. Mr. Sarony had anticipated a picnic; but this did not look like one. Mr. Dunston settled himself in a seat and went to sleep without relating a single Old

Sleuth yarn. At noon the next day they were at Niagara Falls, the next morning at Chicago, the next forenoon at ten o'clock they were in Denver. They took a carriage for the State House and Mr. Dunston's papers were properly endorsed without question. At eight o'clock that night Pueblo was reached; it was too late to get a train out on the Rio Grande, but there was one that started at five in the morning.

Mr. Sarony's sombrero was no longer turned up on one side; it hung down all around in a very woe-begone condition; his eyes were bloodshot and face black with soot and travel stain; his head throbbed and everything was in a whirl. Dunston was black with dust but had an enormous appetite. After supper he smoked his pipe with relish. Then they went to bed and had not slept an hour before they were dragged out for the five o'clock train. At least, this is what Mr. Sarony averred. After a long, hot, tedious day's journey they reached Dead Horse City. The cool mountain night was settling down and it caused Sarony to shake as though with a chill ☙ ☙

They enquired the way to the Grand Central Hotel. It did not at all resemble the cut on the envelopes that Mr. Biffer had used, but there was only one hotel in the place. They entered and were well stared at by the loafers in the barroom.

The landlord bustled out from behind the bar, asked if they were from Boston, shook hands with them, said he was expecting them and would send at once for the U. S. Marshal—Kiuse Joe, or more properly, Mr. Joseph Biffer.

So Mr. Biffer was sent for, also the sheriff. Then the landlord and the two gentlemen of Verona adjourned to a back room. The sheriff was a boy of about nineteen, who had been appointed to office as a reward, the landlord privately explained to Mr. Sarony, for having filled Cyclone Sam with buckshot. The Cyclone had twice taken the town; on his third appearance he met his Waterloo.

Mr. Biffer, the U. S. Marshal, was slouching, bewhiskered, but tried hard to be polite. He insisted on treating the strangers, so bottles and glasses were brought in and business began at once.

¶ " I suppose you have the prisoners all right for us? " said Mr. Dunston

" Oh, yes, they 're all right, the sheriff here knows that! "

Mr. Dunston stated that he was anxious to get off with his men on the morning train; could it be arranged?

Mr. Biffer said it could be arranged. The sheriff was willing, the landlord had no objection, but coughed and said he was afraid it would hurry matters. Besides there were little preliminaries in such matters that must be attended to.

" Oh, you mean the reward! I have the fifteen hundred dollars in gold and Mr. Sarony here knows both parties well. As soon as you show us the men, and Mr. Sarony identifies them, why, I pay you the fifteen hundred dollars. Here are the requisition papers! "

Mr. Biffer took the papers, held them upside down and gazed at them with lack luster eye. Then he handed the documents to the sheriff who examined the back of one and passed it to the landlord, who declined to throw a shadow of suspicion on the eminent Pinkertons by even looking at it.

" If youse say it is straight—why that 's nuff said—I never questions the word of a true gent—never, by gawd! "

Mr. Sarony said something about the satisfaction of doing business with business men and proceeded to sample the whiskey for the third time.

Mr. Dunston thanked the gentlemen for their courtesy and arose, suggesting that they adjourn to the jail at once and take a look at the prisoners, then if he and his partner could be excused they would go to bed. They had been traveling constantly for four days and were very tired.

" Cert'nly! " said the U. S. Marshal.

" In course! " said the sheriff.
The landlord coughed.
" Well? " said Mr. Dunston when they all sat still leaving him standing—" Well? "
" You see," said the landlord, " we have n't our jail done yit! "
" What 's that! "
" We have no jail—only the ground where it 's goin' to be."
" And where are the prisoners? "
" Now sit down—I told you there 's no need of bein' in a rush—you see the pris'ners is not yet took. We have got 'em, but they are a ways back in the country—at a summer resort, a san-tear-um—there for their health, you know. Now if the Marshal shows 'em to you I b'lieve you said you 'd fork over the dust? "
" Yes, show them to me and the reward will be paid."
" Wall, the Marshal is a leetle queer—he has n't been round as much as we 'uns has—he 's suspicious. Now if you give that money to me to give to the Marshal just as soon as he shows you the pris'ners, then he 'll show 'em to youse. I 'll go 'long, and if he don't show you the prisoners, I 'll give you the money back—see? "
Mr. Dunston did not see. In fact he felt that there was an attempt being made to swindle him. He refused to discuss the matter further, but told the landlord that if he would show himself and Mr. Sarony a room they would go to bed.
The landlord was very gracious and insisted on all hands taking a nightcap at his expense.
Then the strangers were lighted to a room about as big as a dry goods box. Sarony was half drunk and so tired and sick that he fell on the bed without removing his boots and was soon in a profound stupor.
Mr. Dunston was in no such haste. He carefully examined his revolver, pushed the bed against the door and sat down to have a quiet smoke. Then he placed a pillow on the floor, and rolling

up in a blanket, lay down and went to sleep. The sun was shining brightly when he awoke.

He shook Mr. Sarony into a sitting posture and they went downstairs and washed at a horse trough in front of the hotel, had " something " with the smiling landlord, then sat down to a good breakfast of ham, fried potatoes, corn bread and coffee.

Then Mr. Dunston and Mr. Sarony took a walk around town. They called in at the office of The Consolidated Mining Company, which seemed to be the only really business-like place in the town. The Secretary was an Eastern man of some education. ¶ In reply to Mr. Dunston's inquiries he explained that he did not know the sheriff; and did not consider Mr. Biffer, the constable or marshal or whatever he called himself, reliable. Mr. Henderson, the landlord, was a man of some property, and was thought to be reasonably but not absurdly honest. He was often entrusted with large amounts as a stakeholder for bets, etc. In fact, he was the official " stakeholder " of Dead Horse City.

The two gentlemen from Boston went back to the hotel and Mr. Dunston requested the landlord to send for the sheriff and the U. S. Marshal. Soon they appeared and all adjourned, just as the night before, to the back room. Bottles and glasses were brought in as a matter of course. The barroom loafers thought that merely a quiet game of draw was in progress, and they were right

" Mr. Biffer," began Mr. Dunston at once, " I have the money here for your reward as soon as you produce the men—are you going to produce them? "

" Naw, I 'm afeared of you—give the money to the ramrod—all as he said—when I shows you the men—the ramrod gives me the money—if I don't show you the men, he gives the money back to you and no harm done! "

" If you do not show me the men within twenty-four hours, then he is to return my money? "

" If I don't show you the men in a week—they may be off fishin' or suthin'! "

" Very well—here is the money."

Mr. Dunston brought forth his money belt and counted out fifteen piles of shining gold—one hundred dollars in each pile.

¶ The landlord gave a receipt for it.

" When shall we start? "

" Tomorrow mornin'."

" Not before tomorrow? "

" Naw! "

" Very well, you shall have your way this time."

At eight o'clock the next morning five saddle horses and a pack mule were in front of the Grand Central Hotel.

Mr. Henderson, Mr. Biffer, Mr. Dunston, Mr. Sarony and the sheriff mounted.

Mr. Sarony's horse refused to start. Some one on the veranda called, " It 's the Lamb; he 's gentle; give him the spurs."

The advice was followed—a bystander fired his revolver in the air—and the animal made a plunge forward, kicked, then bucked and sent the luckless rider sprawling in the dust. The horse, looking very innocent, walked slowly around to the corral back of the hotel.

There was much loud laughter from the crowd that had assembled to see the travelers off; evidently they had anticipated the performance ❧ ❧

Mr. Sarony was picked up, somewhat bruised and very much frightened. While a new horse was being procured it cost him just three dollars for drinks, which he paid rather than run the risk of giving offense. Why he should supply fun for a crowd by being nearly killed and then buy whiskey for these same men, was a proceeding not explained in Mr. Sarony's book on Logic.

A docile horse was procured and the five men rode away.

They were gone just ten days.

Then they all came back, just as they had started; only the pack mule's burden was much lightened.

All were in good spirits save Mr. Dunston and Mr. Sarony: they seemed worn and distressed. They took the train at once for the East. In four days they reached Boston.

" Did you bring your men? " asked Mr. Maclane as they entered the Pinkerton office.

" No, sir."

" Ah, I thought it was a fake—but we are used to such things."

" I brought neither the men nor the money, sir! "

" What! you have not lost that fifteen hundred dollars? "

" I did not bring the men, and I was swindled out of the money," answered Mr. Dunston.

# The Legacy

## BOOK FOUR—CHAPTER I

THE first rays of the rising sun shone straight up the canyon and filled the cave where the sleepers lay with strange luminous gleams. Wrapped in the warm robes the three men sat up and looked around at the soft, golden reflection which came from the yellow walls.

" Gents, this is a queer deal, but a lucky one. Thar is jest two weeks in every year when the sun can shine into this here tenement of clay—only two weeks, gents, and then only for a minute at a time! " Even as he spoke, the bright glow seemed to be dying away. " Come boys, we 'll watch old Sol push on past the canyon."

And as on the ocean one sees the sun gradually sink beneath the waste of waters, so the three men with heads thrust out of the opening, watched the sun disappear past the point of the palisade, on his southward march.

These three faces peered out of a hole in the side of a solid stone wall, would have made a choice picture for an artist in search of the picturesque. One head was sandy, inclining to plain red, the next was white, then came a towsled shock of brown.

Mr. Johnson suggested that they get out at once and go to the top of the hill to view the scene; the Professor wished to remain and study the hieroglyphics in the cave; but Pete declared there was no time for either.

" Thar's work to do, gents—good, old fashioned work—we 've got to git this canyon blocked so as to hold out agin the world, the flesh, and the devil."

" Do you think They can find us here? "

" Find us! In course They can—a blind man could foller our trail —we must git ready to hold down this claim agin all hell! "

¶ But seeing that he had made a little deeper impression than he intended, like a man who has frightened his wife when he only meant to rally her, Pete sought to lessen the effect of his tragic remarks by adding:

" You see, boys, thar's insecks round here—heaps o' insecks, I 'm nervous—we must perteck ourselves."

" Insects—why, what kinds? "

" Bars and wolves and mountain lions and sich; we 'll jest run a stone wall 'cross here—make a gate of cottonwood logs and then we 're ready to receive visitors."

By this time they were clothed, although not exactly in their right minds. A fire was started and breakfast was soon steaming on a great flat rock that served for a table. A hurried wash of hands and faces in the cold waters of the spring and a flinging of hands and shaking of heads in lieu of towel, and the trio began to eat

" Some folks allus prays, that is, they says a now-I-lay-me, or suthin', before eatin'," began Pete; " as for me, I 'm thankful all the time, and if God knows ev'rything, and I s'pose He does, in course He knows it. What 's the use of tellin' a man like God things He knows already before? It 's foolishness! that 's what 't is! Then why give thanks when you eat and not when you see the long streaked yaller rays of the sun come a-smilin' in on you in the mornin'? Now was n't that a poorty sight this mornin' —finer than any picture was ever made. The yaller and the gold, and yet what did we do? Jest stared with mouths open and eyes bulgin'—and never give thanks at all. People don't know when they are really thankful I reckon—they are too happy to think about God's gittin' mad 'cause they don't say ' much obleeged.' Now thar was a feller from the States once who I took across the plains and he says to me, says he, ' Pete, I only give thanks before lamb' "——

" What 's that? "

" He says, says he, ' I only give thanks for a lamb.' "
" For that wild horse? "
" No, it 's a horse on you."
" Oh, you mean, he said ' I only give thanks before Shakespeare,' " explained Mr. Johnson.
" Do I? Wall, perhaps I do if you say so—'skuse me."
" Yes, Charles Lamb said it."
" Wall, Johnsing, you 're so smart, s'pose you just scoot up to the top of the hill and take a look 'round, git a view of the animiles and be back in fifteen minutes. It 'ull be good for your wholesome." ❧ ❧

The student departed, eating corn bread as he went.

Reaching the top of the hill he found a plateau as level as a floor, save for several peculiar small mounds. The soil was thin and sandy, so there was no vegetation except a few stunted bushes. In every direction lay the level plain of the valley, while away to the east was the mountain range that they had crossed: each beetling crag and valley and twisted tree and " slashing " marking the wild rush of an avalanche, stood out as clear as if etched on brass. Johnson traced the path down which they had come, and could almost make out the hoof-prints of their horses on the white dust of the plain.

He walked slowly around the entire hilltop and saw the white-capped peaks of several mountains that lifted themselves to the sky off to the west. Rolling up the sides were vast cumuli of white mist that moved like giant vagrant spirits over the gray waste of rock and crag. At the foothills of the mountain less than a mile away was a small grove of cottonwood and these, with a few trees at the mouth of the canyon, seemed the only variation to the never ending sage, cacti and buffalo grass.

Johnson was a poet spoiled by a scientific bent. The splendid blue sky, the rising sun, the great level plain of the valley stretching off to the north and south, miles on miles, the mountains on

either hand, the great silence over all, and he the only man—the " first man "—standing on this pin head of earth viewing the scene, filled his soul with awe.

Gradually the spirit of the scientist came forth and he began to speculate on the geologic joke of this hill, forgotten by Nature, and left standing in what had once been the bed of a mighty river.

¶ Like all scientists, when an idea took possession of him he wanted to discuss it with another. Straightway he started down the narrow cut to get the old Professor and bring him up to view this most wonderful of wonderful phenomena.

" And how air the animiles? " spoke Pete.

" The animals? why bless me, I forgot all about them."

" Now did you though—what in tarnashun did I send you up thar fer? "

Johnson tried to apologize, and then as men often run away to escape the rasping tongue of a woman, so did Johnson hasten down out of the canyon to find the horses. The animals were all lying down in the lee of the hill where they got the warm reflection of the sun's rays. But forgetting to go back and report, the man walked around the hill and looked up at the overhanging ledge which ran around the whole formation. It was surely a natural fortress; and by guarding the canyon the place for a second Thermopylae.

" Wall, how is it? " asked the guide when Johnson finally returned.

" Oh, the horses are all right—and the view "——

" Never mind that. Did you see any game? "

" Yes, dozens of antelopes only a mile away, and several buffaloes over to the east near where we came down the mountain."

" Bufflers! there ain't no bufflers within five hundred mile! "

¶ Pete hastened to the top of the cliff. In ten minutes he returned.

¶ " Gents, we 're goin' to have callers—your bufflers are men on horseback—five of 'em—they 'll be here in two hours! "

" Who are they do you think? "

" Oh, Jagoold and the rest of your friends, I reckon."

The horses and burros were all brought up the canyon, and then there was some sharp, quick work in making a barricade of stones across the mouth of the pass.

The old man trembled with fear, but did his best in his weak way to pile up the bowlders.

From time to time Pete or Johnson would go to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. The five horsemen were coming across the valley straight to The Last Stand.

They had approached within two miles when the old professor climbed into the cave, and by his request the entrance was covered with loose stones. Then the other two men, each with a Winchester and a belt full of cartridges, went to the top of the hill and lay concealed in the sage brush near the edge of the cliff ❧ ❧

The horsemen following the hoof-prints in the sand, were headed straight for the entrance to the pass—they had approached to within a hundred yards. Pete's Winchester rang out and a bullet went singing a merry anthem over the heads of the advancing men. Their horses stopped instantly.

One man called out: " Hello, we are friends—hello, hello! "

¶ But there was no reply—no one in sight. Two of the visitors carried rifles and the others had pistols at their belts, but all were wise enough to make no show of fight.

After waiting five minutes and receiving no answer to their " Hello's," one of the men dismounted and standing clear of his horse, laid down his rifle, removed his pistols and holding his hands above his head advanced toward that part of the cliff from whence he had seen the puff of smoke.

" See, gentlemen, I 'm unarmed, I 'm the sheriff and there 's no use of your making a row. I have warrants for you all—you might as well give up peaceable! "

The man was an intelligent young fellow and seemingly honest.

¶ Pete edged out of his hiding place and sat on the ground, rifle in hand.

" What we done that you want to 'rest us fer? "

" Well, you robbed Joseph Biffer, and he has sworn out warrants against you."

" Who is your Biffer man? "

" Kiuse Joe, his other name is—you better give in—we want no bloodshed! "

" I' m sorry, 'cause if you did we can 'commodate you. How much did we rob the gentleman of? "

" You stole his horse, and took a big wad of greenbacks from him. Then you tied him on a horse; he was nearly dead when the horse brought him home. The brute lay down in a buffalo wallow and rolled with him in the mud. Are you going to come down and give up? "

" Yes, we 're going to give up in a minute—give up about a hundred rounds of lead. Say, s'pose we give up the long greenish green that we stole from Joe, will that satisfy you? "

" Yes, give up the money and I will let you go."

" You won't 'rest us? "

" No! "

" Shall we let the money down over the side of the rock? "

" Yes."

" Wall, first had n't you better read the warrants? "

The man produced three portentous pieces of paper and proceeded to read them. One warrant was for John Doe, the other was for Richard Roe and the third for Peter Smith, " alias Rattlesnake Pete."

The sheriff read each warrant in a loud oyez, oyez, voice, holding the document up in two hands. He had nearly completed reading the third when a rifle spoke and the paper leaped out of the grasp of the astonished man. Pete had slipped back behind the sage and sent a bullet within three inches of the sheriff's nose.

This was followed up with a perfect fusillade of shots that plowed the sand and stones all about the poor man's feet. It sounded as if a Gatling gun was being worked by a lunatic. The fellow started to run and as he ran the bullets went singing over his head.

"Don't kill him—don't kill him," begged Johnson in a hoarse whisper

"I would not harm a har of his baby head," said Pete as he filled the magazine of his rifle with cartridges.

The sheriff had reached his horse, and the five horsemen started away on a gallop that in an instant broke into an absolute run and a race for life. They were making straight back for the dreamy East

The old man was rejoiced to be let out of the cave by those whom he thought were surely dead; for how could so much shooting occur and still no one be hurt? He did not know that in war it takes eight hundred pounds of lead to kill a man.

"And the worst of it is," said Pete as he cut off a needlessly large chew of tobacco, "that damn poppin' of shootin' irons scairt our antelope. Ven'son is what I need, not Bunker Hill beans!"

## CHAPTER II

THE receding cloud of dust that marked the disappearance of "They" gave fresh courage.

The afternoon was spent in dragging willow and cottonwood logs from the grove a mile away. A lariat with one end tied to the horn of a saddle and the other to the log did the business. A strong gate was made of these logs. The gate opened outward and fastened with a bar on the inside. This was placed at the narrowest part of the pass—about fifty feet from the entrance. This gate was ten feet high, and was strong enough to withstand a siege from any barbaric host that might assail it. The Professor ventured an

obscure joke about St. Peter guarding the gate, but it went for naught ❧ ❧

Johnson called it " the narcotic," because when locked by the bar, it tended to give sound sleep to those inside. The word narcotic was a new one to the Rattlesnake's vocabulary, but he was an apt student in this direction, listening closely to conversations between the Professor and Mr. Johnson. The gate was spoken of somewhat promiscuously as the neurotic, the pneumatic or the narcotic, but always with intent to its somniferous effects and peace tending qualities.

Pete's craving for venison was fully satisfied when Johnson brought in a fine young buck a few days after.

The guide had seen the drove feeding a mile away to the south and had directed Johnson to take his rifle and crawl to a certain point and wait until the antelope should feed up within range.

¶ " In course he can't kill one—but it keeps him busy," said Pete to himself, unconsciously using the Froebel methods.

But Johnson had surprised both himself, the guide and the buck; and that night when they dined on venison steak made merry remarks about the party being " strictly buck." Pete was inwardly a bit jealous of this first kill and felt that he must do something worthy or his prestige might wane.

" Talkin' of bars, gents," (nothing had been said of bars) " why, do you know, I think we should have a skin or two—it 'ull be winter if we wait—and we must have an overcoat apiece, and as fer bar meat, it ain't half bad! "

So Pete explained that in a certain ravine about ten miles away bears were supposed most to congregate.

" We'ull jest shet the old man up in the cave, as we did before, me and you 'ull go, Johnsing, tomorrer."

But this matter of fact way of shutting the Professor up in a hole did not meet with Mr. Johnson's approval, besides that the old gentleman did not relish it either.

" We won't be gone over night, and if we are you 'ull have grub enough in the coop! "

Pete had probably heard of certain mothers who dispose of their children in this way when they wish to go visiting. Perhaps he himself had been locked up at home when a youngster—and so long as the old man was " safe in the cave what t'ells the odds! " he argued

But Johnson would not listen to it.

So it was arranged that the next day they would all go on a bear hunt. Professor Wilson had never shot a rifle and could not be induced to handle one. In fact he did not approve of using a gun save for the purpose of self-protection, to kill game that was necessary for food, or to secure wild animals for scientific purposes. Being a Professor he had three reasons for most everything. ¶ Pete declared that he stood exactly on the same platform and that although he had killed men and " injuns " and " varmint," and " insecks " and " animiles " it was never except for a purpose that would go in one of the three categories mentioned.

But no amount of argument could induce the old gentleman to take to marksmanship.

" Yet you have taught the young idea to shoot," interposed Johnson

" Yes, but not a rifle! "

" P'raps 't was a blunderbuss," interposed Pete.

They started on their bear hunt next day: went on horseback, all three. They started early and returned late. They had seen bear tracks but no bears; and Pete was tired, hungry and in very bad humor when they dismounted at the entrance to Thermopylæ Pass

It was dusk.

They unsaddled their horses and turned the animals loose. Each man shouldered his big Mexican saddle. They entered the pass, single file: Johnson first, Wilson second and Pete behind. They

had nearly reached the mouth of the cave when Johnson saw something that caused him to turn and run against the Professor with such force that the worthy gentleman was thrown from his feet and dashed full on the bosom of Pete. The loose shale slipped beneath their feet and the three men and the three big saddles reeled, tottered like an empire, and fell into a confused heap. The three men sat up and as they did so they heard a wild scramble of feet hurrying up the canyon.

Johnson and Wilson picked themselves up, but the guide still sat on the ground. " Wall? " said Pete.

" It is They," said the old man.

" But that 's no reason fer runnin' over a feller and then sittin' on him! "

Johnson stood with gun in hand peering up the dark ravine. A torch was lighted and things were found in direst jumble. The carcass of the antelope had been pulled down from where it hung, packages upset, bags rooted into, dishes broken and merry havoc played.

" Bars! " said Pete.

" I thought so," said Johnson. " I saw one leap out of the cave, and two of them scurried up the pass."

" That was why you milled on us! "

" Yes, I was going to run back and get my rifle! "

" Of course—seein' you had it under your arm all the time! "

" Well, who would n't be frightened just a little to see bears in such a place? "

" But we 've been lookin' for 'em all day! "

" Yes, if we 'd stayed at home, we would have found them. All things come to those who wait."

" Gents, I don't know how 't is with you, but I 'm hungry! " and Pete started to make a fire.

" Not supper with those bears up there! "

" Yes, they can't git down."

" Except this way."
" Sure."
" That 's the trouble! "
" No danger gents, we 've got them bars! "
" I think they have us," said Johnson.

Then Pete went about getting supper and he was in a better humor than he had been for days. He explained that black bears were regular pets. These bears were not hungry, for they had eaten up a lot of good " grub," so there was no danger. Then they had the whole top of The Last Stand over which to gambol. No bear would ever attack a man near a fire anyway, so Pete proposed to rest easy until morning, get a good night's sleep and then after breakfast go up on top and have some fun.

Neither Johnson nor Wilson could eat much supper, but Pete ate enough for three and regaled the others with bear stories to which they did not listen. Then he chuckled to himself over what he would do if the sheriff should come back now. He mourned over the fact that that gentleman had come so soon: and if the posse should then appear he would hide Johnson and Wilson in the cave, and then inveigle the party to the top of the hill where he would make them dance it out with the bears in a bear dance.

Then he filled his pipe and called on memory or imagination, or both, for more bear stories.

Finally, at Professor Wilson's earnest request, they carried their bedding outside of the gate and laid down to rest, but not to sleep. For Pete had bear stories to tell nearly all night.

" Who 'd ever thought we would git on the outside of the pneumatic for pertection! " said Pete.

At last came the struggling light of early dawn, and the three men were up and dressed before the long, yellow, vagrant rays came streaking up the canyon.

A hurried breakfast, and the Professor crawled into the cave and was duly walled up with many stones interlarded with jokes from

Pete. The guide and Johnson examined their rifles and started for the top. Cautiously, with guns ready for a quick shot, they went up the canyon. In places they could plainly see bruin's plantigrade tracks spread out like footsteps of a poet upon the sands of time. At length their heads came on a level with the plateau; they looked stealthily, but nothing was to be seen.

Thinking the game might be hiding behind the sage brush, the men separated and moved slowly forward. But there were no bears on top of the Last Stand. It was full seventy feet of abrupt fall to the ground from any point, and although a bear can take quite a drop without dislocating his vertebræ, this tumble would have been too much even for a very reckless bear. Pete knew this. But a clue to the mysterious disappearance was discovered—a safe clue. The bears had found the entrance to a cave. In this they were wiser than Pete, for he never knew of the existence of this cavern.

¶ The hole where the bears had gone down was about twenty feet from the south edge of the cliff. The bears had dug out the stones and loose earth and the marks their bodies left in squeezing through the crevice were plainly visible. Pete did not care to follow and Johnson was not anxious; but both looked down that hole, and then they looked at each other. They saw that the aperture gradually widened and led off on an angle toward the cliff. Pete shouted down into the blackness but bruin had nothing to say. However an echo came back that told clearly that the place was hollow, and probably many feet in extent.

Pete guarded the bear cave with cocked rifle, while Johnson, prone on his stomach, looked over the edge of the cliff. About fifteen feet below was a slight ledge that ran for perhaps forty feet along the cliff. From this ledge, which did not seem more than a yard wide, were several holes leading into the face of the rock.

Johnson crawled back and leaving Pete, who sat smoking, watching the bear hole, he ran down and liberated the man of science. Soon the two came back, greatly excited and in hot argument.

¶ " They are not Athapascan, I tell you," said the old man, " they are Aztecan or were built by people allied to the Aztecs —a prehistoric people—a full thousand years ago! "

" I think not, let me explain— "

" You are presumptuous, sir. I have made this subject a specialty, sir, for forty years. This spot was the home of the Cliff Dweller. That ledge leads off into dozens of apartments, and we must examine them all. This is the greatest scientific discovery made since 1817, when Colonel Burleigh dug into these mounds at Tehuantepec—I will prove it to you, sir—now follow me."

¶ The Professor of Biology had dropped on his knees to crawl into the bear's den. Pete's pipe fell from his mouth in horror, and he started up, but Johnson, younger and quicker, seized the old man by the legs and dragged him back.

A consultation was held.

It was decided to block up this bear pit in the interests of science: if there was an entrance from the cave out on to the ledge the bears would find it. So logs were dragged up and jammed into the hole, and then all was filled in with rubble, and a pile of stones erected that might have served to mark the grave of an Indian chief. The bears were fast.

Pete went down the ravine and cut off pieces of venison which he brought back and dropped down on the ledge.

The next morning the pieces of meat had disappeared. By going around down on the level and looking up the men could see where the bears had enlarged the entrance to several caves; probably in search of freedom.

More food was dropped down on the ledge.

In three days the bears would come on call and lift up their noses to catch up the choice morsels that were dropped down to them. Mornings, when the weather was warm and pleasant, they would lie on the shelving rock, blinking in the sun that cheers but not inebriates ❧ ❧

## CHAPTER III

"THE one valid objection to heaven"—says a latter day pessimist, "is its one eternal round of monotonous felicity."

Life at Thermopylæ Pass was full enough of perplexing care to give existence its necessary changes; yet the Professor was not happy. He longed to investigate that line of caves along the face of the cliff, and still he would not consent that the bears should be killed. The bears had investigated the caves and jealous as men of science, would kill any one else that attempted to investigate them, at least Rattlesnake Pete said so.

The pair was duly christened (from a safe distance) Antony and Cleopatra. They would lie in one of the caves, with their heads out of the entrance and grunt back sleepy nods of recognition to their captors who jeered down at them. This action of the captors was like unto that of men who abuse others over a long distance telephone; yet in the hearts of the bears there was no malice. So long as Antony had his Cleopatra, why should there be?

Johnson and the old gentleman made a series of experiments to see what food they liked best. They tossed down roots, barks, grubs, grass and meat, making a system of marks to show the avidity with which Antony and his legal mate licked up the menu. Grubs were adopted as the standard of comparison and duly registered 100. Certain barks were placed at 80, a peculiar swale grass at 75, and the scale ran down to jerked venison, which marked 48, with Boston baked beans at only 25.

The country for several miles around was scoured for new products; these were offered at certain hours to the bears and the effect registered. But this was not without much disputation and hot bringing forth of facts from various works on Zoology and Natural History. And as these books could only be cited, and not produced, accusations were made of wrong quoting, and exceptions duly noted and filed. All being duly recorded on birch bark for future reference and final settlement.

No ink, pens or paper had been brought, but Pete shot an eagle and the pinions made good writing quills. Then ink was manufactured from a certain root which was boiled in water, and the birch bark cut in foolscap size was as good as Taylor's Deckle Edge with a water-mark.

A book was being written on "Bearology"—giving all the facts as to breeding, change of coats, habits, characteristics etc., interspersed with stories supplied by Pete, throwing new light on certain bearish tendencies. Occasionally an argument would come up as to the advisability of sacrificing the bears for truth's sake, so that the caves might be investigated. A secret ballot was taken on the matter of execution. Two votes were in favor of imprisonment for life and one for the death penalty. There was little doubt but that Pete voted for the latter—in fact he afterward showed his prejudice against Antony and Cleopatra by exhibiting certain cicatrices on his torso; which scars, by the way, were made to serve equally well for Indian battles and personal encounters on questions of honor. These facts were duly registered as "exceptions" on the birch bark. Above all things a scientific investigator should show an unbiased mind; and that the expedition was in the interests of science both Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson stoutly maintained.

"How about They?" said Pete.

"The fact is, They are conservatives and therefore afraid of advanced truth—that is why they have sought to defeat us!" explained Johnson.

The mounds at the top of the hill had been a source of curiosity to the old gentleman from the first. It was now decided to let the bears hold the caves, rent free, for the present, and an investigation of the mounds should be begun. So digging operations were commenced.

Samples of earth at various depths were regularly taken and properly labeled. Nothing of value was found, although a depth of

ten feet was reached. But the earth all along showed that it had been disturbed, but not by nature's planning; so hope beat high. They had dug for nearly a week with pick and shovel, and the old gentleman in his eager curiosity had put forth more effort than he was aware. He was suddenly taken ill with fever and delirium and all digging was suspended.

On the third night of his illness, as Johnson and Pete sat by the fire outside the cave where the old man lay, the far-away howl of a wolf was heard. Soon it was answered by another, then another. The sounds came nearer. In half an hour they were heard at the entrance of the canyon, only a few hundred feet away.

" There 's no danger," said Pete in answer to an inquiring look from Johnson, " only it 's not pleasant. I 've been hugged by bars, chewed by painters, clawed by linkses, treed by wild hogs, trampled by bucks, horned by bufflers and tossed by an elk, but I never yet had a wolf tooth set in my hide. When I do, I 'm gone—for when a wolf bites, mind you, he means biz. I had a brother who was a sailor and he tole me 'bout a thing as you call a shark—lives in water and very seldom comes on land. Wall, the wolf is the shark of the forest. He jest hangs 'round and waits. If a man is sick in a cabin all the wolves in that section know it and they form a circle and jest wait and howl. Then they wait for a sick horse or a buffler cow 'bout to calve. They are like the pawnbrokers in St. Louis—they know when you are hard-up. Now they know the old man is sick—tomorrow he will be dead—or better! "

The night was rather cloudy; but now and again the moon shone through the rifts bright and clear, and her rays fell with glint and shimmer on the desert patches of alkali dust.

Pete took his rifle and went down and out of the ravine. The howls ceased for a time and then were continued from a distance back. The scout walked clear around the hillock and then lay down behind a bowlder near the entrance to the pass.

Johnson looked after the sick man, piled more wood on the fire

and waited. He was getting quite uneasy over the long stay of his companion: he had been gone nearly two hours.

The howls could still be heard, first from one side then another, then from near the pass.

Johnson looked up at the sky and suddenly saw the moon, bright and resplendent, shining through an opening between two black clouds. At the instant came the sharp echoing report of Pete's rifle, fired three times in lightning succession.

Soon the guide appeared, very full of jokes, and quite sure that he had a dead wolf outside. The howls ceased, but were heard coming from a distance occasionally during the night.

In the morning, sure enough there was not only one dead wolf, but two. Pete's reputation was redeemed. The " varmint " were dragged in so the sick man could stroke the fur with his hands. The event seemed to work a change in his condition, for he began to mend at once.

" You must mount them Mr. Johnson—mount them," said the old man in a feeble voice.

And so Mr. Johnson set to work to mount the two wolves. He had had a little experience in this line and finally a fairly good job was done. Round pieces of white quartz were colored with ink and inserted in lieu of glass eyes. Pete thought it great fun to place the wolves, half masked behind foliage, in positions near the entrance to the pass, and then speculate on what certain men might do, should they walk up the pass and suddenly discover the glare of these glassy eyes.

Not long after a fine specimen of mountain lion was secured. The Professor took a boyish delight in helping to mount the animals. It was placed on a flat rock, just at the entrance to the path, the intention being to take it inside the cave as soon as the skin was sufficiently cured.

Nothing would answer next but a bear. The three men had reached a deadlock as to certain points in a bear's anatomy,

each holding a separate view. Antony and Cleopatra could be examined any time and each man had offered to lower the others over the ledge to make investigations, but none cared to go; and killing the bears was out of the question. It would have been red murder. In fact they seemed a part of the family, and their wants were looked after with great regularity.

The exploring of the mounds had again commenced, the digging was difficult, and perhaps this had something to do with Pete's agitation of the bear problem: he must kill a bear.

So he was allowed to go off on little expeditions of his own, on his promise to return each night. He killed several deer, a few jack rabbits and a coyote, but he brought back no bears. Splendid strings of mountain trout were caught: this was all right for *materialis* but was not exactly in the interests of science.

On Pete's return after one of his hunting trips, the Professor and Johnson had great news to tell him. They had dug to a purpose, and several skeletons, quantities of curious pottery, beads and various bronze implements had been unearthed. These bronze tools proved the antiquity of the place and corroborated the Professor's theories. He was in high spirits, and when Pete admitted ignorance on the subject of the Bronze Age, the Professor proposed a course of ten lectures on the subject, to be given the next month, with syllabi, and examinations to follow. A prize to be given to the man who showed the most proficiency.

The names of Mr. Joshua Johnson and Mr. Peter Snake were duly registered for the course.

The following morning Pete feigned illness and sent the Professor and Mr. Johnson off to look after the horses. In a very short space of time they came rushing back breathlessly. The old man dived into the cave and begged to be walled up; while Johnson seized a rifle and ordered the scout to follow with another.

" Never mind," said Pete, as he struck a match on the seat of his breeches, " I killed it yesterday! "

Explanations were in order. Pete had killed a bear. He had strapped the carcass on his horse, and brought it home the night before, planting it at " the front door." By spreading out the paws so that the head rested on them and placing some sage brush near, it certainly looked like a sleeping bear that might waken any moment. Two days were taken to skin and mount the brute. Then a full half day was spent in admiring it. Perhaps a portion of the night might have been taken, too, had not a grim, quaking fear seized upon the three men. What was it?

Smoke from half a dozen camp fires, rising blue and ghostly off the valley, five miles away.

" Injuns! " said Pete for the second time.

## CHAPTER IV

THE first effects of fear are the worst. But as the unknown merges into the known, reason comes back from her hiding place and the pulse approaches normal.

Rattlesnake Pete had the intuition of a wild animal, coupled with a modicum of logical power. From the number of fires started there were at least a hundred Indians in the band, he felt sure. He also knew that The Last Stand was a sacred place to certain tribes and that they came here every few years to offer sacrifices and perform peculiar religious rites.

If interfered with, at such times, the Indians in their frenzied zeal might kill any one who stood in their way. In fact the war-path usually takes its rise in pious fanaticism; and the numbers of " Holy Wars " that have been waged are not limited to the excursions of Don Quixote and his fellows.

The scout knew that it was a custom of the Indians to camp some miles away from the sacred spot, and then go forward at break of day, reaching it at sunrise. So there were only two things to do:

run away and leave the churchly place for the pious savages, or stay and fight them.

As for making peace, it was too risky to be considered. Indians proselyte with a tomahawk. But first of all our friends started as one man to get three horses and two burros inside. The animals were tethered inside the gate. This done, Pete put the case before his cabinet and the pros and cons were considered. To leave meant the relinquishment of all the scientific specimens, and further than this, when the Indians saw that the place had been recently occupied, they would follow and wreak vengeance on those who had disturbed the dust of their forefathers.

" If we are goin' to fight, what's better than to have the choosin' of the place?—but it means heaps o' dead Injuns! "

" That 's good," said the old Professor, " the skeletons we dug out of the mound all fell to dust, excepting the skulls. Perhaps we can bleach a few fine specimens; you are familiar with the Parisian process, Mr. Johnson? "

Science is so coldly cruel! in this it rivals art; for the devotees of each are ever willing to sacrifice all, that the hunger of their god be satisfied ❧ ❧

Johnson did not smile. Pete at first hardly caught the drift of the remark, but after an instant it came over him and he removed his sombrero and scratched his head.

" Wall, that beats me—I 'm out of the game—I 've peppered a few redskins myself, but never for scientific purposes! But 'bout them skulls, where air they? "

It seems five skulls had been secured from the mound. Johnson had placed them on a shelf in the cave. There they were—a row of grinning yellow death's-heads; two with jaws intact showing sets of teeth that would have made a dentist write a poem, and one with a patch of long, coarse hair clinging to the cranium. Prehistoric man was neither bald nor toothless.

To the consternation of the men of science, Pete took three of the

skulls in his arms, and directing Johnson to bring the others, started for the " front door." About twenty feet back from the entrance they placed five flat stones at equal distances, running across from side to side. Then on each flat stone they placed a skull. Crouching behind these they put the mountain lion, while on one side were the two wolves and on the other the black bear ❧ ❧

Then the gate was closed, barred and barricaded with geological specimens. Rifles were cleaned, cartridge belts filled, and the old gentleman shown how to replenish the magazines. He got quite into the martial spirit and assuming a swashing air, even consented to fire a rifle: but this could not be thought of. " Wait 'till tomorrow, Uncle, and you will have a chance to pop; I don't want to die now! "

The fire was put out, and there was a wait of several hours for daylight ❧ ❧

But no sleep came—stories of Indian fights were supplied by Pete instead. And as Pete's party always came out victorious, the effect of the recital was not so trying to tired nerves as one might at first suppose. Fiction is often an inciter of bravery.

Our trio of friends sat on top of the cliff straining their gaze off to the south, and listening for sounds. But there came only the sighing of the night wind, the occasional howl of a wolf, or the hoot of an owl. The stars gradually blinked out of sight: the darkness deepened. A solitary streak of pink shot up suddenly across the black of the east, then another and another. The south wind blowing in gentle swells—now ceasing and then coming again—brought faint echos of peculiar sounds—ki, ki, yi, yi, yi, yi —in shrill monotone, and with this a harsh, dull echo of drumming. The Indians were advancing.

The ominous sounds grew plainer—nearer, nearer.

From horizon to zenith the east was all aglow, but still nothing could be seen of the oncoming army. The sounds grew harsher—

the hosts of the Unseen were advancing. Pete fumbled his rifle nervously. He ordered the other two men to lie concealed, and on no account to fire until they heard his rifle. Then he slipped off down the canyon to defend the pass.

The shadows of the night stole softly away and released one by one the distant mountain peaks, the waving trees at the foothills and the stretching plain. From out the gray nothingness emerged glaring colors of yellow, red, blue and brown.

The old man dropped his rifle and lay half insensible with fright. On a word from Johnson he peered through the sage brush and the rich weirdness of the savage pageantry held him fast. As the scientific spirit came back, he forgot time and space and seemed to be staring at a panorama which had been gotten up to illustrate a life soon to be lost to earth forever.

The savages advanced in a mass. A little in front rode a naked Indian on a pure white pony. Then followed on foot full forty " bucks "—naked to the waist: their bodies painted in various fantastic stripes and curious designs. They stepped with high quick jerks; brandishing clubs or guns, and all singing that wild, shrill chant, mixed with occasional falsetto notes that gave a demoniac suggestion to the whole.

Following the men were women beating dried skins and joining in the song. Then came children riding ponies, dragging packs that were tied on poles.

Straight to within ten yards of the foot of the cliff the noisy mob came; they were almost beneath the two men who were staring at them. Then they parted in twain—half going to the right and half to the left—all the time dancing and continuing the shrill sing-song that rose and fell like the waves on a tropic beach.

Three times they encircled the sacred mountain. Then they halted for a moment at the entrance to the pass. The rude music ceased and its echo died away on the breathless air. A hot stifling silence fell

The crash of drum beating began anew and the shrill cries began with fresh vigor. The march had begun.

Up the canyon they came—the naked savage on the white pony at the head. Johnson caressed his Winchester—his nerves grew tense—he waited for the sharp crack of Pete's rifle. He knew it would come as a surprise to the savages and that they would rush from the pass. Then he would pour his fire down among them; the Indians would fall back and make fresh onslaughts and so the fight might go on for days. This was what the scout had told, and had not this scout been in many Indian battles?

Johnson held his breath and listened. No shot was heard. The savage cries abruptly ceased and a quick running of feet, a slipping of hoofs on loose stones was heard.

The Indians were rushing out of the canyon pell-mell. The man on horseback forced his pony straight through the mass behind, knocking down warriors, women and children. Those rushing out met in fierce collision with those going in, and for a minute bucks, ponies, squaws and papooses were piled heap on heap, like the slain at Waterloo. Only these were not dead.

In five minutes the mob was a quarter of a mile away, had halted and was in startled council, staring back, gesticulating wildly. Not a shot had been fired!

"They will be back!" whispered Johnson to the old man. ¶ The Indians were now moving around to the north of the hill, coming nearer and nearer. They had approached to a point where their repulsive painted faces could plainly be seen. Suddenly they stopped, turned and without a word started away in wild stampede. The old man was frenzied with delight. He stood up and fired his rifle four times before Johnson realized what he was doing. ¶ At the last shot the white pony made a mad leap into the air, fell full on its head and turned a complete somersault. The rider jumped out of the heap unhurt and hurried after his vanishing companions

At the sound of the shooting Pete had started for the top. As his head emerged from the pass the cloud of receding dust, and a smile stole over his homely, swarthy face. His glance turned in the direction of his companions, and his face turned to stone and he stood as if riveted to earth.

Johnson saw the change. He looked behind him to see the reason of it. He saw it.

Not ten yards from where he was, Antony and Cleopatra were standing erect like human beings. Their front paws were resting on each other's shoulders. They were dancing a solemn minuet.

## CHAPTER V

BEARS are like folks. When healthy, and not very hungry, and not interfered with, they have malice toward none, but not necessarily charity for all. Antony and Cleopatra paid no more attention to the men than if there were an impassable gulf fixed between them

Liberty is sweet. The bears had dug their way out and had probably been loose on top of that plateau the entire night. Their soft slippered feet made no noise as they walked and gamboled, and our three friends intent on the danger at a distance, took no thought of the danger at their elbows. But just imagine stumbling over a bear in the dark!

The bears stood upright and danced a bear dance. Then they fell down and tumbled over one another like big black puff balls. Soon, sitting up, they got to their feet and galloped off awkwardly to the other side of the hill. Happening to think it was breakfast time and knowing that meals were always served at a certain hour, they dived into their hole and then, crawling out on the ledge, looked up and made plaintive whine and grunt for food.

¶ And so the old Professor dropped the food down, while Rattlesnake Pete and Joshua Johnson worked in hot haste filling up the

door and vestibule with stones. A double quantity of rock covered the den this time, and Antony and Cleopatra found, to their sorrow, that they had bartered freedom—the birthright of every bear—for a mess of pottage.

' To give the aborigines a welcome, and the bears their breakfast before we have our own, is the true Christian spirit," remarked Mr. Johnson.

Pete made no reply, but taking the Professor's rifle out of the old gentleman's hands, solemnly cut a notch in the butt and handed the gun back. Then both Johnson and Pete shook hands with the old man—much to his astonishment.

To make things plain they pointed upward, to where three buzzards circled against the sky, and then across at the plain, where lay a dead white horse.

" Who killed it? " asked the old man.

" You did, Uncle, shake again," said Pete.

" But how do you know it was my shot that killed the horse? "

" We don't know positive—nothing is sure in this life—but be'ans as no one else shot but you, we assume it, see? "

" ' Hence we infer! ' " interposed Johnson.

" But surely you shot too; you routed the enemy and they ran with unction."

" And with unguent," added Johnson.

" Yes, and no close on to speak of. But it was because they saw a mountain lion on good terms with a bar—somethin' no injun ever saw afore, and them wolves sort of lyin' lovin' like around loose, with skulls to make things pleasant. You see they thought the devil was holdin' the claim down, and when they looked back and saw two big bars a-dancin' the cancan up a top, they thought it was time to sneak. That's the last you 'll see of them injuns fer a year—jest one year."

And so our friends started a fire and cooked breakfast; and Johnson and Pete made many foolish, irrelevant remarks on

many themes, and the old Professor examined the notch in the butt of the rifle and proposed a bear hunt. He seemed to be slightly intoxicated with his prowess; still he explained that the shooting of the white horse was accidental.

" It 's all right, Uncle, they was goin' to kill it anyway. They brought it fer a sacrifice—fact! But you acted as Big Medicine Man an' killed it fer 'em."

" But about the skeletons! " said Johnson.

" Oh, they carried them all away—we can not try the Parisian process! " groaned the old man.

" And if we was n't righteous, like Dan in the lion's den, Anthonee and Cleopatree would have chawed us and we would have all bleached together by the buzzard process! I told you we 'd better kill them bars! "

" The bears are all right—I 'll hitch them up some day," said Johnson ❧ ❧

Then they went out and buried the white horse, and discussed long on the beautiful shot the Professor had made. They watched the buzzards settling down near the ground, and fired a volley at a coyote that skulked in the chaparral.

Digging in the mound was begun again the next day, and many articles of interest were brought up. All had to be labeled and due record kept of all the circumstances of the find.

The first light fall of snow had come and this reminder of winter suggested to Pete the necessity of laying in another stock of provisions. He accordingly made a trip alone as before, riding one horse and leading another, to the mining camp forty miles away. He was gone three days, but got back safely, bringing a big load of flour, tea, sugar, coffee and tobacco. For meat they relied entirely on game, and for clothing on skins.

In fact, Pete and Johnson had made three complete suits from deer skins, and by way of variation had made a " full dress suit " for the Professor: trousers of speckled antelope hide (genuine

doeskin), vest of black bear and coat of gray wolf. In bad weather the intention was to wear all of the garments wrong side out; but when the weather was pleasant and the fur was out, the variegation was extremely unique. The full dress suit was worn only on " lecture days," and on Sundays, when chapel exercises were always held and science was laid aside: only ethical problems being then discussed. This " keeping Sabbath " was a very necessary break in the routine of work and helped divide off time. A calendar was made on the face of a flat rock in the canyon, and topics for many discussions arranged for several months ahead ❧ ❧

Monday, Wednesday and Friday. A course that had been given by Professor Wilson at Harvard was repeated " by request." The subject being " The Harmony of Life or the Sixteen Perfective laws that govern the Vital Principle." On which occasions the Professor, of course, wore the full dress suit with the fur side out, with care.

Mr. Johnson also gave occasional lectures on archæology, illustrating them with specimens they had found.

And all the time the excavations were going on slowly, like the uncovering of ancient Troy.

To vary the program several short hunting trips had been made. A grizzly bear was secured and the event was so important that when old gray-back was dragged in by the help of three horses, a two weeks' vacation was ordered, and all indulged in much undignified campus frolic.

The grizzly was mounted and placed near the mouth of the canyon, a wolf on either side. Several black bears were killed and their skins made up into overcoats, all sewn with tendons for thread, and fishbones for needles, with hand-carved bone buttons. The raccoon skin caps with dangling tails were not especially handsome, but were serviceable.

There was not a razor or a pair of scissors within forty miles.

" Boys, you are hairy as goats and as brown as Blackfeet," said Pete one day.

" If I had whiskers the color of a coyote's tail I 'd never mention hair," said Mr Johnson.

The old Professor's flowing white locks and patriarchal beard made him look like Michelangelo's Moses, a piece of art that Pete had never seen.

The days were passing pleasantly and profitably. The birch bark MS. was piling up and the specimens accumulating so that the cave had to be enlarged by digging out the soft tufa.

Pete worked at this house building vigorously.

One day when Johnson and the Professor had been up at the mounds, and they had come back, the scout had " a 'speriment in sockdology " that he wished to try.

He ordered the two men to stay outside while he went into the cave, then after he had shouted " when " they were to follow. So they followed, but no Rattlesnake Pete was to be seen.

" It 's a case of etherialization," said the Professor; " I always knew he was an adept—we will write out the circumstances and send the report to the *Arena* Magazine."

But just then Johnson lifted an overcoat that hung on an improvised peg. Behind this coat was a hole leading into an adjoining cave, where Pete sat chuckling at the hugeness of his joke. ¶ In digging he had thrust his pick through the thin partition, and behold there was another cave, as large as the one they called " home." The outside entrance had been completely covered by a landslide in ages gone. The cave was empty save for a few broken pieces of pottery.

The MS. and specimens were removed into this new room, which was called the laboratory.

Six months had passed—months of work, months of play, months or restful change and returning health.

A sense of security had settled like a benison over the camp. Tired

nerves had become rested and calm sanity had come where before there was only crouching fear. Johnson had inwardly settled his plans for the future: as soon as spring opened he would send a letter to Celeste Wilson, then he would make arrangements for the Professor's return to civilization. Until then, the time was being well spent, for each day meant added harmony to systems that had been o'erwrought.

But one afternoon as the men were digging at the mound a rifle shot was heard. Pete ran to bar the gate, and then came back. Half a mile away on the opposite side from the entrance to the pass were five horsemen. Again they fired a rifle in the air as a signal. Pete answered it with another. A man came forward carrying a white handkerchief on a stick.

" Is Professor Wilson here? " asked the man.

" Yes."

" Well, there are friends here who wish to see him. May they approach unarmed and speak with him from the bottom of this cliff? "

" In course," said Pete, patting the stock of his rifle.

The man went back and held a short conference with his fellows. One of the men was left with the horses, the other three with the man carrying the white handkerchief came forward. They had approached within two hundred feet.

Pete sat with rifle in hand. Johnson and Wilson lay concealed, with guns in their grasp, a short distance away, ready for hostilities

" That 's the sheriff in front—the same feller that was here afore. The slouch behind is Joe Biffer, our lovin' friend, and the other is the ramrod at the Grand Central, and the other—damn if I know the other."

" I know him, the slim fellow with the new white hat is Charles Sarony," said Mr. Johnson.

CHAPTER VI

THE Professor gulped and stared hard through the sage—sure enough it was young Sarony! The old man was drawing back the hammer of his gun to shoot, when Johnson wrenched the weapon out of his hands.

" That 's right Johnsing, no need of killin' any more hosses! "

¶ " Who is the man behind? " asked Johnson.

" Don't know," answered Pete, " he looks decent, but you can't allus tell—he 's in mighty bad comp'ny. Lay low and cover 'em close, Johnsing, while I give 'em the grand buzz."

It is not likely that these five men knew that a cocked Winchester covered them in a way, so that in a fraction of a minute the bodies of every one could have been bored with cold lead, yet they evidently had been cautioned by the sheriff to show no fight.

¶ " Wall, gents, we 're glad to see you. What can we do fer you to-day? "

" These gentlemen here wish to see Professor Wilson and that other man! "

" Oh, do they! Wall, why did n't they come right up to the front door and not go gallyvantin' round about it? "

" We did start up the pass, but your whole blame canyon is full of wildcats! "

" Wall, they re all tied—but damn me if I don't let 'em loose, if you can't say quick what you want! "

" Don't raise a row Pete—just bring out your men, so my friends here can talk to 'em."

" And that dirty cuss standin' next to you—what does he want? "

" You mean Kiuse Joe? "

" The same, pardner! "

" Oh, he just come along for company! "

" And the ramrod? "

The landlord here spoke up for himself: " Pete, you know I 'm a square man—I never went back on you yet—s'welp me, God,

Pete, we 're peac'ble. Waltz out your two men so these gents kin conwerse with 'em."

Pete dropped behind the cover of brush and the little pile of stones, and taking Johnson's rifle, ordered that worthy gentleman and the Professor to stand up and see what the visitors wanted ❧ ❧

" They can't hurt you, boys; if any of 'em winks crooked, I 'll send the whole party to hell in a holy second."

Mr. Johnson and Professor Wilson stood up. The men below stared at the hairy apparitions for a full minute. At last Mr. Sarony spoke up loud, clear and decisive.

" They have changed, but I can swear to them on a stack of Bibles. It is old Chilo Wilson and Josh Johnson! "

At that instant the landlord took from an inside pocket a buckskin money bag and handed it to the sheriff. And then most strange and wonderful! Kiuse Joe broke out into a long, prolonged guffaw of laughter. In this he was joined by the sheriff and the landlord. Then these three men at once started away without saying goodbye—all the time roaring and reeling with merriment—pounding each other on the back in wild and uproarious glee. Our men on the hilltop could not understand it at all!

But the stranger and Mr. Sarony still remained.

" Gentlemen," spoke the stranger, " we have come a long distance for you—we want to take you safely home. I declare that no harm shall come to you."

Then Sarony spoke up, " We are Pinkerton detectives—we are from Boston."

" Thar it goes agin! " muttered Pete, behind the sage.

" We are detectives from Boston and you 've got to go."

Sarony drew a pistol. But before he could level it Pete's Winchester spoke and the pistol was dashed full twenty feet away. The concussion, or fright, or both knocked that young man sprawling on his back; his sombrero rolled off after the pistol and was bored,

as the wind caught it, by six shots from Rattlesnake Pete's rifle. He seemed to have a special malison toward the hat.

The remaining cartridges in the magazine were sent singing high in the air, and the empty rifle was then handed to the Professor. The old man sighted the weapon and snapped it repeatedly, viciously, yet harmlessly, in the direction of the retreating "They."

Sarony had gotten to his feet and was running hard for cover. The stranger held both hands above his head and walked leisurely away. He picked up the punctured sombrero, but wisely did not touch the pistol.

The three laughing satyrs had moved farther away when the shooting began, and were now waiting a mile off to the north for their two disconsolate companions.

Rattlesnake Pete and Johnson watched the party closely. There was considerable gesticulating—out there on the plain—evidently a hot argument was in progress.

Then the visitors mounted and rode away to the east. In an hour they had become mere specks on the horizon and were soon lost to view in the scrub of the foothills.

## CHAPTER VII

"GOD help us! they 're comin' back!" Only an hour had passed. Laughter now gave place to fear: so soon do bright things turn to confusion

"I feel like a man who is wading in blood," said the Professor.

¶ "So do I," answered Pete, "only we ha'n't killed anything yet —'cept a horse. But now we are in fer it. They are working the wigwag!"

Neither Johnson nor Wilson knew the diabolical inference of the "wig-wag;" surely it was something worse than they had yet

encountered—in malice farther reaching and in effect horrible—most horrible!

" The wig-wag—God help us! " repeated the scout as he looked long and anxiously with shaded eyes. Then he sighted across his rifle, and Johnson, by lying flat and looking along the barrel, could make out a flag on a long pole, several miles to the south-east

" Oh, it 's the wig-wag! " groaned the old man.

But the old man could not see the flag at all, and all Mr. Johnson could make out was that this flag dipped to right and left, bowed, waved, and then stood still.

It was coming nearer, and the man who carried it could be seen.

¶ It was a red flag, and a mile behind was another.

" Red means anarchy," spoke the Professor. " They have hired the anarchists to come out against us."

" No, it 's telegraphin', that 's all; it bobs and wags and shakes and flourishes and that 's the way They talk! "

" It 's cipher—Oh, why did we not bring the code! Can you make out what they say, Mr. Snake? "

" Of course, but you wouldn't understand it, Uncle, mostly lies nohow! "

The flag was approaching; stopping at times, it bowed and waved and wagged and moved now right, then left, and seemed answering another behind.

Then away off toward a gulch to the east, a little party of men were seen advancing; they stopped from time to time, like the flagmen. These men had a spyglass mounted on a tripod.

" They are sizin' us up, but that 's all right—let 'em peek, squint, and stare, but when they gits in range we 'll show 'em! "

The flag came up within a quarter of a mile and Pete sent a shot over that way—another and another. The flagman at length got it through his head that bullets were whistling dangerously near. He dropped his colors and ran.

Soon several soldiers on horseback appeared. The horseman conferred with the men on foot and then came forward on a walk waving a handkerchief tied on a stick.

" What did you shoot for? " called the sergeant who carried the handkerchief

" Jest gittin' the range, pardner, that 's all! Who is your friends that 's waggin' and squintin'? "

" A surveying party—that 's all. We are a detachment of the Seventy-sixth, guarding them! "

" What they surveyin' fer? "

" A railroad, of course. Now you must quit your shooting, you might hurt some one! "

" A railroad, did you say? "

" Yes."

The Professor was pallid; his breath came hot and short.

" Whose railroad? "

" How do I know—Jay Gould's, I 'spose. It 's none of my concern! "

" Is thar a man by name of Sar'ny in it, and 'nother called Sly? "

" Perhaps so—what 's the odds! "

" And they are goin' to run a railroad right here? "

" I believe so. That 's what the head surveyor says, at least."

" And hoot and toot and ring and blow off steam and raise hell night and day with coal smoke and headlights! "

" Perhaps, but just promise not to shoot any more and we will not disturb you! "

" In a minute we 'll promise. You really said you was goin' to run a railroad past this knob! "

" Yes."

" Wall, you go back an' give Jagoold our compliments and tell him to go plum to hell, he can 't run no railroad near us! "

" Can't, eh! Is n't this Government land? "

" No, not by a damn sight—I 've lived here for forty years. It 's

mine and I 'll have no blowin' off steam and tootin' round me. Climb now, my men are layin all round here in the rocks and brush holdin' Winchesters on you—when I say shoot they shoots! "

" How many are there of you? "

" One hundred and sixty-seven—not countin' bars and wildcats!"

One of the surveyors had come up, but seemingly did not think it wise to approach as close as the soldiers were.

" Who are they, Charley," called the sergeant to the surveyor.

" These lunatics that the sheriff told us about this morning. They are a murderous lot and have a whole raft of bears and mountain lions that they have tamed! "

" How many men are there in the lunatic asylum? "

" A hundred they say."

" Well, they lie; still we might, I suppose, run the line back and then across to the river. But can't you dislodge them? "

Pete gave the answer with a volley fired over the heads of the soldiers. Then dropping on his knees he motioned for the Professor and Johnson to do the same. They took the cue and crawling rapidly in different directions, began to shoot—to crawl and shoot—and shoot and crawl, crack! crack—crack—bang—bang—the whole top of the knob was smoking and agleam with the boom of war, of fire and pestilence and sudden death. Villainous saltpeter held mad sway.

" Don't shoot this way, Uncle, for heaven's sake, you 've come within a foot of borin' my carcass."

" I can not shoot any more—the cartridges are gone! " said the old man

" I 'm glad; I feel as if I 'd been wrasslin' in prayer," said Pete; " my knees are worn through."

Then they crawled to the edge of the cliff and watched the enemy, who had withdrawn nearly two miles, and were running the line off toward the river. The wig-wag crossed the stream, so did the stake-drivers and the man with the tripod.

At sundown the entire party, with the squad of soldiers in the rear, disappeared up a gulch, clear to the north-west, five miles away

## CHAPTER VIII

IN the spring—various things happen of which poets sing. ¶ The snow was melting from the mountains, leaving great gray wastes, interspersed with long white streaks where the valleys ran. The " Holy Cross," its arms miles in length, leaned at a restful angle near the summit of the distant mountain peak. The breakup had turned the stream into a turbulent booming river, yellow as the Tiber. But it was only a few days before the current ran with a gentle gurgle; and the birds that had not been seen for months came back and chirped and sang and called and busied about, as if there were important things that must be attended to.

On the south side of imbedded bowlders and rotting logs, where the sun's rays fell warm and wooingly, flowers pushed their petals up and peeked out curiously. Instead of the complaining, snarling western wind, came gentle, lazy breezes, whispering softly with tidings from the southland.

But long before the melting snow had turned the tiny stream to a booming river; before the first daring robin redbreast had appeared; before a single " spring beauty " had thought of peeping forth, Mr. Joshua Johnson had written a letter—a long letter, full forty pages, on birch bark cut to a delicate and æsthetic size. Then he wrote the letter all over again.

The contents of this letter we can only guess. But it must have been very important, for Pete had noticed that certain sheets had been copied and re-copied and revised and then torn up and thrown in the fire. More than this, the writer had sighed and muttered to himself, and once had wept hot tears that mottled

the page. The scout was in charge of these men, so he put mere idle curiosity behind and watched their actions out of sense of duty ❧ ❧

And then Mr. Johnson was so sly about this birch bark letter business, that he attracted attention to himself in his desire to divert it—proving his humanity.

At last the missive was sewed up in buckskin and duly directed, all one dark night when Pete was asleep (with one eye open). The package was hidden beneath a pile of skins, and Johnson turned in only to doze, toss and moan. And all the while, Rattlesnake Pete thought on the vanity of human ambitions; and the foibles, whims and idle notions that entangle the minds of men and grind their hearts in the crux of doubt, and of the hopes that fade like the dew that bespangles the leaves at dawn.

Only Pete did not put it quite that way.

In the morning, when Johnson and the old man had gone out to look after the horses, Pete reached under that pile of skins and brought out the big letter in its buckskin envelope. He read the inscription and then placed the letter back in its snug hiding place. It was his duty to look out for explosives and things contraband ❧ ❧

The letter was directed thus:

MISS CELESTE WILSON,
44 APPIAN WAY,
CAMBRIDGE,
MASS.

❧

## CHAPTER IX

MR. JOSHUA JOHNSON announced his intention of going to the mining camp (which was also a post-office) and of going alone. Supplies were getting low—some one must go—he would make the trip. Johnson's nut-brown, silky beard, his long hair, and deer

skin dress were in keeping with his Samson-like build. He seemed like a viking bold, who had drunk at the spring of perpetual youth. His hard work with pick and shovel in the mounds had hardened his muscles, the sun and wind had bronzed his face, and the rough wholesome out-door fare had added full forty pounds to his weight. Pete looked on him with keen paternal pride.

Johnson could now put ten shots from a Winchester into a smaller circle, in less time than even Pete himself. "I 'll make a man of him yet," said Pete.

But this long, sighful, tearful, soulful letter to a woman! Rattlesnake Pete did not like it—it looked like that loony business coming back ❧ ❧

Yet the scout made no oral objection to Mr. Johnson's going to the post-office—he even drew him a map of the route on birch bark. And as Johnson rode away he lifted a feeble yell and fired his revolver into the air.

And the great, awkward, graceful, hairy, handsome, uncouth youth went galloping gaily off across the plain, while the mate of his horse ran loose and followed loyally and lovingly close behind.

¶ Then the breakfast things were put away and the old Professor and Pete went to the top of the hill to begin digging operations in the third mound. But the sun was warm and Pete had spring fever, or that tired feeling, or something, so he went and lay on his stomach and looked down at Antony and Cleopatra.

Before long the old gentleman joined him and they both lay there kicking their heels in the air, talking bear lore. Antony had shed his overcoat and Cleopatra had lost her beauty. Her dress now was a dull, rusty brown, sleazy and ragged.

"Beauty is only on the outside—it never lasts for long," said the pessimistic Pete.

The Professor made no objection. Then Pete continued—"Weemen are all alike—awful cute and cunning today, but homely and mean as hell tomorrer. Now, look at Cleopatree thar. She

was fat and round and smilin' last fall; see what a slouch she air now, and uglier than a tree full o' wildcats—she 'd chaw you in a holy second if she had the chance. Oh, you can't tell me—they 're all alike! "

Whether this remark applied to bears, or women, or both, was not explained. Pete was thinking of that letter buttoned close inside Johnson's vest, where every heart-throb of the young giant pulsed gently against it. Johnson must have been ten miles away by this time, every moment widening the distance and sending him farther.

The old man went back and began carefully examining the earth that had been thrown out. Pete walked off down " home " to get his tobacco. Having secured his consolation, he went back and sat on a bowlder that lay just at the top of the pass.

He seated himself and smoked. He was in a deep reverie and looking off toward the western hills—looking intently and seeing nothing—lost in a maze of thought.

He heard a woman's voice, high pitched, metallic. Such sounds had come to him several times of late—he shivered—were his senses proving false? It must be so—insanity. Again he heard that rasping voice, and still he stared out in front with glazed eyes. Suddenly he felt something thrust him in the ribs. He jumped, turned, and there stood a woman: a white haired, well dressed woman. Behind her was another woman: smaller, young and dazzlingly handsome, Pete thought.

He was now positive that reason had tottered. He tried to speak but only gibbered and squeaked. He pinched himself, started to rise but his legs played him as false as his head, and he only slid oft from the bowlder in a lump.

" My dear man, I hope you are not ill! " said the old lady.

" No, no, I allus does this way," stammered Rattlesnake Pete, getting to his feet and feeling for his revolver.

Still, what was the use—it was too late to fight. An hour before

they might have barricaded the pass and stood the enemy off at the point of loaded rifles. It was now too late—all was lost. The women were at the top of the citadel and in full possession.

¶ " You see, gals, I was n't jest exackly expectin' of you—you fired no signals, nor gave nary whoop, and when you jabbed me with that umbersoll, why you see "——

" But surely you will excuse us. I spoke three times but you were looking off so intently that you did not hear. Is Professor Wilson to home? I said, is Professor Wilson to home? "

But the old Professor had seen the visitors and was now coming forward. The young woman ran to meet him and he folded her to his heart and sobbed aloud. The elder lady kissed him with a fierce prodding smack and embraced him vehemently.

" Wall, folks, you must 'skuse me—I must look after them burros to wunst! "

The Professor called Pete back and introduced him to his wife and daughter.

The scout shook hands with each, with such friendly force and vigor that both women writhed in pain.

" Wall, how did you leave the folks, Celeste, and how did you get here? " asked the guide, now assuming a manner as extremely nimble as his actions were awkward a moment before.

Before the young woman could reply, the scout's attention was directed to the old lady swinging a white petticoat, that she had someway mysteriously produced, above her head.

A mile away across the mesa were three horsemen. They evidently were watching for the signal, for they fired a revolver as answer and at once turned their horses to the east and rode away.

¶ " They are the men we hired to bring us here from Dead Horse City. They would not come any nearer. One is the sheriff and the other two he hired. We paid them two hundred dollars. They were very polite and gentlemanly, and agreed to wait out there for us in case you had gone away."

" And—and was n't you scairt comin' up the pass? "
" Why, yes, we were anxious, of course, we feared we would not find you—find you well—and alive."
The young woman was looking anxiously around.
" But did n't you see nothin' that sent streaks up yer backs, and made a creepy feelin' go crawlin' over you? "
" Why, we saw the stuffed animals, of course. Papa always delighted in such work. How good that he could amuse himself with it here. But where is Mr. Johnson? "
" Oh, Johnsing, he 's flew the coop! "
The young woman turned pale and stretched her hands in half supplication
" He 's vamoosed—skipped—gone away to the post-office! "
" Oh, thank you. Then he will return soon? "
" In three days. He 's gone to send a letter to you."
" To me? "
" Yes, I tole him he better wait, that you 'd be here soon—we went after bars wunst and when we got home they was here. Gosh! I forgot all about them burros! "
And Pete started off on a run.

## CHAPTER X

IT took Pete quite a while to look after his live stock. It was nearly dusk before he came shuffling up the canyon.
"And have you no stove—mercy me! How do you expect any one to cook? " asked Mrs. Wilson as Pete appeared.
" Don't expect no one to cook! "
" Gracious, here I 've been hunting all over for dishes and eatables and Chilo is almost starved and I am faint for a cup of tea—and this is the way you look after my husband, is it, when he pays you a hundred dollars a month, as he has just told me! A hundred dollars a month and board, is that right Chilo? I thought so—

goodness! In Cambridge I never paid more than three dollars a week for a girl, I said I never paid over three dollars a week, never!" ❧ ❧

Celeste saw the need of shifting the topic of conversation.

"We are so glad you have come, Mister—Mister Peter. Mamma and I have never camped out. Now we are just going to watch you get supper!"

"All right, gals, but you must help me when I shouts!"

"Oh, of course we 'll help!"

"Wall, we must start a rousin' fire first!"

So Miss Celeste helped Rattlesnake Pete bring the brush, or she thought she helped and Pete was sure she did; and as the fire began to crackle Pete's mood melted into good nature. Soon a good bed of coals was made and the tea kettle was singing, and beneath, on the coals, the venison sputtered in the skillet.

To Pete, the girl's manner was as subtle as the odor of wood violets, and her every act as graceful as those of a pewee at nesting time. What he thought of her mother I really do not know. He washed his hands at the spring and kneaded the dough for biscuit on the big flat rock, and then baked the biscuit on a shovel. Miss Celeste brushed off the bread-board and spread a clean towel across it for a table-cloth.

Mrs. Wilson explained that she always took her tea with plenty of milk and a little sugar, please, to which Pete replied, "And so does I—when I kin."

This made Celeste laugh and the old gentleman smile and Mrs. Wilson did not take it amiss. That worthy lady scrutinized the tin cups carefully and insisted on washing them herself before they were used. Then she poured the tea, and after drinking part of a cup explained that the faint feeling was entirely gone. Pete declared that it was the same with him, and Miss Celeste said she never felt better. The Professor's appetite was hardly as good as usual; the scout observed that he was rather thoughtful.

The two women insisted on " doing the dishes," and then a rousing fire was made and all sat looking into the cheerful blaze.
" Mr. Snake," said Mrs. Wilson.
" Mr. Snakesmith, you mean," answered Pete.
" Mr. Snakesmith, my husband tells me you are entrusted with all that money that Mr. Johnson and my dear husband took away! "
" Yes, ma'am."
" Get it for me, I will take care of it now."
Pete looked at the Professor.
" I think—I think Celeste better take care of it," answered the old man after a pause.
" No, I will take care of it myself," said the old lady.
" It 's all sewed up in a wolf-skin and hid in the rocks—I 'll show the gal where it is."
"And do you—do you think that Mr. Johnson will not be here before tomorrow night? " asked the young woman after a painful pause.
Pete removed his pipe, blew a cloud of smoke upward and replied:
" Mebbe not then—it 's forty mile and mighty rough."
Then there was silence for a space.
"And where is he tonight? "
" Sleepin' out under the stars, rolled in a blanket, his saddle fer a piller! "
The pause was a little longer this time, and tinged with gray.
¶ " Did n't you folks camp out comin' over? "
" No, the sheriff took us on a longer route than the direct one; so we stopped each of the five nights at the cabin of some miner's or cattleman's family. We came by the way of a place called—what was that funny name, mother—oh, yes, ' Tabor's Roost '! "
¶ " Why, that 's the post-office whar Johnsing has went! "
" Then we passed him on the way? "

" Yes, not half a mile apart—you prob'ly took the regular trail while he took the sheep path that runs up the gulch."

" What a queer coincidence," said the young woman with a sigh.

" And that letter for you—he might a' saved his money—a letter like that 'ud cost a heap fer stamps! "

The fire was burning low; the wind had risen to a dismal howl; the scream of a panther came echoing across the night.

Pete lighted a pine knot and drove its sharp point into the floor of the cave so that it stood upright. Its rays cast a glow into the cave adjoining; the laboratory was set apart for the use of the two women.

The scout gave them fully two-thirds of all the blankets and robes, and then Celeste Wilson and Mrs. Wilson crawled into this guest chamber, made by men, ages agone, and bade the world good night.

The old gentleman sat by the fire, his back against the rock wall, sound asleep.

Pete filled his pipe afresh and smoked hard and furiously. After ten minutes he knocked the ashes out on his boot heel and went over and thrust his head into the outer cave: " I say, Celesty, you ain't asleep—no, I thought not—who did you say them fellers was? "

" To whom do you refer? "

" Those fellers that guided you."

" You mean the two men the sheriff hired to accompany us here? "

" Yes."

" Why one was a Mr. Biffer—he was very kind—the other's name, really I have forgotten."

" And which way are they goin' back? "

" The same way we came, I think! "

" That 's all, thankee, 'night."

Pete barred the gate; laid the old man down and covered him

with a bear skin; then rolling himself in a blanket, with a rifle in reach, went to sleep.

The next morning the women were up betimes. They helped get breakfast, and the young woman showed a genuine delight in camp life. Mrs. Wilson said she might stand it a week, but could not, and moreover would not, endure it longer. She had come for her husband—he was now well and strong—and they would all start back as soon as things could be packed up.

Rattlesnake Pete looked at the old gentleman enquiringly.

" Yes," said the Professor, " we will start back as soon as we can get the specimens packed up."

" Wall, you 'll have to make pack-horses of every animile we got—and all hands walk."

" Very well, we will walk, but we will go—I said we will go," remarked Mrs. Wilson.

The old man seemed to be slipping back into despondency.

" You know the College wants you back, papa," said Celeste. " Professor Agassiz came to see us only a week before we left. Some one has endowed the Chair of Biology and no one can give the lectures so well as you."

" Yes, yes, no one can do it so well as I," repeated the old man.

¶ And then the young woman sat beside him, and held his hand and told him about how she had completed the book on Bacteria, with the help of his notes, and of how it was a great success ❧ ❧

" What book was it, daughter dear? " plaintively said the old man ❧ ❧

Her answer was only two big tears that chased each other down her face.

Pete looked the other way and made pretense of whistling.

" He may be here tonight, Mr. Smith, don't you think so? " asked the young woman after some moments.

" Who you mean—Johnsing? "

" Yes, Mr. Johnson."

" Yes, he might be here tonight; we 'll sit up fer him anyway and keep the supper hot! "

" That 's so, we will," said the girl smilingly. " How surprised he will be! "

That night they kept the fire going and burned a beacon light out on the plain opposite the canyon, but Johnson did not come. They burned the beacon light again the next night.

Three days—four—five—six—a week had come and gone since Johnson galloped gaily away.

No tidings had come and the horse and rider had not returned.

# The Legacy

BOOK FIVE—CHAPTER I

ON the tenth day after Joshua Johnson left the Last Stand, he was safely lodged in the Essex County jail at Boston. The five hundred dollars offered by the Alumni Association for his capture had been promptly paid. Then the same men who made the offer of reward for this man's body, dead or alive, cheerfully signed his bail bond.

The alacrity of this paradoxical procedure somehow reminds one of the Chicago couple who were granted a decree of divorce one forenoon. In the afternoon of the same day they presented themselves at court and were married by the judge who divorced them—all with hearty congratulations, and due kissing of the bride by the witnesses, followed by a nice little supper at the Grand Pacific: which consistently paradoxical with the incident, was not very grand and never pacific.

Johnson was released at five o'clock in the afternoon, and was immediately taken in charge by full fifty Harvard students. They forbade his interviewing a barber and refused to give him a change of clothing.

Nominally he had liberty, but surely it was far from freedom. He was permitted to write a note to a certain Miss Celeste Wilson, who resided at 44 Appian Way, Cambridge. This note explained to this young woman that since writing her a long letter a few days before, Mr. Johnson had unexpectedly thought best to start for the East, and he would do himself the honor of calling on her at nine o'clock the following morning.

This note was given to a sleek sophomore standing by, who promised to deliver it to the young lady in person without delay. ¶ A dozen or more carriages were called and a drive taken to Cambridge, where the glad news was given to every one, that

Professor Wilson was well and hearty, and would soon return. ¶ There are nearly three hundred instructors at Harvard, and if students are not in a certain teacher's classes they are not likely to know the man. Besides this, a large contingent of students come and go each year; but from the yells and cheers and shouts, one might have supposed that the return of Professor Wilson meant personal joy to all, salvation to the University and long life to Cambridge town.

Johnson in full suit of buckskin, with a wolfskin cap, with its dangling tail, was paraded through Harvard Square and College Yard amid wild hurrahs and mad enthusiasm. In front of old Hollis a temporary platform was erected where short speeches were made. At the mention of Professor Wilson's name " Orange John " broke in with a falsetto cheer that was taken up by the crowd in a way that made further speaking impossible.

The line of march was then continued out Harvard Street, back over the " Longfellow Bridge " through Boston Common to the Parker House, where the best suite of rooms was placed at Johnson's disposal. As a student, Johnson had been practically unknown, but now his popularity was greater than that enjoyed by President Eliot himself.

A barber was in waiting who gave the prisoner a clean shave and cut his hair. He was then given a bath, and a set of silken underwear produced. All this, with a white tie and patent leather shoes, worked a miracle in the young man's appearance. He was taller by a head than any of his captors, ruddier, handsomer, manlier. ¶ He was led into the grand banquet hall, where one hundred Harvard men seated at the festive board were awaiting his advent, and so they feasted.

When the eatables were removed and smokables and drinkables were brought in, the toast-master arose and introduced the honored guest of the evening, Mr. Joshua Johnson.

The present writer was one of the guests who sat at meat on that

memorable night, and well remembers the becoming embarrassment of the manly youth as he arose to speak. After these years have passed, memory can not attempt a verbatim report, but it was about as follows:

" Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of Harvard University:

" You doubtless expect me to speak to you of where I have been since I last saw you, and you also expect me to give you tidings in detail of our beloved teacher, Professor Chilo Wilson. [Cheers, with cries of 'Wilson's the boy'—'what's the matter with Chilo,' etc.] There are some aspects of this case that are very painful, and I trust you will pardon me if I pass over them entirely and dwell only on what is pleasant and hopeful. [' Hear! hear!'] First of all let me say that Professor Wilson is well. I left him in Southern Colorado ten days ago this morning. I mounted my horse and rode away across the plain, and looking back after I had ridden half a mile, I saw his white hair streaming in the pleasant breeze and his hat waved aloft as a blessing. I then rode onward toward my destination.

" That night when sun-down came I had ridden forty miles. I reached a small town or camp called Tabor's Roost. I slept at a boarding house which is kept for the accommodation of the miners.

" In the morning, before breakfast, I started out for the post-office, as I had important communications to send away. I entered the store where the post-office is kept. I stamped my letters—I gave them to the postmaster and then I walked out of the building. As I stepped onto the sidewalk I was confronted by three men with pistols. There was no chance to fight, they threatened to shoot if I moved, so I did not move. They took away my arms and money, and hand-cuffed me, as you see from these marks on my wrists [cries—oh, oh, oh.] To prevent a rescue by the people of the camp, these men explained that I was a horse-thief, which in that country is the most serious charge that can be brought against a man. They put me on a horse, which was led by

another man on horseback. In two days we reached a place called Dead Horse City. One of the men who captured me was the sheriff, the others I do not know.

" The sheriff knew that you had kindly offered a reward of five hundred dollars for my capture [laughter] and he asked if I would be willing to come on to Massachusetts without a requisition. I had concluded that I would like to come anyway; besides that, Dead Horse City is not a pleasant place to remain in, [laughter] so the sheriff and I started, handcuffed together. We arrived here in good condition.

" You have paid the sheriff five hundred dollars reward as you had agreed and here I am! [Loud and prolonged applause.]

¶ " I have several small affairs to attend to, but expect to start back for Colorado tomorrow night. I will go direct to where Professor Wilson is, and as soon as we can do so consistently, we will pack up our effects and return to Fair Harvard [applause]. With Professor Wilson, there is now one of the bravest men I ever knew. He is illiterate and sometimes profane, but he has stood by us manfully; his name is Peter Smith, but he is called Rattlesnake Pete. We also have two live bears which we have named Antony and Cleopatra, that we hope to bring back. Then we have several fine mounted specimens of wild animals, a large collection of geological specimens, and much valuable specific memoranda.

" But best of all, we have a most interesting assortment of prehistoric relics taken from Indian mounds that we have explored. The excavations we have begun are not yet complete, and I feel that we should continue them further while we are on the ground; this is also Professor Wilson's wish. It is therefore likely that we can not return to Cambridge short of three months, when all of the tangible results of our exploration will be presented to the Peabody Museum.

" Professor Wilson did not send his affectionate greetings to you

when I came away, but I am sure he would have done so, if he had known that I was so soon to see you. Gentlemen, I thank you for your attention."

At the conclusion of his speech there was a wild burst of applause which was kept up for several minutes. Professor Wilson's health was then proposed and Assistant Professor Barrett Wendell responded. Then Rattlesnake Pete's health was drunk. Next came Harvard College, the girls, the President of the United States and at last deep libations were poured out to Antony and Cleopatra

It was a great night, and an event which does not need these lines to be recalled by those who were present.

As the party broke up at two o'clock in the morning, Johnson beckoned to the sophomore to whom he had entrusted the message to Miss Wilson: " Did you deliver that letter? " asked Johnson.

¶ " What letter? " hiccoughed the youth—" oh, yes, I remember —she was n't home—I gave it to a woman next door— she said she'd give it to her when she came back—I say, Johnson, have n't we had a devil of a time? "

## CHAPTER II

THE next morning at five minutes of nine o'clock, Mr. Johnson, clad in a ready made suit of modest navy blue, turned up Appian Way

His heart beat fast as he approached the well known gate. Would she be waiting for him—watching at the window—and come running down the walk to meet him? Of course, she would. Not on his own account, perhaps, but because he brought tidings of her father. She must have a heart of stone and be unworthy of the name of woman if she allowed him to even ring the bell!

But stay—the neighbors—this was such an important, momentous meeting—of course she would restrain herself and wait

until they were alone. When the heart is full to bursting, it is as calm as when dull indifference rules.

He rang the bell a second time and adjusted his necktie carefully.

¶ " The folks are not at home; leave your message next door, sir," called the postman as he passed.

He was a jolly, good-natured postman, the pet of all the women on the street.

" I 'm sorry, but perhaps it will come this afternoon." He laughed and shook his head at a woman who was sweeping the sidewalk across the street.

Johnson came down the walk. The house next to No.44 was built directly on the street. The jolly man in gray stopped and tapped at the window. The sash was thrust up—" Oho, oho, oho! and here 's a letter for you—but wait, I almost forgot, a valentine for Miss Wilson in my bag. Now, is n't it queer! all sewed up in chamois; many a letter I 've carried but none like that, and fifty-two cents in stamps on it—one for every week in the blessed year. What a pile of mail you 'll have for 'em when they get back! "

" I say, one moment, Madam, has Miss Celeste—that is—the Wilson family gone away? " asked Johnson.

" Yes, of course, you know the old gentleman was abducted six months ago. They think they have found him—clear away in the Rocky Mountains—Miss Celeste and Mrs. Wilson went to bring him back—left three weeks ago. We 're expecting them every day now. Nothing particular, I hope? "

" And the place? "

" Oh, where they have gone? ' Old Horse City,' I think! "

" It was not Dead Horse? "

" Yes, come to think of it, yes, Wild Horse City. But that is not the place where they have gone—that 's only the end of the railroad. They have to go nearly a hundred miles then on horseback. You might leave your message with me. I 'll give it to Mrs. Wilson when she comes."

" Have you heard from them since they started? "
" No, not a word! "
The man did not wait longer. He thanked the woman nervously and hurried away. Then this woman came out with a package all tied up in buckskin with fifty-two cents in cancelled stamps on it, and she showed the package to the woman who was sweeping off the steps across the way. And these two women talked about the package and the big handsome young man who acted so kind of flustrated, and about the Wilsons who had had so much trouble; and about the weather and things.

## CHAPTER III

" WE have been here for two weeks," protested Mrs. Wilson, " two weeks and it is no place for my husband—he is growing worse every day."
The two women and Pete were standing on the hill-top, looking anxiously off to the east.
" I can't argufy with you, Missus, you are too many for me, but we 'll stay till Celeste says scoot."
" Yes, you wish to put the blame on my daughter. That 's just like a man, I said, that's just like a man."
" But, Mamma, I am willing to rely on Mr. Smith in this case. He knows all about the country and its dangers. He thinks that if we go home now, Mr. Johnson may come back here and find us gone! "
" Well, what of it? Was n't he gone when we got here? He will never come back here—he has just simply run away—deserted, just as he ran away before. How much money did he take Mr. Smith—I said, how much money did he take? "
" No difference how much money he took—he did n't light out. He hain't that kind. He 's kicked the bucket more likely."
Pete sat down on a stone and was filling his pipe.

" He 's done what? "
" Passed in his checks! "
" Dead, you mean? "
" I 'd liefer say he was dead than skipped. A grizzly may have grabbed him; a prowlin' band of Injuns may have laid for him. But the truth is, you 'll find, he was held up and run off by them fellers that brought you here! "
" And why should they trouble him? "
" Wall, sev'ral reasons. They might grab us if we 'd go back by Dead Horse; they tried to lift us out of here hard 'nuff. Johnsing knows we 're here. If he 's alive, he 'll git loose, and if he gits loose he 'll pike fer here, so here we 'll stay fer jest a month and then we goes—if the gal says so! "
Several just such arguments as this had taken place before and they always wound up by the scout's refusal to budge. Celeste shifted the responsibility on to Pete, and Pete passed it back. For these two, so totally unlike, had come to a mutual understanding on one point at least, that is, that they would wait for Johnson, so long as there was a possibility of his returning.
The scout had digged in the mounds and sought to renew interest in the scent of rich finds. But the old man had lost all animation; and as the Professor's interest flagged, Pete's arose. He worked with pick and shovel as never before. Celeste assisted, carefully raking the fresh earth for relics. Besides, they hunted geological specimens, and made collections of butterflies, working with earnest zeal.
Three weeks had passed, grim, dragging weeks of pain. All four had been working at the mounds. The old man had gone down the canyon, closely shadowed by Mrs. Wilson, who followed him everywhere to see " that he did not hurt himself."
" Mr. Smith! "
" Yes, Celesty? "
" We are making believe! "

" Of course we air."
" If we should strike solid gold here it would make no difference to us! " ❧ ❧
" Not a damn bit—our hearts is bustin'."
" You are right, Mr. Smith. Now tomorrow you must ride to the mining camp and see if you can get tidings of Mr. Johnson."
" And leave you folks alone? "
" Yes."
" There may be Injuns 'round."
" Well, put us all in the cave and wall it up with big stones as you did once with father—the cave would probably escape detection, you said. "
" Prob'ly, and you could shoot if it comes to worst? "
" I think so—but go—go tomorrow! "
At daylight the next morning Pete shook hands laughingly with his three charges; the laugh was hardly a success. They crawled into the cave. He walled them up with great bowlders and pieces of ledge, piling rock on rock. Then he barred the gate, scaled the wall, and coatless, wearing only shirt, trousers and moccasins, with a handkerchief around his head, and a derringer in his pocket, he rode away. Instead of the heavy saddle he used only a light blanket. He sent his horse off on a slow trot. After two miles this was exchanged for a lope, which meant eight miles an hour. But part of the road was very rocky, and this had to be walked, to lessen the risk of pitching headlong down the ravine that lay yawning, hungry and threatening below the pass.
In the cave it was pitch dark.
" We will pretend it 's night and all go to sleep," said Celeste ❧ ❧
But sleep was vain. Then they sat holding hands, and the young woman told stories and talked of their plans and what they would do when they got home. But the old man only spoke in monosyllables. By striking matches they could see the time by a

watch, but Pete had advised them to be sparing of matches, as their burning contaminated the air. They ate dinner, or tried to, there in the inky blackness.

The air was growing dense, so they took turns in lying close up to a tiny crevice, where a little fresh air came in between the stones ❧ ❧

The dragging hours wore slowly past. Celeste struck a match. It marked five o'clock by the watch. Mrs. Wilson was crying. "Oh, to think of it! I, a college professor's wife, locked up in a hole, I said, locked up in a hole!"

The daughter tried to comfort her.

"We are smothering! oh, oh, oh, and if we don't smother we shall starve, or worse—the Indians will kill us. I heard them shout!" ❧ ❧

Then the old man began to moan, and there in that dolorous blackness the brave young woman sought to soothe her father and mother. She was as tender and true as Douglas, and as brave as Deborah ❧ ❧

"Never mind, Mr. Smith will be back soon."

"There, did I not tell you, they are shooting!"

This time there was no mistake—Celeste too heard the dull echoing boom, or else her senses had played her false!

Then there was shouting and answering, echoing yells.

Another match was struck—it was only ten minutes past five, and, at the very least, it would be four hours before the guide could come.

Another shot was fired, this time near the cave.

Celeste felt in the dark for the rifle, and tried to remember the instructions that Pete had so minutely given her about how to shoot ❧ ❧

The tramp of feet was heard, the neigh of a horse, a rolling and tumbling of stones.

The Indians had discovered the freshly covered cave and were

clearing away the debris. Mrs. Wilson held her breath, and then gave a wild, ringing, frantic scream. In that scream the last flickering spark of hope was quenched.

" Don't be afraid—I am no enemy," came a voice from the outside ❧ ❧

" It is Mr. Johnson—Mr. Johnson! " spoke Celeste.

A flat ledge of rock was pulled aside and a flood of light and air rushed in on the prisoners. Through the aperture Celeste Wilson thrust out her hand in greeting to the man whom she saw. He took the dainty fingers in his own firm grasp and kissed them reverently ❧ ❧

One more strong push, a pull and the entrance was cleared. In an instant Celeste was outside and was held close to the throbbing heart of the big, manly youth. At least, I think this is what occurred, although I was not there.

Mrs. Wilson had fainted. Johnson crawled into the cave to lift her out ❧ ❧

Back in a corner crouched the old man. Both hands were moving rapidly: his cheeks were puffed out with the exertion: ch, ch, ch, ch, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka, ding dong, ding dong—who'o'o'o'o—

❧

## CHAPTER IV

THAT night a beacon light was burned out on the mesa. Rattlesnake Pete saw it ten miles away. He eased the Pinto down from a lope to a fox trot. In two hours he fired his derringer as a signal of his approach.

He leaped from the horse and as he slipped the bridle he remarked, " Wall, Johnsing, I hope you mailed your letter! "

## CHAPTER V

JOHNSON'S return meant sunrise and a clear sky after a night of terror

It was a jolly breakfast party that gathered around the big flat rock the next morning.

"I 'd got about to the end of my lariat!" confessed Pete.

Even the old Professor brightened up a bit and half smiled as he listened to Johnson's account of the reception and banquet.

"Did that Wendell make a speech, I said, did that Barrett Wendell make a speech?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes."

"I 'm surprised—he could hardly struggle through a lecture, sitting at a table, reading it."

"But he spoke well, and so did Agassiz and Copeland and James. The Chair of Biology has been endowed; Professor Wilson is to have his old place and be Professor Emeritus and I 'm to be Assistant."

"Whar do I come in?" growled Pete.

"No one thinks of you and me," answered Celeste with a smile, "pass the biscuit!"

"We 'll start a deestrick school of our own."

"And if you do, I 'll resign my post and enter as a student," said Johnson.

Then the conversation took a more serious turn, and Mr. Johnson explained that the Curator and Trustees of the Peabody Museum were very anxious to secure as varied an assortment of the ancient pottery as possible; and to this end it was very necessary that the mounds should all be thoroughly explored.

"And how long will it take?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"Well, a month, anyway."

"Then you will do your exploring alone. My daughter, my husband and myself leave this place tomorrow!"

Johnson cast a despairing look at Celeste, and the young woman

started to speak—her words were drowned by a loud—"whoooo, whoooo, ding dong, ch, ch, ch, ch chuka, chuka, chuka, chuka." ¶ The poor old man kept up the nerve-racking commotion for fully ten minutes and then stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"Here, I 'll walk him around up on the hill—he needs fresh air!" ❧ ❧

Mrs. Wilson took hold of one arm and assisted her husband to stand up. He was trembling and deathly pale. But he made no resistance and the man and wife moved off slowly toward the hill-top ❧ ❧

Pete was going to follow, but Johnson beckoned him back. "What shall we do?" asked Johnson of Celeste.

Both Pete and Johnson stood awaiting the young woman's reply—it was for her to decide.

"We had better go tomorrow. You can take us to a place of safety, and then you and Mr. Smith can come back and continue the exploration of the mounds."

The hearts of these three were heavy. They walked silently up the canyon. Suddenly there came a wild, piercing scream of a woman. At a bound Johnson had left his two companions behind. He reached the hill-top.

Off to the left he saw the two bears rolling and tumbling over each other in rollicking fun. About two hundred feet away was Mrs. Wilson, still screaming and walking backward, shaking her apron with both hands, as if to shoo the bears away.

Between the woman and the bears stood the old Professor, first looking toward the frolicking animals, then at his wife. He stood irresolute, as if questioning which way to go.

Suddenly he cried: "Hold, Maria, I will not let them hurt you! Hold, I say! you are backing toward the cliff!"

His voice was loud and clear and in it was the ring of sanity. Johnson was running toward the woman. Before he could reach her the old man had rushed forward and seized her by the shoul-

ders. They were on the very brink of the precipice. The woman threw her arms around the old man's neck and drew him toward her, as if to get him away from the danger that she saw threatening him

They poised a second—tottered—and Johnson, a single instant too late, stopped and covered his face with his hands!

Pete and Miss Wilson had reached the top of the pass, and the scout's quick eye saw the bears.

He pulled the woman back down the canyon and leaving her ran to the cave for his rifle. A moment after two quick shots rang out and Antony and Cleopatra were writhing in their death throes.

¶ " I don't see the old folks! " said Pete, turning slowly around shading his eyes and looking in every direction.

Johnson pointed to the precipice. He put his arm around the young woman and tenderly led her away.

The morning sun was shining bright and resplendent: his rays reflecting white gleams of almost blinding light from the sheen and shimmer of miles on miles of white alkali dust and glistening mica. The snow-capped peaks of the distant mountains lifted themselves against the blue of the cloudless sky. The Holy Cross stood out like a gigantic etching; not a breath of breeze was to be felt. The great silence was supreme. No stir of life was seen, save a buzzard that came circling out of the azure nothingness of the south—balancing on outstretched pinions—nearer, nearer.

## CHAPTER VI

THAT afternoon two deep graves were dug side by side on the top of the Last Stand.

The two men gently and tenderly carried the bodies of Professor Wilson and his wife from the place where they had fallen to the hill-top. Death had been instantaneous. Evidently they had seized each other in close embrace as they toppled over the brink,

and had struck head downwards on the rocks, seventy feet below. So soon does rest and the great silence follow life.

At sun-down, the two bodies, wrapped in blankets, were lowered into one grave.

In the other grave were placed the bodies of the two bears. The earth was shoveled in, and above these two graves was piled a pyramid of stones.

Night was settling down; the vermeil glow of sunset had faded out of the western sky. To the east could be seen the rim of the rising moon

Slowly, sorrowfully, side by side, the young man and the young woman started down the pass. Behind, perhaps ten feet, came Rattlesnake Pete.

" Jine han's! " called Pete, in a voice of command.

Mechanically the woman's hand went blindly feeling out in the dark. Johnson's grasp stole firmly but gently over it.

Again the scout spoke: " Joshua Johnsing, do you now solemnly promise to take this woman for your true and lawful wife? "

¶ Johnson glanced toward the woman's face. It was too dark to see her features, but he felt the answer in the mild pressure of her hand

" I do," answered Johnson.

" And you, Celesty Wilson, do you promise now to take this man as your lawful husbun'? "

" I do! " came the low, but sure reply.

" Then I pronounce you man and wife—and may God have mercy on your souls! I 'm a Justice of the Peace; I am, that 's what I am, and my commission does n't 'spire until noon on the twentieth day of next October. Gee, I forgot to look after them burros! "

Pete dashed past the bride and groom and left them alone together, there in the shadows of the dreamful night.

## CHAPTER VII

IT was rather undignified to be sure—all three down on hands and knees, crawling through a tunnel that led into the bear caves! ¶ Pete was first, behind him crawled Mr. Johnson, and then came Mr. Johnson's charming and trustful little wife.

" What in tarnashun! " exclamed Pete.

The procession suddenly stopped.

" What is it, Joshua? " asked the lady, with a little feminine tremolo ❧ ❧

" I don't know, my dear; Pete has found something? "

" Is it alive? "

" Yes, did n't yo' hear it squeal? "

" Oh, my, let us go back! "

" Not yet, it will have to eat me first! "

" Yes, but I don't want you to be eaten up; let us go back."

" Wall, I 'll be jumped up, rolled over and tossed in a blanket! Come quick, both on you—light a match, Johnsing! "

Mr. Johnson proceeded to light a match.

" What are they? " asked Mrs. Johnson, as she emerged into the cave and gazed by the flickering light at a little black heap in the corner ❧ ❧

" Ladies' muffs! " answered Pete. And surely they did look like muffs; six of them—squealing, noisy, hungry—six bear cubs!

" Well, well, it is a great start. If the caves keep on in this way it will be a rich find," said Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson had been duly installed secretary, with orders to make an exact list of all specimens or relics that were found in the caves ❧ ❧

Her first entry read as follows: One half-dozen baby bears. ¶ " Milk is what the beggars want," said Pete, " but be'ans as we have n't got no cow, we 'll give 'em soup."

Fresh antelope meat was plentiful, and the cubs soon took their consommé like kittens lapping milk from a saucer. After three

days, the fact of their orphanage never seemed to occur to them. ¶ The caves contained rich spoils in way of pottery, beads and implements. But the relics of a lost people were all deeply imbedded in a cumulose of dust and dirt. In fact several of the caves were so full of this debris that the entrance from the ledge was completely blocked. All of the refuse had to be removed, and tons of it was carried up to the top for careful examination. ¶ Pete made several journeys to the mining camp after supplies. On his first trip, after that quick ride, he carried a letter directed to President Eliot from Mr. Johnson, informing that gentleman of the death of Professor and Mrs. Wilson. A letter was also sent to the Curator of the Museum, asking his advice as to transporting the Indian skeletons that had been found. ¶ On the guide's second trip to Tabor's Roost he found at the post-office various communications from the college dignitaries.

Included in these was a set of resolutions passed at a meeting of the Faculty, deploring the death of Professor Wilson and expressing high praise for his services in behalf of the University, and in the interests of science.

There was also a commission as Assistant Professor of Biology, made out in the name of Joshua Johnson. With this was a letter from the Bursar to the effect that " the salary of the Assistant Professor of Biology stands to the credit of Professor Joshua Johnson for the six months past, and may be drawn at any time." ❧ ❧

A foot-note made the matter plain—the Faculty had assumed that Professor Johnson's time for the past six months had been used for the benefit of Harvard University. Then there came a long and badly written letter from the Curator of the Museum. Curators are atrocious penmen.

The present writer has this letter now before him, but it contains such a very large number of big words that nobody exactly understands that it would be tiresome to give it complete. Suffice it to

say that the good people of the Museum were very thankful for the new acquisition that they were soon to get. And is not gratitude a lively sense of pleasure on account of favors about to be received? The Curator gave a list of certain scientific connecting links that he was very anxious Professor Johnson should secure. Some of these links have since been found, and others have not and never will.

" You had better make your exploration complete while you are on the ground," wrote the Curator; " I have had a placet passed by the trustees that you are to draw your regular salary, even if you remain away a year."

" We will stay a month, anyway," interjected Mrs. Johnson, as she read the letter aloud to her husband.

" Yes, my dear, I am sure it will take at least a month to clear the caves." ❧ ❧

And it did take a month; it also took two—three; and after four months had passed the work was not yet complete. Additional orders and requests came from both the Peabody and the Agassiz Museums ❧ ❧

" I think, Joshua, that we had better follow the suggestion of the Curator and stay a year," said Mrs. Johnson to her husband, as they sat around the camp fire one night.

" I was just going to say the same thing," replied that worthy gentleman ❧ ❧

And so they remained—all the time hard at work; varying the routine of duty by making little journeys to various points of interest within easy reach, up and down the valley, and into the heart of the mountains.

Even in winter the days passed pleasantly and profitably. Pete trapped a good many wild animals—foxes, minks, and even a panther was brought in. Mrs. Johnson proved a very diligent secretary, and her record of the work at the mounds and caves can now be seen in the archives of the Peabody Museum. Much of the

pottery was broken, and the lady's genius in restoring was a constant surprise to the two men.

The great gray wastes were again to be seen on the mountain sides; the little stream was again a booming river; spring breezes and flowers and mating birds were all coming joyfully back. " I b'lieve, t'Lord they are the same birds that came here last spring," said Pete.

" I believe they are," said Professor Johnson.

The railroad had now shoved along its rails to a point only ten miles away, and the smoke of the engines could be plainly seen. ¶ It took a good many trips, back and forth, to get all of the specimens and luggage to the railroad. And then it took a whole car to hold the " plunder," as Pete was pleased to call the accumulations that had been gathered in the interests of science.

In the manifest were two mounted grizzly bears, several antelope, a mountain lion, three panthers, beside many " insecks," which term included foxes, minks, prairie dogs, rabbits and various birds. In way of live stock there were six live bears, all of a size, muzzled, and in cages made of cottonwood poles; two burros and a Pinto stallion—all these were billed through to Cambridge. ¶ A young man was found who was formerly from the East, and was now very anxious to get back. He was recommended as trustworthy, so was allowed to ride in the freight car in charge of the stock, with a fervent prayer that the bears would not get loose. ¶ A last tearful farewell was taken of the Last Stand, and the little party rode away in a spring wagon that had come to take them to the railroad station.

Professor Johnson, his wife and Mr. Peter Smith were ticketed through, first-class, to Boston, which is in the State of Massachusetts ❧ ❧

" A sleepin' kyar, is it? " said Pete. " Wall, it 's a blame queer coop, but I ain't goin' to desert you now—I said I 'd stick by you, Johnsing, and I will."

## CHAPTER VIII

IF you journey through Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska on a passenger train, wearing chaparejos, a flannel shirt and a big, white sombrero, you will not attract any special attention. If you carry a baby, you will: at least you would have, a few years ago.

¶ The baby that Rattlesnake Pete carried was only a little bit of a baby, but it drew much attention to itself, quite out of all proportion to its size. And yet a good, old lady on the train protested that it was a big baby, seein' as how it was only just two months old.

" That 's all it air, Missus, s'welp me—I would n't deceive you—why should I? " protested Pete.

" Let me hold it for you! "

" Wall, I guess not, this kind wants good keer, the best babbies are skeerce—I 'm lookin' after this kid myself! "

" What 's the baby's name," asked the conductor, shaking his punch before the little round face—" tootsy, wootsy, smilee, smilee, catchee, catchee, catchee—what 's the baby's name? "

" It 's name air Pete—after me. Little Pete we calls him for short—ain't he a rouser? Them 's his father and mother—third seat from the back. Never mind, Johnsing, we 're all right! See 'um smile, will you? "

Rattlesnake Pete was so vain of his new charge that he would scarcely give it up to the proud and smiling little mother, when the baby was hungry.

Fully fifty times the scout had suddenly broken out with the exclamation: " S'welp me t'Lord—we found a heap o' curious things around the Last Stand, but nothin' that can be spoke in the same breath with Little Pete."

When eastern Nebraska was reached the baby did not attract so much attention from the passengers; and going through Iowa it was accepted quite as a matter of course.

After crossing the Mississippi river it would have been lost to the

public were it not for a fussy Englishman with mutton chop whiskers and a red face, who grew fidgety when Little Pete cried, and once blurted out " confound that baby." Accidentally the bloomin' Britisher said it just as the train stopped, so the remark was overheard by Pete the Elder. Pete the Elder stepped over to where the man sat and remarked:

" Pardner, if you don't like the music what the kid makes, 'spose you climb; er I may have to give you the grand bounce. You can't raise hell here—if you're goin' to ride with us you must be peac'ble —see? " ❧ ❧

The man blustered, and then made a hasty exit for the front car, where he excitedly informed the conductor that train robbers had possession of the rear coach.

As Chicago was approached Rattlesnake Pete lost his neutral tint and people began to stare at the band of rustling rattlesnake tails that was around his hat. After Chicago was passed, when he walked through the car, all eyes feasted on his chaparejos. When the train stopped, if he stepped out on to the platform, small boys surrounded him, and his peculiar garb caused quakes of fear, wondering awe, or quiet smiles.

Professor Johnson had telegraphed ahead the hour he would arrive in Boston, and various good friends and true, were at the station to meet the travellers.

Several women, who had been intimate friends of Mrs. Johnson's (*née* Wilson), were on hand and were having a nice little feminine squabble as to who should take the baby first.

" Gracious, goodness! What an awful man," said a sweet thing in dimity ❧ ❧

Rattlesnake Pete settled the dispute by walking off with the infant himself. The ladies followed him at a safe distance down the long platform.

" Mercy me! Is he a cannibal? I 'd never trust *my* baby with a man like that! "

" But you have no baby," came the retort courteous. Carriages were taken direct to the comfortable little house in Appian Way.

¶ The next day Professor Johnson gave his first lecture in Massachusetts Hall, on " Recent Discoveries in Archæology." The room was packed, and at the second lecture the crowd was so dense that the rest of the lectures in the course were given at Sander's Theater.

Meanwhile Pete was busy transferring the specimens to Peabody Museum. He occasionally took a ride on the piebald pinto, and in the meantime was making fast friends with " the boys." The intention was to secure him for a mascot, and all the time Orange John pulled at his " County Galways " and sneered in jealous rage

But peace was made when Rattlesnake Pete presented John with one of the burros; and as all Harvard men know, that burro is to this day doing loyal duty by drawing a light wagon with a white top, on the side of which there is a crimson H. Long may the burro bray!

Every afternoon Pete pushed a perambulator over through College Yard and out North Avenue, past the Soldiers' monument. He made good friends with several white-capped nurse girls; but he would swear with many quite unnecessary oaths that Little Peter was a smarter child than any of the competitors—the finest kid that ever woke the echoes with a yowl!

But trouble was in store for Rattlesnake Pete, as it is for all of us. It began when he shot an insulator from a telegraph pole, just for fun. Professor Johnson paid the five dollars fine and duly cautioned the offender. But the next day when the scout rode the Pinto stallion into Divinity Hall during a lecture, just because the boys dared him to do it, the matter was reported to the Dean, and the Dean sent a long communication to Professor Johnson, chiding him for importing such " a specimen." The Dean even hinted that " this man called Snake " would be all

right if pickled in the Museum, but at large he was a menace to the well-being of the school. There was no vacancy for mascots just then ☙ ☙

Perhaps the real fact was that the Dean, like Orange John, was jealous of the attention that Rattlesnake was receiving from the students. But the decisive difficulty came when Pete went over to Boston one day.

" I was on George Wash'ton street," he explained to Professor and Mrs. Johnson, " an' there was the biggest stampede of folks you ever seed—they was rushin' an' pushin' an' crowdin'—all of 'em ram, jam, dam, slam, starin' crazy—goin' every way. Some pikin' cross the street, and some back and down and over an' cross! I saw a big feller in brass buttons, like a color sergeant, tryin' to keep 'em from killin' 'emselves as they rushed over. I got over to him, and says I, ' Here pard, give me your stick and I 'll help you head the steers off.'

" He up and looked at me and gived me a punch with the end of his club, and says, ' Go on, you farmer, you 're blockin' de way.' I reached for my gun and it was mighty lucky for him I did n't have it. So I just up and smacked him across the mouth. A dozen student fellers got around us, an' 'fore I could hit him again they pushed him one way and hustled me t'other. Then they rushed me into a little room back of a gin mill, where they kept me till dark, when they brought me over here. It 's no place here for folks to live—too much raisin' blazes—no chance to breathe—every one clar off his cabeza! Stand it as long as you can, Johnsing, and when your head piece begins to buzz, an' yer han's gits clammy, and you can't sleep o' nights, come and bring the Missus and the kid—come to God's country and we 'll be happy once again. You can't make a man o' Little Pete here—you can't do it—that 's all! "

And so Rattlesnake Pete wrung their hands, and then he kissed Little Pete as the babe lay sleeping and smiling in his dreams.

And Mrs. Johnson surprised the simple old scout by pressing her lips to his bronzed and wrinkled cheek; he brushed the mist from his eyes, and stifled the gulp that was threatening to choke him, and rushed off to the railroad station.

And so Rattlesnake Pete went away, back to the jack-rabbits and the prairie dogs; back to the cacti and the chaparral; back to the white crowned mountains and the great gray plains.

The morning after the scout departed Mrs. Johnson found something wrapped in an old newspaper in the baby's cradle. She unwrapped the package and somewhat hastily handed it over to her husband. It was a Colt's six-shooter. Cut on the butt were six notches; and scratched on the barrel in print letters were the words: *For Little Pete, from his lovin' Uncle, Peter Smith.*

The revolver is now tied up with crimson ribbon and hangs on the wall of Professor Johnson's library.

Little Pete is not so very little now. He is nine years old and often teases for that six-shooter to play with.

The Assistant Professor of Biology evolved into a Professor several years ago. If you look into the last Harvard Directory you will see the name: JOSHUA JOHNSON, PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY, only the name is not spelled just that way in the catalogue, but that is a small matter.

Rattlesnake Pete promised to write often, when he went away, but only one letter has ever come from him, and that was nearly four years ago. One bit of news in that misspelt missive possibly may interest you; it ran as follows: " The railrode has now done ran clean up the valley past the Last Stand. only it don't go close—not within range of a winchester—it shies off and follers the surveyer stakes ezact."

# PIG PEN PETE

RESOLVED: That we don't like men who button their collars behind and have Sunday School indoors, where dogs are not welcome; that we like the Fra, because he likes kiddies, kiddeens and kioodles, and stands for health and happiness and agrees with Tige that vivisection is worse than hydrophobia, because a dog that bites a man can't help it, but a man who straps a dog on a table, and cuts him with a knife and scissors, need n't — if he does n't *want* to; that boys and girls do not like the stuffy indoors; that to get acquainted with bees, bugs, birds and beetles is lots more fun and just as much benefit as reading about Nicodemus and Nebuchadnezzar, who are dead ones, both; that bad children are good children who have energy plus, and their parents say, "Quit that," "Let up," "Get out;" that dirty clothes are preferable to pale cheeks, and that we should all live in Heaven here and now, so as to get used to it for by and by.

BUSTER BROWN.

P. S. — Tige and me both love Pig-Pen Pete — I read it to Tige and he barks in the right place.

PIG PEN PETE, PYGMALION AND THE PIGS

# Pig-Pen Pete

UP at the Roycroft Farm, where guineas galore sing songs of joy, and the Durocs grow red in the kisses of the Summer sun, is a wonderful Scotch Collie, known as Pig-Pen Pete.

Say, there 's literature for you—does n't that listen like Laura Lean Jibby?

Well, Pig-Pen Pete makes it his business to look after the pigs. Always and forever, days, nights and Sundays, Pete is on the job ❧ ❧

Pete patrols the pens, samples the swill, digs up the bedding, stops fights between malamutes by nipping ears or legs, and generally lends safety and security to all good porcines.

If small, untaught pigs stray too far afield, Pete rounds them up and starts them for home and mother.

If young shoats, full of wanderlust and slop, try to negotiate a hole in the fence, Pete goes after them with a zeal tempered only by the rule of reason.

Should a strange dog come near the pigs, there is a fight, and Pete always wins, for thrice-armed is he who knows his cause is just ❧ ❧

At night Pete cuddles close with his protegés in a pen, warmed by their pleasing adipose, and in very cold weather friendless runts find warmth in his generous fur.

All of the hogs accept Pig-Pen Pete as the prexie of the preserve, the vivakenandi of the veldt. The pigs are not exactly afraid of Pete; they merely respect his superior intelligence, and are perfectly willing to do his bidding.

How did Pete come to go into the pig business.

Why, he was a pig puppy, that 's all.

And you don't know what that is? I 'm ashamed of you, Genevieve—positively ashamed of you!

Well, a pig dog is a puppy that has been adopted by a—ah—er—a sow ❧ ❧

You see Pete's sure-enough mother was run over by an automobile and killed when Pete was only ten days old.

There were four helpless, little, crying kioodles. They were on a hunger strike when a bright thought came to our hired man, whose name happens to be Pygmalion, and so Pyg took the orphans out to the pig-house and quietly sneaked 'em in with a sow that had five very juvenile pigs.

And the puppies pushed gleefully up to the lunch-counter and said, " Child's Restaurant for ours! "

And there you are!

The old sow never said a word. The puppies were about the size of her pigs, and about the same color.

Those puppies snuggled in with the pigs and were very happy. In three weeks they were bigger than the little Durocs and were accusing them of being usurpers, and calling them damhogs, and the little Durocs being well bred and registered made no remarks to the puppies about pedigree, as they might.

In fact, those puppies were so pooh-bah that we had to give three of 'em away.

We just kept Pete, and he grew up a sort of superpig.

Not long ago I met Thompson-Seton, and told him about Pig-Pen Pete. I discovered that the phenomenon was not new to him. He told me that sheep-dogs were often brought up to protect the flock from wolves or dogs. And the plan was to take a puppy of fighting breed and let him be suckled by a ewe, and such a dog will fight and die for the flock, if necessary.

In truth, the dog's loyalty to his owner turns on the fact that the dog regards his owner as a superior dog—the family is the wolf pack ❧ ❧

That fable of Romulus and Remus suckled by the she-wolf has a basis in potential truth.

The boys grew up fighters and founded Rome on a wolf basis

An Apache Indian baby adopted at birth into a Massachusetts family would doubtless grow up with pronounced ideas on theology, education and culture, and speak with a marked Yankee twang

Pete's foster mother might have said, "Give me the puppy until he is two months old, and you may have him afterward."

## The Guineas

SEVERAL years ago, I ran across the following paragraph from the London (England) *Chronicle:* "You can join the American Academy of Immortals on payment of two guineas. This guarantees your immortality for ninety-nine years with privilege of renewal. Our Yankee brothers are a strange and gullible people."

Well, a few weeks later a man from Kalamazoo wrote me thus: "I want you to enroll my name in the American Academy of Immortals, and in payment I send you two guineas."

There was no money in the letter, but that afternoon a box came by express containing two guinea-hens.

Would n't that give you cold pedals?

One of the guinea-hens was a rooster.

But which one I did n't know, except that one was a bit more pompous than the other and had more to say. And this, I assumed, was Mr. Guinea-Hen.

The guinea-pig is n't a pig and does n't come from Guinea.

The guinea-fowl does—being a partially domesticated partridge, prairie-chicken or sage-hen of the Guinea jungle.

Wild birds and wild animals mate—domesticate them and they become promiscuous. I do not know why this is, but it does seem

as if civilization were immoral. Guineas mate, and are true and loyal until death do them part.

These two guineas the Michigan man sent me wore tailor-made suits of faultless fit.

I sent the guineas up to the Roycroft Farm, so as to keep the hawks away ☙ ☙

When a guinea sees a hawk or any big bird flying around, he gives the alarm, and all the fowls but the guineas scoot for cover. The guinea just flies up on the gate and shoots forth a torrent of Billingsgate defiance. No bird that wears feathers has a vocabulary equal to the guinea—it is so profane that it is unprintable. Epithet, ridicule, sarcasm and cuss-words are sent forth in rapid fire. When a guinea is a little excited you can hear him a mile. As before intimated, it is Mr. Guinea-Hen who makes most of the noise, but his wife is a good imitator, and she always echoes the sentiments of her liege—political, social, religious. On the subject of hawks, weasels, skunks and strange cats, old Mr. and Mrs. Guinea are absolutely one. On non-essentials they occasionally differ, and exhibit these differences as to what constitutes wit by many interesting little physical-culture exhibitions. ¶ In other words, they fight.

But with guineas a foreign disturbance always makes peace at home ☙ ☙

The guinea has surpassed man in this—he has abolished fear. He sounds warning notes, but as for himself, he resembles Fuzzy-Wuzzy, his former owner, and does n't give a damn.

Mr. Guinea is boss of the barnyard. Even a game-bird considers discretion the better part of valor. A guinea will tackle an English bulldog. If the dog knew his power he might win, or at least get a slice of the gate-receipts, but when a guinea begins to say things at a bulldog—or any other dog for that matter—Mr. Pup stipulates all the facts concerning his lineal descent to be as stated, and hikes.

About June one of our guineas disappeared. The other one used to come around, lonesome-like, just a-wearying for his mate. He would fly up on the ridge of the barn and call and call. We felt awfully sorry for him. We thought his mate must have been killed or stolen.

But one day, would you believe it, I saw those two guineas out in the stubble, a half-mile from the barn. They were cooing away, chuckling, clucking and seemingly polishing up their vocabularies.

¶ I was that rejoiced that I went right out to see them. As I approached I saw a brown moving mass close to the ground all around them.

This mass was baby guinea-hens. There were four thousand of them!

As I approached, Mr. Guinea-Hen gave a cluck and yelled, "Low bridge!" and the little ones disappeared as if my old friend Kellar were in charge of the show.

I stood still, and in about five minutes Mr. Guinea-Hen gave another low Number Six cluck and shouted, "All safe—let her go!" and the ground was alive with the guinea-chicks.

They were little brown, fluffy things about as big as what the girls call "a spool of cotton," the kind that used to cost us five cents, but which now is six.

I watched them for an hour. Mr. Guinea-Hen kept circling round and round the brood, talking in a monotone to himself. I never heard such boasting and bragging! He scouted race-suicide and flouted Malthus.

"What this country needs is more guineas," he declared in a quiet cackle. All the time he watched the sky for hawks and hunted for seeds and bugs, and these he passed right over to his wife and family.

He was the busiest and happiest bird I ever saw. Toward sundown he led his picnic party over to the bushes, and I saw Mr. Guinea-Hen sit down close to his mate and the little ones nestle

under them for warmth and shelter. We read about how two thousand years ago " a hen spreadeth her wings and gathereth her young." But in this brooding business Mr. Guinea is just as clever and reliable as Mrs. Guinea, and the little ones make no distinction

It is a wise guinea-chick that knows its own mother.

It must have been a month before I saw our guineas again. This time they came right into the barnyard—the father and mother, and the eighteen little ones with red feet and bills. They were about as big as Indiana quails. All were exactly alike, very well disciplined; they moved in a solid flock.

Mr. Guinea fluttered about, circled his family, and called loudly for cracked corn and wheat.

We made haste to fill the order, and woe betide the Plymouth Rock that dare come near until those twenty guineas had had enough

Having eaten, the old ones flew up on the fence—a five-board affair, horse-high, pig-tight and bull-strong.

The old guineas walked along on the top board, and the little ones, one at a time, tackled the lower board, which was about a foot from the ground.

The second night the little ones tried the second board and spread out in a straight line, eighteen strong, with red beaks all pointed one way.

The third day they tried the third rail, and at the end of the week they had all conquered the top board.

A week later, I saw the whole bunch sitting right on the ridge of the barn, singing out of tune in a discordant chorus, but very happy

Every night at sunset they sat on the ridge-pole and sang vespers. In the morning they did their matins from their roost in the trees

Last night, I was awakened about two o'clock by the guineas—

they were all singing, calling and shouting at once. I was wondering what it was all about when I heard Ali Baba's voice in a loud whisper: " Git up quick—don't you hear the guineas, they are yelling for god-sake! Something is wrong! "

I slid out of bed, jumped into my trousers, and got out of doors. It was very dark.

" The trouble is in the chicken-house, I reckon! " said Baba. We made for the poultry-house. As we approached I saw the door was open. A man sprang out and ran past me. I made a grab for him, but missed. Baba and I both dashed after him; we might have captured him, if Ali had n't caught the clothes-line under his chin and been sent to grass. As he went down he said something almost as bad as that which the guineas were saying from the tree-tops. The dark figure we were following tumbled over the fence and disappeared in the corn.

And all the time the guineas shouted.

We got a lantern, and found a bagful of something. I cut the string and six of my best Plymouth Rocks flew out of that bag, which the Mudsock had gotten ready to carry away.

We went out under the trees where the guinea-hens were roosting, and I heard Mr. Guinea shout, "All safe—everybody to bed—let 'er go! "

The discord ceased. And all around was the great, dark, quiet, all-enfolding night, the silence broken only by the gentle chirrup of the crickets.

## Besant

IN Lunnon, where live all sorts and conditions of men, once lived one Sir Walter Besant.

Sir Walter often took a walk out through Hyde Park. At the entrance to the Park there used to crouch an old beggar woman, who held out a grimy hand and mumbled a woeful tale of a

dead soldier husband and hungry mouths at home. Sir Walter always gave the woman a big copper penny as he passed.

It grew into a habit.

After a few months Sir Walter and the old woman were on friendly terms: he nodded to her and spoke of the weather as he gave her the penny, and she showered on him blessings with a tongue needlessly glib.

One day as he gave her the penny he stopped to talk a moment, as he occasionally did, and the old woman handed him back the penny. " Guv me siller or nawthink," said the woman, " the idea of a gent like you guvin a poor old woman like me a dirty penny—guv me siller! "

The woman came close and stuck her face up close to his and waved her arms in threat.

Sir Walter started to go.

Her voice shot up into a cracked and vicious falsetto, she grabbed the lapel of his coat and screamed, " Guv me siller, you rascally rogue! Guv me what you owe me! "

Other beggars began to crowd around. Cabmen came running from across the road, pedestrians stopped. There was a mob gathering ❧ ❧

The woman made her appeal to the crowd. " Look at him now! Just look at him—he 's the man that did it! He ruined me self-respeck—he ruined me self-respeck! "

The cabbies gathered close and began to mutter threats—they were clearly in sympathy with the old woman. " He ruined me self-respeck! He guv me dole—he guv me dole! "

Sir Walter reached into his pocket, and taking out a handful of small coin, scattered it among the crowd.

During the scrimmage he made his escape.

The next day Sir Walter took his walk in another direction. ¶ Once after that in Whitechapel he was startled by a shrill voice, calling, " There he goes, there he goes,—the man wot

ruined me self-respeck! Look at him, the fine rascal—he guv me dole—he guv me dole!"

Sir Walter saw a bus approaching, and barely reached the ladder and climbed to the top, when there was a gang of urchins and old women behind, pointing him out, thus—"That 's 'im—the fine rogue wi' the long wiskers—the bloke in the 'igh 'at!"

¶ Sir Walter's experience is not unique among philanthropists. Everybody who is anybody has gotten the hatred of people by trying to help them. Your enemies are those you have helped most

This sort of thing is what so often turns the milk of human kindness to bonny-clabber. But if we were strong enough we would never resent it; and Sir Walter, big, generous soul that he was, did not complain of his treatment—it was all a queer little comedy, with a touch of pathos in it, as all true comedy has, just as tragedy itself is flavored by comedy. The world is not made up of beggars, ingrates and fools—it is the patient workers and the active, kindly sympathetic men and women who hold the balance of things secure.

No man who does a good deed should expect gratitude. The reward for a good deed is in having done it. And possibly Sir Walter made a mistake ever to give that first penny to the old woman. His heart was right, but perhaps his act was wrong—who knows!

Anyway, keep sweet—in the main humanity wishes to do what is right. For a few days that old beggar assumed a place in Sir Walter's horizon quite out of keeping with her importance. But in this transaction you should pity the woman, not the man.

She forfeited the friendship of Sir Walter Besant.

God help all those, who through ignorance or folly, push from them the generous hearts that might benefit and bless!

## Esprit de Corps

USUALLY the English language contains all of the words necessary to express an idea; but for the French phrase, "esprit de corps," we have no equivalent.

Get busy you word-mongers—here is your chance!

The success of a business turns on its esprit de corps. There is an animating spirit or soul in every concern, otherwise it is a dead one. Neither a commercial enterprise or an army can succeed as long as it is filled with strife, jealousy, doubt, fear and uncertainty. ¶ This esprit de corps is largely supplied by the leader. And a leader who can not inspire his corps with a spirit of victory has on his hands a force to feed, not one with which to fight.

The Invincible Tenth Legion of Cæsar was invincible on account of its esprit de corps. It was filled with one purpose. It went into battle with but one thought, and that was the thought of victory.

## What is a Business Man?

WHAT is a Business Man? ¶ Listen, Terese: A Business Man is one who gets the business and completes the transaction

Bookkeepers, correspondents, system men, janitors, scrub-ladies, stenographers, electricians, elevator-boys, cash-girls, are all good people and necessary and worthy of sincere respect, but they are not Business Men, because they are on the side of expense and not income.

When H. H. Rogers coupled the coal-mines of West Virginia with tide-water, he proved himself a Business Man.

When James J. Hill created an Empire in the Northwest, he proved his right to the title. The Business Man is a Salesman. And no matter how great your invention, how sweet your song, how sublime your picture, how perfect your card-system, until

you are able to convince the world that it needs the thing which you have to offer, and you get the money for it, you are not a Business Man. The Business Man is one who supplies something great and good to the world, and collects from the world for the goods. Taffy, guff and oxaline are all excellent in their way, but they have the disadvantage of not being legal tender.

## Some Insects I Have Chummed With

YESTERDAY, a man whose "eighty" adjoins mine on the North drove up in front of the Shop and sent in word that he wanted me to come out and see something.

I went out, climbed on to his wagon, and looked down into a barrel. And what do you think I saw?

A mother skunk, with six little white-and-black skunkeens—their eyes just open!

No, Terese, the skunk is not an extinct animal.

My friend lifted the kittens and handled them, and passed them around for our admiration. He stroked them lovingly. And certainly they were beautiful, blinking, fluffy, innocent little propositions, guiltless of any thought that their ancestors had violated the Sherman Act through deeds in restraint of trade.

¶ This farmer was once a floorwalker in a Buffalo Department-Store. He had become inflated by a booklet showing how hens lay eggs and hatch them in geometrical progression.

You know how the Poultry Books tell it!

Well, he quit his job, moved to East Aurora, and built five long poultry-houses with board floors.

And behold, the skunks came, and they worked time and a third. Behold again, they increased in a geometrical way, even if the chickens did n't. Soon there were no chickens.

Then the man, being practical, said, "Oh, shucks, chickens be blessed—me for the skunks!"

Few men, indeed, there be who can cash in their mistakes and make money out of their blunders. This is genius!

My friend with the pets has grown into a skunk expert. He raises hundreds of them and manages to get a good income out of the business. He says that skunks have great affection, and that when once you have an understanding with them, they are free from all conduct that might be criticized by the captious.

He offered to sell me the family that he had in the barrel for twenty dollars, thus starting me in the business, but I declined to interest myself, pleading an excess of literary duties.

My old college chum, Buffalo Jones, has sent me free, gratis, for nothing, three Persian lambs, in token of gratitude for the many truthful things I have said about him.

There are two ewes and a buck. Of course we promptly named the buck, Colonel Bok, but afterward changed the name to Shaw—the Shaw of Persia, in honor of the author of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*—mostly the latter.

These Persian lambs are the flat-tailed sheep, descendants of the kind that Job used to herd out under the stars. Abraham once killed one of them in place of his son, Ikey.

They are a noble brand of sheep, first cousin to a goat. We are crossing them with South Downs, much to the advantage and benefit of the mut. The cross gives size and stamina, especially stamina. The buck keeled Ali Baba yesterday for fair.

The wool is dark brown—a genuine art-tint—and is identical with the color of the suit of clothes which Benjamin Franklin wore all those years in Europe. Deborah used to send him a suit every year. There was no change in style, save that the waistband was liberated a little with the growing years.

One of my neighbors about ten miles up the creek, knowing my interest in sheep, saved all the wool from his proverbial black sheep, for in his flock there was more than one.

The black wool when kept separate from the white is much more

valuable. That is the way you get the pepper and salt—by mixing the black wool with the white.

So my friend saved the black wool, and an old woman up near Sardinia spun and wove the wool up into cloth. It is most beautiful homespun, and as an art product, no lovers of warp, woof and weft could pass it by—unless the owner was around.

Then along comes my old friend Schaffner, a tailor from Chicago, and says he will make me up a suit of clothes out of this wonderful bolt of cloth, presented to me by my cranky friend. So he takes the cloth, borrows from the Historical Society of Philadelphia a suit of clothes from the vintage of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-six, and makes me a suit—barn-door knee-breeches, shad-belly coat, and rows on rows of brass buttons!

I have tried the suit on. It fits rather suddenly, but is something that has worth and merit. So far, I have not summed up nerve enough to wear it in public, on the stage. If I do I am sure that it will cause a thrill of surprise and admiration to tickle the electrodes in the parquette when I appear on the stage of Studebaker Theater or Carnegie Hall.

In fact, I promised to wear this suit at a lecture at the Witherspoon, but at the last moment, my heart failed me and I fell back on a Ready-to-Wear and the conventional.

One day a fellow from Jamison Road brought a toad to the Roycroft Shop. This man knows more about toads than anybody else in this neck of the woods.

This was a peculiar kind of toad, with great, big, luminous, brown eyes—the eyes of genius. But outside of this, the toad seemed to show no remarkable intellectual development. In fact, his brow was low; but, in any event, he was a good, big, fat, squatty, warty, happy toad—with a well-satisfied ego. He probably considers himself a Progressive.

Rostand has told us in his play, *Le Chantecler,* that all toads are very proud of their warts. Everything and everybody is proud

of all his possessions, just as Tom Sawyer was proud of his sore toe. My friend fished this toad out of his overcoat pocket, and holding it in his hand, went on to explain to me the peculiarities of Colonel Toad. It was a gent toad, king of his own particular toad bailiwick. That is to say, he was the biggest toad in the puddle, toadied to by the entire toad contingent. My friend explained to me that the warts on the back of this toad were sort of rudimentary places where eggs were once deposited, and Colonel Toad, he carried them around, until in the course of time they were hatched out. And this particular toad that my friend had was incubating a nice little brood of toad eggs on his back, deposited there by the toad suffragette, who evidently had other work to do, and so put her duties on the back of the old man—a thing which, we are told by Ali Baba, will occur when women get the right of suffrage.

## The Wise Guy

A FEW weeks ago I had a horse for which I had no use. I traded a two-year mooley bull for him.

He was a nice little horse, kind of so-so, all-round, safe for ladies, aber nit

I knew a young fellow who wanted just such a horse. I liked the young fellow, and knowing his salary was meager, decided to give him a glad surprise. I might have presented him the horse, but I wanted him to think he was buying it.

" Say, John, what will you take for that horse? " said His Nibs to me as we met on Main Street.

" Lookee, Bosco," said I, " you can have this horse for five dollars. Now ride him home—I 'm in a hurry! "

The young fellow smiled a sickly, silly smile, stood on one foot and then on t' other and asked this question: " Why, what 's—what 's the matter with him? "

" Nothing," said I. " Do you want him? "

My man scratched his head, coughed, and replied, " I 'll have to think about it," and mosied over to Parsons's grocery to get Uncle Billy Bushnell's advice as to whether to accept my offer or not.

The next day I sold the horse to a stranger for sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. I asked sixty-five for him, he offered sixty. We split the difference.

## Just Snakes

THERE are several things in New Jersey besides mosquitoes. Jersey justice, Jersey lightning, and Presidential timber.

¶ Came to Roycroft not long ago a young man by the name of M. B. Foster, from the town of Elmer, New Jersey.

He had three grips—one on his dignity, one for his clothing, and the other grip was full of snakes.

They seemed like kindly, gracious, generous snakes, filled with frogs and right intent. Some of these snakes were black, with yellow spots on them, and underneath they were yellow, fading off into russet browns. Others were pink, with art-colored geometric studies. A few were green, and one was a bright purple. Snakes take on local color. Also, they are of different colors at different times of the year.

In time snakes will become an extinct product in America. There are very few now as compared to what there were thirty, forty, fifty and a hundred years ago. Civilization is at war with the snake and deep in the heart of man is a prejudice against this pleasing " insect." But to a great degree the snake has been libeled. No snake is as bad as he is painted. Snakes are just as much afraid of man as man is of snakes. There is a reason.

There was a snake in Paradise, and Omar Khayyam states plainly who it was placed the snake there. Paradise without the

snake would n't be Paradise. We have to have something by way of contrast to supply artistic accent.

Before the days of Adam and Eve, the snake, we are told, walked on its tail, and then was compelled to travel longitudinally, or horizontale, not upidicular, by way of punishment for being too fresh ❧ ❧

In any event, the snake is much safer when crawling and wriggling along on the ground than if he walked upright like a man, so the change was n't wholly bad—nothing is. Many snakes have rudimentary legs that can be found under the skin. Nature evidently had tried every possible plan for producing life, and the snake is a sort of second cousin to the newt and the lizard.

¶ The crocodile, or, as he is familiarly called in the Congo, the " Croc," is a lizard with a college education. All of these animals seem to belong to an extinct age. They are rudimentary survivals, like the kangaroo, the beaver, the calico dress and the fascinator.

¶ There are only three kinds of venomous snakes in America, and these are not found in the Northern States except on very rare occasions.

There are thirteen varieties of rattlesnakes. The garter-snake, bull-snakes, blacksnake, rat-snakes and snake-snakes are not venomous. Snakes that run out their tongues and hiss do not possess stingers, as we were told in our youth.

No such thing as a stinger in a snake exists. The snake's tongue is a wireless, sensitive apparatus by which the snake hears and realizes the approach of the enemy. The wiggling of his tongue is not for the purpose of threat, but is used solely for his own private information, to catch the etheric vibrations.

Also there are snakes in Ireland.

Fra Foster went out with our girls and boys in the woods at Roycroft and caught several snakes, and proved that, so far as he was concerned, they were absolutely harmless, and in fact, could soon be tamed.

Fra Foster is a thin, small, slender little fellow with a bulging brow and bright-blue eyes. He is very mild, very gentle, and very animated on the subject of snakes.

Fra Foster, of Elmer, New Jersey, is an expert on all questions pertaining to these peculiar, strange little brothers that creep, crawl, run, skim and swim. He has made friends with them ❧ ❧

I have written a little vaudeville sketch for Fra Foster, and if Martin Beck proves true to his colors, the snake-man will do a little stunt on the Orpheum Circuit this Fall which will be unique in its way ❧ ❧

My sketch pictures him as a naturalist, which, of course, he is. He wears a snake for a necktie, another for a belt, a horned toad is used for a watch-fob, and a turtle is on his manly breast for a badge ❧ ❧

The entire scene takes place in the office of a hotel. A colored man brings down the baggage from Room Number Twenty-three, and not being sure that he has the right luggage, opens one of the grips for Afro-American inspection—and the snakes escape.

The speedy disappearance of the colored man into space, and the scene that follows between the naturalist and the hotel-clerk, afford the " pièce de resistance," as it were.

The hotel-clerk rings up the police, and before the hurry-up wagon arrives, the wonderful blonde girl with the wealth of golden hair, who always presides at the cigar-stand, comes forward and takes the part of the snakeologist, whom she knew and was separated from some years before. Her faith in the naturalist is instantaneous, and when a girl believes in a man, she believes in all of his ambitions, aims, aspirations—and snakes. And so this girl with the golden crown, relieved of all fear by love's glad acclaim, turns to and helps catch the reptiles.

The policeman enters and thinks that he has 'em.

He hesitates to make the arrest, and accuses the hotelman of

violating the excise. The hotel door is hastily locked by the girl with the golden crown, in order to keep the properties of the scientist from escaping. The policeman can not get out to join the colored man, much as he would like to.

No vaudeville sketch is complete without the telephone, of course, and so we have the telephone worked overtime by the policeman. And it seems that on his second call, instead of getting the hurry-up wagon, by accident he calls for a minister, and asks that he will come on the run without delay, and the case is urgent. The golden girl, to show the policeman and the hotel-clerk that nothing is dangerous, when your mind is rightly poised and focused on beautiful things, decorates herself with the varmints. A tame crow perches itself on the head of the dominie as soon as he arrives; a white dove, liberated from the pockets of the naturalist, alights on the head of the golden girl; and small turtles are distributed as souvenirs among the guests, who have by this time pushed their way in from the elevator and other parts of the building ❧ ❧

The graphophone in the corner is doing its perfect work, duly started with a lead nickel, and plays the Wedding-March from *Lohengrin* ❧ ❧

All ends happily as the door is opened and the policeman slides out for fresh air. In the meantime, some one has rung in a fire-alarm, and the clatter of the horses can be heard coming up the street. But the hotel-clerk calls to them out of the window, informing them that it is all over. So ends the sketch.

The beauty of this playlet lies in the fact that it utilizes properties which so far have been more or less overlooked. And certain it is that any man who can wear a snake for a necktie, a turtle for a badge, and have frogs, newts, lizards and toads in his pants' pockets, so as to present to his kind for tips, is bound to secure the respect of the boy in the gallery and the gratitude of the booking-office ❧ ❧

## The Gravediggers

ALI BABA came over to the Shop the other day, followed by a fugacious fice. " I am going to kill that dog," said Ali to me, " and make a pair of gloves out of his hide."

" What 's the matter with the dog? " I said. " He looks like a good one."

" Why! " said Ali, " He is what you call a gravedigger dog."

" Go on," I said; " I don't exactly understand."

" Well, it is this way," he says; " that dog is like some folks: he is always digging up things that have been buried; and I believe that when things have been buried properly they ought to be left buried. Let 'em rest in their graves. Don't you think so? " And I thought so.

## The Quarrel

WE were watching a litter of little pigs up at the farm. They were busily intent on getting a square meal. They were only about a week old.

Suddenly two of the pigs left the lunch-counter and began to fight

" What do you suppose they are quarreling about? " asked Terese.

" I think one of them must have referred to the other as a pig," was the answer. " But," said Terese, " if he did, and did not use any adjective, the remark was certainly true."

" This, however, had nothing to do with the case. Truth is seldom pleasing, especially when it refers to ourselves."

The fact is, however, those pigs were fighting just about nothing—and that is just what men fight about.

Quarrels are built on a misunderstanding. Friendships are founded on an understanding.

# The Black Cat

HOLMAN DAY is an allround literary gazabo. He wears the cap and bells with most becoming grace. He is a modern ascetic, living in the prohibition State of Maine.

The other day Holman got off on me the following poetic idyll: ¶ A colored preacher, traveling from one town to another in the South, stopped at a cabin for refreshment and entertainment. ¶ This preacher was a Methodist, and, unfortunately, the cabin where he called was occupied by worthy people of the Baptist proclivity ❧ ❧

Very naturally, the cabin being small and the family large, and the preacher belonging to the opposing faith, he was told they had no room.

" But," said the good old black mammy, " dere 's a house a little furder down de road where dere 's plenty o' room, and you 'se suah welcome dere."

So the minister journeyed on, and the old black mammy stood in the doorway laughing 'cause she had sent the Methodist parson to the Haunted House.

As the preacher was about to enter the big house, a passer-by informed him that the house was haunted and no one lived there but the spirits.

The minister replied, " I 's a man o' God, an' dere ain 't no spirits goin' t' int'fere wid me."

He entered the house, found a big fireplace with plenty of fuel, started a fire, and the flames were soon roaring up the chimney. ¶ As the minister sat there, meditating on his latter end, suddenly a cat fell down the chimney into the fire.

It was a large, ambitious, black tomcat. But the fire did n't seem to singe the cat's overcoat in the slightest. The cat enjoyed the flame. He pawed around in the hot ashes, washed his hands in the red coals and then washed his face.

Finally, he moved slowly off and took a seat alongside of the chair where the preacher sat. The preacher said nothing—neither did the cat. However, the parson was interested. But he was not really thoroughly awake until another cat came tumbling down into the fire, just as the first one had done.

This cat rubbed its paws in the hot ashes, washed its face in the red-hot coals, then came over and sat on the other side of the preacher's chair.

By this time the preacher was thoroughly awake, sitting up very straight ❧ ❧

All at once the black tomcat began to talk, and he spoke in good English, saying to the other cat, " Is n't it about time to begin? "

And the other cat replied, " Not yet, not yet; a few more will be here pretty soon, and the Chief he has n't yet came."

The preacher, of course, was amazed at this conversation between the cats ❧ ❧

He said nothing, because there was nothing to say.

Suddenly down the chimney tumbled a dog—a plain yellow dog, the kind known as a fice. The fice scratched around in the hot ashes, rubbed his nose in the red-hot coals, and finally sat down on the hearth, saying to the cats, " Is n't it about time to begin? "

¶ Before they could answer, another dog came tumbling down the chimney into the fire!

This was a big ferocious bulldog.

He licked the flames, rolled in the hot coals, shook himself, and meandered out on to the hearth, saying to the first dog:

" Is n't it about time to begin? "

" No," said the yellow dog; " the Chief he is not came. He 's just smokin' a cigarette, settin' on the chimbley. He will be here pretty soon, and then we 'll begin."

The preacher here gently arose, and very politely said: " Mistah Bulldog, I jes' happen t' think dat if I don't get a-hikin on my way I won't be in time t' hol' my meeting at de nex' town. When

de Chief comes give him my compliments an' tell him I 'se went!" ¶ And he tiptoed silently out into the night, while from a distant treetop a screech-owl called plaintively to its mate, "Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!"

## Domini Canes

"MAN is a detached portion of the Divine Life," says Chunder Moozamdar. Like a planet flung off by the sun, and following its own orbit for a time, he will return again to the central mass from whence he sprung. Man is a lonely creature. In his heart there is a craving for sympathy and companionship, and the unrest that drives him on and on is only a search for his own. Leonardo da Vinci felt sure that the love of animals was a manifestation of this same desire. Unconsciously, man often turns to a horse or a dog and finds in the brute a complement for his own nature that he never does in his own kind. And so Leonardo, the sanest and least morbid of men, could see no distinction in the "divinity" of life in the man and the divinity of life in the beast. ¶ The loyalty of the dog for his master so excited the admiration of a certain man in Italy, a long time ago, that as he walked through the field, his faithful dog with him, a prayer came to his heart that he might be as loyal and unselfish in his service to God as the dog was to him. The idea grew upon him, and he explained it to several other men, and they formed a society, calling themselves "Domini Canes," literally, the Dogs of the Lord. Soon the name was written "Dominicans," and Dominicans it is, even unto this day. And I wish to emphasize the fact that the original idea of the Dominicans was not one of abjectness, but of loyalty

The beast makes no demands upon you. His affections and loyalty are complete, he has no sinister motives, he holds nothing

back. The proud, strong horse that carries me over the miles, and responds with his entire nature to my slightest wish, rests me as no man who argues ever can. My dog whines piteously if left behind, and only asks to go that he may be near me; he runs ahead and then barks for an encouraging word, and getting it leaps and quivers in pure joy; and I lift up my heart in gratitude for the privilege of life and health and conscious oneness with the Life that is Universal.

## Our Emmiline

NEZ HOLCOMB, the regular janitor at the Print shop, was away visiting in Wyoming County, and Ali Baba was doing his work

I was in my office writing an editorial on " Psychology in Relation to Its Effect on Pankyism."

As soon as Ali Baba entered the room I knew that something important had happened.

He came up close, and in a hoarse stage-whisper imparted this startling information: " Our Emmiline has a batch of kittens! "

¶ " What? " says I. And he repeated the remark.

" Where are they? " I demanded.

" Up in the photogravure-room in the waste-basket. Come and I will show you."

I dropped my work and we hastened out of the room. We climbed the stairway that leads to the tower room, where the photogravure man performs his miracles. We tiptoed softly over to the wastebasket, and there they were—three fluffy gray kittens and one as black as night!

" We will name the black one Bob La Follette," said Ali Baba.

¶ Emmiline was not in sight. The kittens were evidently a day old. They flopped over on their backs and then struggled to gain their equilibrium. They rolled and nozzled around against the

side of the wastebasket, stretched, yawned and gently meowed—all in the dark, for their eyes were not open. While we were watching them, Emmiline came up the stairs, and at one graceful bound was inside the wastebasket ministering to her babies. ¶ She tumbled the kittens around with her nose, licked and caressed them, talking to them all the while in a musical monotone. We could not understand exactly what she said, but we got the import of it.

That evening, when Joe, the night watchman, came on, he thought he would move the kittens downstairs so they would be handy in feeding.

No night watchman ever uses his sky-piece. Joe might have known that Emmiline would come downstairs for her meals, and when the kittens were big enough to lap milk out of a saucer, Emmiline would bring them down.

So Joe in his good-natured stupidity put the kittens in a box, in a nice little nest of excelsior. Then he carried the box down to the pressroom in the basement. Emmiline followed wistfully.

Emmiline just waited until Joe was out of sight. Then she grabbed a kitten by the nape of the neck and made a mad rush for the photogravure-room. Four trips at lightning-like rapidity, and the kittens were all back in the wastebasket.

Emmiline knew perfectly well that neither Joe nor Ali Baba would empty that wastebasket so long as the kittens were in it.

And she was bound, for reasons best known to herself, that the kittens should remain in the basket.

Joe came to me, slightly peeved, and explained that the cat had carried the kittens back into the tower, and asked what he should do ❧ ❧

I said: " Joe, Emmiline knows what is best. You must rise to the level of events and adapt yourself to the exigencies of life. What we all want to do is move in line with Nature. Emmiline has instinct and you have judgment—or should have. At the present

moment your judgment is not working. Leave it to Emmiline and allow the kittens to stay in the wastebasket."

"But," he said, "we want to use the wastebasket!"

And I replied, "Well, cheer up, cultivate initiative; go and pinch one from some other department." And this he did.

The kittens were exactly ten days old when they got their eyes open, and took a look at the world.

On the tenth day I was writing an editorial for Willie Hearst on "The Present Tendency in Government by Experiment," when what do you think I saw?

Well, Emmiline leaped on my desk with the black kitten. She gently deposited his little nibs in the box where I place my unanswered letters.

Then she made three more trips to the tower room, each time bringing a kitten. Why did she put the kittens in that mail-box? Well, motives are always mixed, and Emmiline had several reasons ❧ ❧

First, the kittens needed a change of environment.

Second, she wanted me to see her family and congratulate her on giving to the world such a delightful gift as three gray kittens and one black one.

The third reason was that the mail-box was shallow and the kittens could get out of it. It took a little effort, of course, on their part, but kittens are always going somewhere, or think they are. They are full of action and the wanderlust is upon them. Kittens grow by doing ❧ ❧

And I noticed before the day was over that the kittens had tumbled out of the box and were walking all over my desk. ¶ I had to get another mail-box.

At the end of the second day two of the kittens had tumbled off the desk on to my chair when I was away, and from this had jumped down on to a stool and then to the floor. They were in great distress trying to get back home. Emmiline let them suffer a

while, and then she just picked them up one at a time and at a bound was on the desk and placed them back in the mail-box.

¶ Emmiline was giving the kittens an education. They got their feet in my inkbottle, and then left their impress on the *Times*. They monkeyed with my mail, hunted under sheets of paper, and played I-Spy.

In the course of their climbing they occasionally tumbled off the desk and got a few bumps.

They were not quite strong enough and big enough to climb back, but in a week they had discovered how to climb up on the stool, make a bound from the stool to the chair and get their claws on the desk, pull themselves up and get back in the mail-box so as to take a much-needed nap.

In three weeks Emmiline moved the kittens from the mail-box down into the basement and placed them in the box that Joe had provided.

They were now big enough to climb out of the box and in at their pleasure, and were investigating their environment.

Every day they all come upstairs and visit with me for an hour. Time does n't seem to be much of an object to a cat.

I noticed that Emmiline never manifested any ill-nature or impatience with her babies.

She was eminently poised and seemingly indifferent to them except when she was right with them. Then she was full of caresses. She would wash their faces, turn them over in their sleep; and then she taught them to chase her tail and play " King of the Castle."

They began this " King of the Castle " business by getting up on the dictionary and pushing one another off.

Then they pushed one another off my desk.

And one day Emmiline took them all out of doors on to the lawn and showed them how to make a pounce at robins. They did not catch any robins, but they chased leaves that blew across the ground, and had a wonderful time.

Play in animals is the preparation for the business of their life. Emmiline, I noticed, was very strong on the Montessori System and knew all of the secrets of Friedrich Froebel.

I have been wondering who it was taught Emmiline so much about the wonderful science of education. Goodness me!

And as I write this, there is one kitten on my right shoulder, one on my left, and one in my lap. Bob La Follette, the black one, is trying to fish something out of the inkwell.

## The Chin-Fly

A CERTAIN amount of trouble is a good thing. Lincoln used to illustrate the point with a story about a " chin-fly." It seems that once in Sangamon County a man was plowing with a very lazy mule. Suddenly the mule lifted its head, switched its stump of a tail, and went across the field at a rapid walk and with most unusual energy.

Reaching the end of the row, there was a man on the fence. When the mule and man came up, the fellow got down, walked over to the mule and hit him a slap on the jaw, at the same time remarking, " Well, I killed him that time! "

" Killed what? "

" Why, that chin-fly! "

" Well, you damn fool, I wish you would mind your own business —that chin-fly was the only thing that made this mule go! "

ALI BABA

## MY SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means;
To seek elegance rather than luxury,
Refinement rather than fashion;
To be worthy, not simply respectable;
And wealthy, not simply rich;
To study hard, think quietly,
Talk gently, act frankly;
To listen with open hearts to birds and stars.
To babes and sages;
To bear all cheerfully; do all bravely;
Await occasions, never hurry—
In a word, to let the spiritual life
Grow up through and above the common—
This is my symphony of life.

—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

ALI BABA AND THE KIDDIES

# Foreword

PROF. JOHN FISKE has said that no biography should be written until fifty years after the man is dead. Prof. Fiske holds this truth in common with Ali Baba, save that Ali Baba says the axiom should apply to autobiography as well. ¶ Conscious that the most interesting book ever produced in America is an autobiography—the autobiography of Franklin—I have often, when working in the dewy meadows or sauntering along dusty, country lanes, where the birds were singing blithely, requested Baba to write his autobiography. But he has usually gently waived the matter or changed the subject. One Sunday morning, however, when my friend and I were going over to the Stump Lot to salt the cows I urged the matter a little more strongly than usual. Ali Baba was nettled a trifle by my persistence, and replied, " Say now, if you want it done, do it yourself, and go 'long with you! "

And so having thus secured the authorization of my subject, I begin my task. I undertake the work with many misgivings as to my literary fitness; but still feel a degree of confidence in that I know the inner life of this peculiar man as well or better than any other living person; and thus equipped I would not shirk the duty that fate has seemingly sent me.

Instead of turning out a mere machine-made " Life," I propose to picture a few of the chief mental and spiritual characteristics of my friend. I hope to do this in a way that will make the man live in the minds of posterity. These few short chapters I shall write may then serve as a basis on which the biographer, fifty years after the passing of his subject, may build. As it is now, passion and prejudice still hold sway—opinions are divided as to the real value of the service Ali Baba has rendered mankind—but as an aid to the proper fixing of the man in his niche I write

these truthful records, praying the indulgence of the Gentle Reader ❧ ❧

You can talk about yer cities with their stiddy growth an' size,
The Pan-Am Exhibition, an' business enterprise;
There 's Buffalo an' some other towns located on the sea,
But the town of East Aurora is good enuf fer me.

There hain't no style in our town, it 's little like an' small,
They hain't no old plugs nuther, jes two-twenty that is all.
It 's the home of Great Belle Hamlin an' Chimes an' Fantasy,
O the hosses of Aurora go fast enuf fer me.

Some says we are stuck up like, I 'm willin' to admit,
'Cause we 've got a telefone exchange—a gal a' keepin' it;
There 's Rosamond an' Katherine—as fine as fine ken be—
O the gals in East Aurora is good enuf fer me.

You kin laff an' turn your nose up, an' joke an' scowl an' frown,
An' holler " hayseed " at us when we come inter town;
If the city suits you better, why, that 's where you 'd orter be,
But the town of East Aurora is good enuf fer me.

You kin harp about yer churches with their steeples in the clouds,
An' gas about yer trolley lines an' blow about yer crowds;
But we are them Philistines that people come to see,
So the town of East Aurora is show enuf fer me.

Let me register a solemn oath, right here afore you now,
An' raise my right han' fearlessly to consummate the vow,
When Gabriel blows his Mighty Horn an' beckons " Come to me "
Plant me deep in East Aurora's soil—that 's where I 'd ruther be!

—ALI BABA

# Ali Baba

WRITERS of biography usually begin their very amusing works with the statement, "The subject of this sketch first saw the light" * * I do not like that expression about "seeing the light;" it has a sort of Sairy Gamp flavor, and besides that Mr. Howells has used it thirty-six times in as many books, so probably has a legal claim on it under the Copyright Law.

Then again the statement is misleading, for very few men ever really see the light, and those who do, come to the consciousness of it gradually.

I might begin by saying "Ali Baba was born," * * * but it is perfectly safe to assume that Baba was born, so it is mere truism to state the fact. And as to when he was born I regret to say I do not know; and neither does he, except as a matter of hearsay and belief. As to where he was born we are equally in the dark. We can not say that seven cities contend for the honor of his birthplace, because the fact is certain that Ali Baba has never visited but one city. He has never been north farther than Buffalo, which is eighteen miles from East Aurora, and south he has journeyed only as far as Yorkshire Center, which is eleven miles. And so somewhere within this strip of territory twenty-nine miles long and eight miles wide was Ali Baba born. I think I know the identical log house where his earth-pilgrimage began. He pointed it out to me once when we were on the way to a Democratic barbecue at Cowlesville; but when we were coming home from the barbecue, he pointed out still another house as the Mecca of future generations, so I hesitate about going on record and being quoted as authority on the subject. Privately, I believe he was born on what is called the Blackman place, two-and-a-half miles east of the village of Marilla, and Marilla is

seven miles north-east of East Aurora. Ali Baba was born of poor but honest parents.

There were thirteen in the family, but the fond father and mother were not superstitious. The servant-girl question had no terrors for Ali Baba's mother—she cooked, scrubbed, spun, sewed, and if she scolded, I surely am not the one to chide her memory for such an innocent 'scape valve for over-taxed nerves.

She was a strong, earnest, excellent woman, who lived out the measure of her days in drudgery that knew no respite. She was religious, deeply religious, as people are apt to be who live in the solitude. Religion comes to the pioneer as a rest and a benediction. " Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Who but the Man of Sorrows ever gave such an invitation? All the week through the lonely toilers of the farm look forward to Sunday, for then they get a glimpse of some of the other folks who make up the world. Then they wear their best clothes and go in stately, dignified procession to commune with a Something, not themselves, that makes for righteousness.

IT was a hard life on the farm, clearing off the timber, piling up the bowlders that cumbered the ground, making stump fences and plowing in the field, where the hot plowshare would every little while catch in a root and send the merry plowboy up astride the handles. Such exercise tends to profanity, and if Ali Baba very early in life acquired a picturesque vocabulary of cuss-words, it only shows how we are all products of our environment. For lack of right management (surely not for lack of industry), the affairs of Baba the Elder never prospered. He was poor all his life-time through, until Death claimed him. " Poor as a bull," Baba the Younger—the only Baba—has oft exclaimed to me, at which time he would rapturously clap his hand over his trousers pocket where reposed a goodly roll of dollar bills and a shot bag of jingling silver.

This extreme, biting poverty of his youth, when in the winter five boys had only one pair of boots between them, forced home on Ali Baba a habit of strict economy that has stood him in good stead

And so the Law of Compensation never rests. The plain food, hard work in the open air, and an absence of all soft luxury bred in Ali Baba a physical development that is yet the envy of many an athlete. When barrels or bales are to be lifted, Baba, in a fond desire to show what a good man can do, orders all hands to stand aside, and he boldly tackles the problem. He can raise six hundred pounds off the floor with his hands, and I have to continually restrain him at cider time from lifting full barrels and drinking out of the bung, for the edification of visitors from the city, who have come to see us, prompted by the Art Impulse, which makes those who feel alike gravitate towards each other.

Concerning that early pioneer life Baba has much to tell. Of fond reminiscences about breaking steers, driving bulls, pulling stumps, felling trees, dances at barn-raisings and merry times at husking-bees, when to find a red ear meant the privilege of kissing the girl nearest you, he never tires.

Running through it all, though, you detect the minor key of tribulation through poverty, deprivation and misunderstanding. The father did not seem to comprehend the nature of his boys, and there were fights with brothers, and coldnesses with sisters, that tended to sour the milk of human kindness. Says Baba, "My old dad would never run in his life, except to catch a boy to lick him, and when the dinner bell rang." Of his mother, though, Ali ever speaks with a tenderness and deep affection, that are shown more in the hush of his voice than by his words. This mother sleeps in the little burying-ground over on the hill beyond the Porterville grist-mill, and once a year Baba takes a day off and goes with scythe and spade and makes the grave all tidy, and brightens it with rue, mignonette and rosemary.

Then at long intervals the old man speaks of a certain 'Liza Ann —a sister who died in her childhood. It was the first and only time death visited the brood, and the memories of it are etched deep into the heart of Baba, although half a century or more has run its course and is gone with the years that lie behind. " 'Liza Ann, you must remember her! " Ali Baba said to me but yesterday, " she was the cutest, silkyest-haired little 'un that ever was —looked kinder like the Roycroft Baby. Talk about a model for a paintin'! Well, well, well! you artists orter have seen 'Liza Ann." Then the old man blew his nose violently on a big red handkerchief and explained that he had got suthin' in his eye!

THE difficulties in the way of writing the Life of Ali Baba are very great. In the average individual there is a process of evolution going on—a constant change which gives the writer an opportunity to amplify and fill space. You begin with his childhood and reveal the innocent simplicity of his mind—a pure white page on which life has not yet made a pencil mark. Your business then is to fill the sheet. You add incident after incident, to show the gradual unfolding of the mind, the awakening of the understanding, the reaching out of ambition. Then follows all that maze of desire and revolt, of love and hate, of success and failure, of thwartings, achievements, heart-burning, snatched laurels, and affection that grows cold or is misplaced. Next comes a gradual decline of the world's interest, and a forced retirement, with Death taking pity, and falling of the curtain on the fifth act. ¶ In this way you can link incident after incident, like a Frankfurter sausage until you have a chain that goes around the world. ¶ Yes, biography is easy, and if you fail in every other form of literature you can fall back and win fame by writing the lives of great men, for lives of great men all remind us.

Think, for instance, of the ease with which one can write a life of Bobby Burns, with twenty-two " Lives " already written

from which to cull, and your subject well dead, so he can not call you to account, and no kinsmen to care a tuppenny bing how much you let your imagination roam!

But to write the life of Ali Baba is quite another matter. There are no written records; the encyclopedias lend no light; Poole's *Index* is silent; and Baba's tales seldom tally. The man is alive, for as I write I hear the merry roundelay of his tuneful whistle and the song of his axe as he is chopping wood in the back-yard. There is no opportunity for imagination to run riot, nor for fancies' flight to soar.

I must write the facts as they exist, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. My subject will read all I write, and discuss it with the neighbors; and every copy of the book that is sold he will wrap and tie with his own hands, take to the post-office, or carry up to the Four o'clock train. Was ever such a biography before penned? I must be strictly truthful, and truth is a grievous handicap to a writer.

But the chief trouble in preparing this work for the public lies in the fact that in the life of Ali Baba there has been no evolution. He sprang into being, Minerva-like, full armed. At twenty he was as wise as he is now. For sixty years he has held fast to the same beliefs, argued the same points, in the same way, and told the same stories—with only slight variations and improvements. Each day he has done the same things at the same time. Like Setebos, he changeth not.

Happy lives make dull biographies. Ali Baba's earth-pilgrimage has been one of modest, unchanging achievement. Doubt and dismay have never been his portion; crouching fear has ne'er assailed him; he has never known the pangs of unrequited love. His life has been placid as a millpond, disturbed only by the ripples that play across the surface, gladdened into being by the summer breeze.

EAST AURORA is now the chief literary center of the effete and dreamy East—one might say of America. Formerly Boston was the hub, but when Hamlin Whidden moved to New York he took the zone with him. Now the artistic and literary sun rises in East Aurora.

You may ask what other publications besides the *Philistine* are issued here, and so I will explain that there is only one other—*The Erie County Clarion*. It is edited by Josh Hoshkins, a son of Old Mr. and Mrs. Hoshkins. The *Clarion* is not all printed here though, one side of it being done into print by the Kellogg Newspaper Union of Chicago, and Josh he sets up the other. The *Clarion* has a circulation six hundred times as great in East Aurora as the *Philistine*. The *Clarion* has six hundred subscribers in the township, while the *Philistine* has six—we did have seven, but one of them canceled last week, canceled explosively when I met her in the Grocery. She did not like a certain reference I made to the Baptist preacher, so she canceled violently, as stated. I think, however, the *Philistine* in future will pay more attention to local issues, to building up the town and all that, so we will have more home subscribers—or less.

Ali Baba is one of the chief promoters of the Roycroft Shop where the *Philistine* is published, and as such his name must live in Letters, for the Roycroft marks an Epoch in the history of Literature. "Ali Baba" is not his Christian name. In fact I am not sure that he has a Christian name, any more than Mr. Zangwill has—it is just a name Mr. Denslow gave him, only Mr. Denslow called him "Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves," because the old man has a penchant for getting into Den's tobacco jar. Baba sleeps in the Shop to bring us good luck, for he is a Mascot.

¶ One night Den went over about ten o'clock to get a brush he had forgotten, and found Ali Baba with his feet upon the best roll-top desk, pulling vigorously on Den's real Meerschaum—the

one presented to him by the East Aurora Woman's Club, after he had given his lecture before them on "Art as I Have Found It." The air was so full of smoke that Den could not see Baba very clearly, but he felt for him and snatching him out of that chair, gave him a couple of kicks in the overalls. For some days after that I noticed there was a coldness between them; and Ali Baba told Uncle Billy Bushnell that he could chew brown paper and spit a better picture than Denslow could paint in a month. It was a week before I got Baba to sign a protocol. A half hour later I saw the Baba rushing the Growler over in the direction of my Cider Barrel for their joint use and benefit (as the lawyers say), so I think the Peace Commission was going into executive session ❧ ❧

I think you will like the *Clarion.* I am doing all I can for Josh—for we should all be neighborly. If you wish to subscribe, Josh will allow you what is right for cordwood; and as you will see from his announcement, he allows 15c per lb. for Plymouth Cockerels, in way of trade for subscriptions or printing.

Perhaps you would like to know something about our Woman's Club; if so, I 'll tell you about it in the *Philistine.* Mrs. Grubbins is President, and when she has on her Other black dress and talks of the rise and fall of the Irish Empire, we are all very proud of her ❧ ❧

Further facts about the literary and artistic side of East Aurora will be cheerfully given from time to time in the *Philistine* Magazine—(one dollar a year in advance: postage stamps acceptable).

WE had been building a small addition to the Roycroft Shop, and Ali Baba mixed the mortar for Uncle Billy Bushnell, who laid the stone. They were working directly under the window where my desk stands, and one afternoon when the sash was run up for a little fresh air I heard my good neighbors in a warm argument.

" B'gosh, he 's surely off his cabase! " I heard Uncle Billy declare.
" The which? " asked Ali Baba.
" He 's off," replied Uncle Billy.
" Oh, go 'long with you," poohed Ali Baba.
" Well, Zac thinks he 's nutty and Jed is sure of it! "
" I don't care what Zac thinks or what Jed says, he hain't no more daft than I be," explained Ali Baba.
" Well, Jed read the one called the Asiatic Number out loud in Burzette's Grocery, and I 'll be goll darned if any buddy in the hull store could see any sense to it."
" Oh, you mean the European Number of the Phillippine Magazine. The Old Man writ that over in Ireland or somew'ere, an' me an' you can't be expected to know about them countries."
" But Bill Edwards is English an' he could n't see any sense in it either," persisted Uncle Billy.
And then I heard the grim fact stated that there were only six subscribers to the *Philistine* in East Aurora; and when it was told that both the Baptist preacher and Father Welch had cautioned their flocks on my account, I softly closed the sash and finished the essay I was writing on " The Value of Contemporary Criticism in the Evolution of Esthetics."

AT the Roycroft Shop there is surely no more faithful artist than Ali Baba. The Baba is grizzled and gray, has a stubby whisker and nice brick-dust complexion. People who have lived in the village for forty years tell me that Baba has not changed in appearance in all that time, so he must be near one hundred years old. However, he is healthy and active: he is the first one on hand in the morning and the last to leave at night. He takes care of the horse, milks the cows, carries in the big packages, cleans bicycles, and when it rains, skirmishes around and finds umbrellas and overshoes for all the girls. The Baba makes himself useful; but I am sorry to say his vocabulary is not always the

language of Chesterfield. One morning last summer Ali Baba was polishing up the handle of the big front door, when a nice looking elderly lady came strolling down the street. She was evidently a stranger in the town, a Summer Boarder, and when she arrived opposite the edifice where the Baba was working, she stopped and adjusted her spectacles. Then she came over and asked: "My good man, will you please tell me what denomination this church is?"

The busy polisher was nettled at such crass ignorance. He whirled about and exclaimed: "Holy smoke, Missus! this hain't no church! This place does more good than all the damn churches in town—this is the Roycroft Shop!"

REAT men are not so great as we think them, and dull people are not quite so dense as they seem. It is really a question in my mind whether the Great Man ever existed. Seen at an angle across the distance, so the light strikes on a certain facet of his being, we say the man is brilliant. In his own household he is probably considered something else

He is great to us only because we do not know him. He does a few things well, but special talent in any direction is purchased with a price. If you have much skill in certain lines, you are lacking in other directions. Like a chain, a man's real strength is in his weakest part.

Running over the list of so-called Great Men who have been directly connected with the Roycroft Shop, and the Apostles who do missionary work in behalf of Philistia, I can not recall one who in point of all-'round development compares with Ali Baba. Should I be cast on a desert island and have the choosing of a single companion, I would ask for faithful old Ali, with his merry quips and quirks, his gladsome gibes and jeers.

The Baba believes in Emerson's maxim of plain living and high thinking. He is capable, cheerful, in love with life, is quite satisfied with this old world as it is, and is ever willing to take what comes and makes the best of it. Baba believes in himself and never fishes for compliments by self-depreciation. In fact I do not think the vice of self-depreciation is quite so common as it once was. I remember when at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting in East Aurora the chief citizens of our village confessed they were merely worms of the dust and would be complimented if God so much as deigned to damn them. Once Ali acquiesced in a certain man's worthlessness, and he now has that man on his list of enemies. Baba knows that asserted humility is only egotism turned wrong side out; but if you do not agree with him on

this point, just put the matter to the test by a hearty assent to the self-depreciation of the next man who runs himself down in your company and advise by wire if I am not correct.

Ali Baba can tell a good lie, and always enjoys one—as all healthy men do—the morbid passion for truth being a habit he has never acquired. The Baba is healthy.

"THE sick man is a rascal," said Dr. Samuel Johnson. I will not swing to t'other side and say the Baba is a saint, but he approaches sainthood in that he is not aware he has a digestive apparatus. Three times a day he eats; and our Hired Girl once said of him, " That man he do eat prodigious." He eats without fussy, fastidious selection. He eats with his knife, or his fingers, he eats what is on the table, with a good wholesome contempt for all Ruth Ashmore rules of etiquette.

The last time he was in Buffalo, about five years ago, when we sold the trotting mare, " Comely Jane," and he took her to the city, the Baba went to the Continental Hotel for dinner. The waiter-girl brought him in a plate of soup. He liked it and ordered another. Then another and another—until he had encored five times. Between heats, while the girl was going after more soup, the Baba had eaten up all the bread, crackers, celery and olives on the table, and had emptied the pickle dishes.

The Gentle Reader anticipates that by this time the Baba was too full for utterance, but that is a mistake. After the fifth plate of soup, the girl brought on an elegant Square Meal. Baba saw that a measly joke had been played on him by holding back the Square Meal and pretending that there was nothing more coming, and he told the girl so, straight to her sassy, simpering face. Then he just loosened the slack in the waist-band of his trousers, and proceeded to lick every plate clean.

Baba will tell this story on small provocation, of how he got even with the landlord's daughter, who thinking he was from the

Rural District, tried to play a trick on him. People who know their man and want the story, simply say something about the rapacity of landlords; and Baba coughs, clears his throat and tells the story, with variations and minor improvements.

Yes, as I have remarked, Baba is healthy—needlessly, flauntingly, healthy. He often boasts that he never ate a meal yet but that if he wanted to he could sit right down and eat another. And once in response to a challenge from Col. Robert Mitchell Floyd, I saw him do it.

Old Cy Rogers tells me that about thirty years ago at a Husking Bee he saw Ali Baba eat four pumpkin pies in four minutes by the sand-glass. In fact the ease with which Baba can yet demolish a pie has often supplied food for wonderment to the pilgrims who come thitherward.

The last time Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman was here, Ali Baba ate a full size mince pie for Mr. Stedman's benefit (and his own) in two mouthfuls. The Baba simply placed the pie on the flat of his hand, closed his eyes, opened his mouth and by a peculiar gyration of the neck, and a throwing backward of his head, half of the pie disappeared. One more bite, a muffled groan and grunt, a rolling of the head and the pie was gone.

A smile of triumph played across the rubicund face of Ali Baba, and mystery and wonderment sat upon the poetic features of Mr. Stedman.

A Boston lady who was present timidly asked, " Who is this gentleman, may I ask, who has—has just refreshed himself with a pie? " ❧ ❧

" He is not an Oriental, as one might suppose from his name," explained Mr. Stedman. "And although you find him in an Art environment he is not an Artist. Further, he is in a Literary Atmosphere yet he can not be called a Writer—he is, I should say, a Dreamer."

OPINIONS are much divided in East Aurora whether Ali Baba is a genius or a fool. It has always been so. Socrates did not stand very well, according to all reports, in Athens. But Baba excels Socrates in that he does something beside dream and talk philosophy. Baba, like Socrates, can converse with you on any subject, and has an opinion ready on any theme you care to mention. Usually he takes the contrary side, and is " agin it," no matter what you bring up. Whether the topic be the Nebular Hypothesis, the Presbyterian Missionary Society, the wisdom of vaccination, or the Elzevir books compared with the products of Strawberry Hill, it is all the same—he will tell you frankly and boldly where you are wrong. This habit of " argufying " is one that he acquired full half a century ago. I think it was forced upon him by determined efforts on the part of his parents and elders in early life to " convert him." In youth, instead of going forward to the Mourners' bench he would ask the preacher: " If God is all-powerful, why does n't he kill the Devil? " And one other question he propounded was: " If Cain, the son of Adam and Eve, the first man and woman, went into a far country and took unto himself a wife, did he marry his sister? "

These two questions Ali Baba has asked all down the fast fleeing years and is asking yet. At the Grocery, when the revival spirit is on, kind old ladies and zealous new converts waylay the Baba while he is waiting for kerosene or cheese, and urge him " to come over to the Lord's side." Baba bides his time and agrees to come provided they will answer two questions.

They agree.

Then he skilfully flashes his interrogations about capital punishment for the Devil, holding his other question, like a thirteen-inch gun, in reserve.

An hour may pass before the contestants reach the second question ❧ ❧

Occasionally the theological fencers explain just why God does

not kill the Devil, but Baba always has them on the matter of Cain's wife ❧ ❧

" If the Bible is wrong, and you admit it, then you are all wrong and I want nothin' to do with you," says Baba.

If, however, the other horn of the dilemma is taken and it is admitted that Cain married his sister, then Ali Baba takes a high moral ground, assumes an air of frigid disdain, and refuses all fellowship with those who defend such a highly reprehensible practice as marriage with anything closer than second cousins. ¶ And so the Baba comes off victorious, flushed with pride, and ready to relate the tale of his prowess to the first person he meets. And he usually meets some one; and then Baba sits down in his wheelbarrow and discourses concerning the discomfiture of his enemy ❧ ❧

A WORD about the wheelbarrow may be in order. When going to the Grocery or Post-office, if Baba does not hitch up the pony to the wagon, he pushes the wheelbarrow. There may be something to bring back, you know. Then the wheelbarrow is the symbol of industry and civilization. Baba hates a shiftless man. He believes in doing something: he is always busy. The wheelbarrow takes the curse off—and if he wishes to rest, and the Baba, being human, has to rest occasionally, the wheelbarrow is handy.

The matter is too personally poignant to discuss directly, so in all the twenty-seven years of our intimate acquaintanceship I have never brought the matter squarely up. Still, when you are in perfect rapport with your friend there really is no need of discussing everything—you know his mind.

And so on this wheelbarrow question I must admit that Ali Baba is self-deceived, and a hypocrite if you will have it so. It is the one weak point in his character, and my affection for the man is so great that I never have gone into the psychology of the wheelbarrow in any of our very many logical lucubrations.

If Ali Baba wants very much to go down to Hamlin's barn in the middle of the forenoon and " see a feller," he throws a shovel or gunny sack into the trusty wheelbarrow and starts down the middle of the street. To deliberately leave his work, to shirk duty, and go to Hamlin's barn merely to tell some horse-driver a story that has come into his head—no sir! Baba would never do it. But through a self-imposed hypnotism he is led into the belief that he has to go down that way after some sand for the baby to play in, or for some particularly well rotted compost that he has located, for the plants, and of course as he has to go by Hamlin's barn, there 's no harm in stopping in a minute.

As the Baba goes trundling his wheelbarrow down the road, he bestows civilities on all he meets—men, women and children.

Usually he goes scarcely a block before he sees some wee toddler that wants to ride, and so he tenderly lifts the little one into the wheelbarrow and goes on his way, scattering jokes and lively repartee on all sides. I have many a time seen him take a baby out of a fond mother's arms to give it a ride in the wheelbarrow; and other village women seeing him go by, often explain, " Oh, how lucky! here comes Ali Baba—he 'll give us a lift! "

And so the Baba is called over and delivers a bag of meal, a trunk, a rocking chair, or anything up to a piano, to some particular place, and is rewarded with smiles, kind words, a piece of pie (his weakness for pie being an open secret), or a quarter of a dollar, as the case may be. On these little hatched-up wheelbarrow excursions Ali Baba is often called upon to beat a carpet, put up a stove or give a lift on getting a trunk upstairs. He is ever obliging, and the task is always lightened by many little pleasantries, thus:

" Hello! Baba, give us a lift on the cook-stove, please! "

" I can't," says Baba wearily, as he stops and sits down in the wheelbarrow—" I 'm not feelin' well, myself! "

" What 's the matter—no appetite? "

" That 's it, my appesy is all upset—still I s'pose I got to help you tho'—how 's the old woman? "

" Oh, she 's all right."

" Jerush with you yet? "

" Yes."

" Well, Jerush is the kind for me! "

All the time Jerusha is watching out of an upstairs window, and now calls down threats in a shrill voice at old Ali Baba. Baba affects surprise, and says something about not being as young as he was once, or all the beauty in this town would n't be going to seed, etc.

After the task of lifting the stove is done Ali Baba usually emerges from the door suddenly, chased by Jerusha with a soapy dish-

cloth or a broom, amid loud laughter from others of the household. What the particular offense is that he has committed can only be guessed—let us hope it is nothing worse than purloining a piece of pie, or grabbing into a pan of Jerusha's cookies.

" Well, so long, Jerushy," calls Baba as he starts off with the wheelbarrow, " I 'd really like to stay, but can't do it you know—I 'm a married man! " This last in a voice that can be heard by all the neighbors. All laugh loudly and Baba joins in the chorus. ¶ And so he continues his triumphant march down the street to Hamlin's stock-farm.

A carping quibbler might say that if we hire this man by the day, and he leaves his duties to go off and gossip, he is inflicting on his employer a wrong. Such an argument has no basis in truth. The fact is, Ali Baba never leaves urgent work to go off and visit. He is always around at half-past five in the morning, winter or summer, and he works until nine at night. He knows neither Sunday nor legal holiday, and if a horse or cow is sick, he 'll stay all night. And often, when thunderstorms come up in the night, he will come over to Roycroft House and go through every room, shutting down windows. He may go around and tuck the children in, see that the visitors are comfortable, or turn down the lights a little, and always there is this earnest, loyal desire to help lubricate the wheels of existence.

Such cheerful service surely deserves an hour's holiday now and then, and if Ali Baba trundles his wheelbarrow over to the Grocery when he has nothing to go for, I 'm not the one to say him nay

Ali Baba being a Corner Grocery Infidel, may not go to Heaven, but if he does I hope that Gabriel, instead of giving him a crown and harp, will supply him a nice old hat and a wheelbarrow; and I am sure that his presence there will make the environment more endurable, and help to dissipate the monotony which probably pervades the place.

YESTERDAY I came across a valuable Fact—and this how it all happened.

For some time I have thought that the Roycroft Shop would not be just right until it had a huge fire-place, made from bowlders—many-hued, grim and ancient, each with a message from the eons that were, even when man was not: bowlders that had been ground and polished by Fate, with the glacier's help, just as experience grinds us.

And to the end that the fire-place might be built, as I tramped through the fields, I located good and suitable specimens. I tried each with a geologist's hammer: and my companion, Simon, a St. Bernard, barked and wagged his tail in expectancy, whenever I would stop to examine a bowlder, for Simon was sure we were on the track of game, when all I wanted was to see the quality and character of the nigger-head. Having selected my specimen, I would go and ask the Honest Farmer, who owned the land, if I could have it, and the answer was always a smile and willing assent. And once out of the tail of my eye, I saw the Farmer turn to his wife and motion at me, over his shoulder with his thumb, and then he tapped his forehead with his fore-finger, ominously. But never mind, I was given to understand that the bowlders were mine for the hauling, for the dash-blame things were only in the way, no-how! So I would tell Ali Baba where the geological specimens were, and he would hitch Juliet, the spotted pony, to the wagon, and go with pick and shovel and crow-bar, and proudly the spoils would be brought home.

And thus it was that yesterday I walked across the farm of Deacon Hoshkins, which as all folks know is on the road that leads from Frog Pond to Wales Center, four miles northwest from East Aurora. The Deacon's farm is made up more of stone than soil, so when I discussed hard-heads, the owner said; " Take 'em Neighbor, take 'em and welcome; and if you take all there

are, you can come back next year and get as many more." Now Deacon Hoshkins is no joker, and so I asked him to explain his remark, and he told me this:

" No one knows just how bowlders come. You plough a field and pick up all the stones, and when you plough the next year, you can pick up more stones than you did the year before. Something very mysterious about it! "

Then bowlders increase in size—slowly, of course, but all stones that are partially on the surface, so the sun and rain strikes 'em, grow

In the year 1853 Deacon Hoshkins carried a small stone in his overcoat pocket and tossed it into his front yard.

" Four men can't lift that rock now—come and see! " said the Deacon

I went with him and looked the rock over. He was right: four men could not lift it.

" But if stones grow," I asked, " how is it possible that when we use them in building a wall the wall does not swell and crack? "

¶ " There, Neighbor, is where you show your ignorance," replied the Deacon, chewing a straw in a meditative way. " When you take a stun out of its native place and chuck it in solid with a lot o' stuns it never saw afore, why, it just loses heart and dies. It stays there, of course, but it 's dead, dead as hay, dead as a tooth when the Doc has killed the nerve. All field stuns want liberty; they want to choose their mates—tain't natural, see? to chuck a good decent stun all over with mortar and put it where it never gits the sun or rain or dew! It dies, of course,—I guess you would too."

I did not dissent from the good old Deacon's philosophy—I never have since he called me to order at the Farmers' Institute when I expressed a doubt as to the world having been made in six days of twenty-four hours each. No, I only said mildly: " Goodness me! do tell! who would ha' thought it! " The Deacon

told me I could have the bowlder that had grown from a pebble in '53 to a bowlder in '99. I thanked him heartily.

So this morning Ali Baba hitched up the pony, and got Uncle Billy Bushnell, and they have gone with pries and crowbars after the nigger-head that rests half-covered with soil, in Deacon Hoshkins' front yard. But before going Ali Baba assured me that it was a fact that all field stones increased in size if not too much molested, and if I doubted it I could ask By Gibson.

I THINK my dear colleague, the subject of this sketch fills the requirement of Channing's Symphony of Life as well as any person in Erie County ❧ ❧

" To live content with small means." Who but Baba, among all the men I know, is content? His income is comparatively small but it is ample for his every want. " That is an extraordinary man," says Herbert Spencer, " Who not only can care for himself and immediate family, but who can minister to the needs of others. " A man must first provide for himself, and then out of the surplus of his substance and energy let him do for his neighbors. The reason so much effort in way of philanthropy falls flat, I am sure, is because the effort comes from some weak little spiritual runt, who really can not properly care for himself, nor cultivate his own intellectual estate.

During the five lustrums my friend and I have been exploiting the public, his share of the spoils has been just one dollar a day; with five dollars as an honorarium at Christmas time, and the same amount on his birthday, of which there are three each year. ¶ It must be admitted that there are occasional dimes and quarters coming to the exchequer from visitors, or generous neighbors with pianos to move, but these do not count.

They do not count, because all receipts known as " scale " are religiously passed on to others less fortunate. For instance, if Baba sees a poor man going up the street with a wheelbarrow he may call him over to hold a twitch on the colt's nose while he trims the two-year old's hoofs. The two-year-old's hoofs do not need trimming, but the poor man needs a quarter, and Baba being a diplomat, arranges all—doing good by stealth—saving the poor man the humiliation of being patronized.

When the colt's hoofs are trimmed, the worthy man who has received the quarter for services rendered may get a little good advice rubbed into him, about thus:

"Say, you, w'y t' 'ell don't you save your money instead of blowing it in at the tavern for beer? Hain't you got no sense? W'y, Sanford Hubbard knew more nor you when he was three years old, or I 'd give him a taste of the apple sprout. Here 's a cake of Sweet Home Soap for the old woman. How's Jennie gittin' along at the Normal—I hear she is studyin' short-hand at Bryant and Stratton's. Fetch 'er round during vacation and I 'll have the Red One give her a job 'luminatin' Roycroft books on Vellum. Have you saw the bust that Gerome is makin' of the Ole Man? Jeminy Krismus! but it is Choice—Gerome 's a artist, he is, or would be if he did n't have the big head. Michael Monahan calls him the Fierbolg. And then we got a 'nither Clan-na-Gael Artist in the Scriptorium now by the name of Mazzyanovich, and he 's a bird—come over and I 'll introduce you! So-long, Hi—come over any time!"

"So long, Baba—much obleeged," calls Hi as he marches off on a right oblique

Yes, Baba's income is only a dollar a day; and before he cast his lot with the tribe of Little Journeys he only got twenty dollars a month. That was when he was understudy to a horse-breaker at Hamlin Farm.

The work there, though, was not congenial. The curse of the world is joyless labor. I am told that Baba's spirit never really took to itself wings until he got into the art-atmosphere, having engaged for one simoleon a day, and cakes, with those whose lives are dedicated to Truth and Beauty. Once having tasted the honey of Hymettus, however, he can never return to the old life of twenty a month

IN the realm of finance, as elsewhere, all things are comparative. An income of three hundred and fifty a year to my friend, Mr. Cudahy of Chicago, or Mr. Henry Clews of New York, or Col. Bliss Carman of New Brunswick, would be rather moder-

ate. Each of the gentlemen named has a yearly income of more than double that which Baba has, yet I have heard each and all complain of being hard-up. But no fluctuation of the money-market ever disturbs Ali Baba—he never flies light, but ever feels as rich as did Old Hutch in the fall of Eighty-nine.

Baba usually carries with him a large greenish wad of one and two dollar bills, tucked into a shot bag in which gleefully roll and rattle a big double handful of dimes, quarters and halves. This money is not for vain display—Ali believes that capital should be active. Farmers who lack five dollars of enough to pay their taxes can be accommodated, provided their record is right. Stonemasons with interest to pay and good men and true temporarily out of a job never come to Ali Baba in vain. Ali has his list of customers whom he has " fixed out " at regular intervals for years. He charges no interest, only if you wish to give him a trifle to cover expenses, all right—it is a pure matter of friendship. Baba holds strongly against all comers that Emerson's *Essay on Friendship* is the greatest thing ever written—and the fact that he never read it, really has nothing to do with the case.

¶ Baba loans money to his friends. If he lets you have a dollar until Saturday night, when John Bradburn pays the farm-hands at Willink, why you give him ten cents; if five dollars, toss out a quarter; if you borrow ten dollars for a month, it costs you a dollar. And curiously enough, Baba will not take any note or acknowledgment of the loan. " Go 'way," he says, " don't be a blankety-blank-blank! I know you, and you know me—you 've got the money and the feller who borrows a dollar can't forget it when he meets the feller who let him have it, even if he tries. Go 'long with you now, and when the pay car comes through, come around and pay it back. It 's just a matter of friendship, anyway. Ever read Emerson on Friendship? Ah! I thought not—it 'ud do you good to brighten up yer wits a little with a good book—w'y t' 'ell don't you subscribe for the Phillipine Magazine? "

¶ Out of the hundreds of loans, from twenty-five cents to ten dollars, made by Ali Baba, say during the last ten years, he has not been victimized once. He has a memory like a true disciple of Loissette, and makes no record of the time of loan or payment. ¶ In matters of finance, I think he is the most trustworthy and accurate man I ever knew, whereas in matters of snake stories, his imagination is tropical. He has carte blanche orders to purchase anything for the Roycroft Shop, the house, or the farm, that he thinks is needed. He buys and pays cash, and although he can easily remember what he bought and the price paid, yet as the interests of others are involved, he painstakingly sets it down on a pine board that he keeps behind the harness case in the barn. Once a month he presents me this slab for audit; I O. K. the account and pass it along to the Missus, who acts as Bursar. She pays the Baba (dollar bills preferred) and he then simply shoves a jack-plane across the board a couple of times and the page is clean for a new deal. One piece of board has lasted six years; we started in with a bit of two-inch plank and it is now planed down nearly as thin as a Michigan shingle.

IT must not be supposed that the mere amount of money a man possesses gives him any claim on the loving remembrance of his fellows. But in the interest of truth I might here relate a little anecdote that seems to illumine the subject in hand. A young woman, from Memphis, who had been engaged in College Settlement work, was with us for a few weeks, and grew quite interested in Baba as she saw him working around the place. Being philanthropic she concluded it would be nice to start a bank account for the old man, and thus encourage him in habits of economy. Ali was consulted and made no objection, only stating that he already had a bank book, issued by the Erie County Savings Bank of Buffalo. The young woman was a bit surprised, but concluding that some other charitable person had

anticipated her, congratulated Baba on the fact, and said if he would let her take the bank book she and others would add something to it. The book was given to her the next day. She looked at it and when she discovered that there was a credit balance of just $2,385.50, she nearly threw a Double Arab backward over the book-binder's glue pot.

The mistake made by the charitably disposed young woman was that she took Ali Baba's beautiful brick-dust complexion as a consequence of intoxicants used to excess; and his impossible hat, the reinforced trousers and picturesque coat for tokens of poverty. The complexion of the Baba is merely the result of a plentiful supply of ozone, and betokens iron in the blood—a vigorous red corpuscle. The impossible hat and the rags reveal nothing more than the eccentricity of genius.

I WAS out in the orchard, back of the cow barn, recording truth as it seemed to me, with a lead pencil, on a pad. No one knew where I was but the Red One, and he, being wise, knew better than to call me, unless the matter was very urgent ❧ ❧

And the matter being very urgent the Red One came to me, there in the orchard, bearing in his hand a small, neat visiting card, on which was simply the legend " Mr. Richard Stoddard."

" He will see you! " said the Red One apologetically. " He will see you—I told him you were very busy, that you were in Europe, that you were sick abed, and that I could fix him out, but he would not explain his business—simply *must* see you! "

¶ Now, lots of people want to see me—I am so eccentric, you know. Then besides, perhaps I knew this gentleman, although I could not at the moment readily recall the name.

So I laid down the pad and pencil and went over to the Shop to see the distinguished and reticent gentleman, who owned the neat copper-engraved card.

He greeted me effusively, and talked me into smirking imbecility, because I could not for the life of me remember when I had seen him before. " You are such a great book-lover," said the Stranger Gentleman for the fourth time, " and I came out from Buffalo on purpose to see you—you are such a great book-lover! "

I gasped, and managed to say, " Yes, I 'm a great book-lover (damnation!) and you are a great book-lover—I 'm delighted, I assure you "—

Just then Minnie Gardner went by. Now Minnie is one of my brightest and best Roycrofters, and among her other duties shows visitors over the Shop. " Oh, Minnie—Miss Gardner—here, please! This is Mr.—oh yes, Mr. Stoddard—Mr. Stoddard, let me introduce you to Miss Gardner. Now Minnie, show Mr. Stoddard around, please. He came out here on purpose to see us.

He is a great book-lover—show him Mr. Kinder's bindings and those last illuminations, please. And say, yes, don't forget to present him to Sammy—I know he 'll like Sammy, for Sammy is a great book-lover, too, as well as an artist "—and I slapped the gentleman on the back in a friendly way, determined not to be outdone in affectionate effusiveness. He tried to say something, but thinking my cordiality had embarrassed him a little, I slapped him on the back again and assured him he must make himself at home. And my tall, fine girl, Minnie, led him away.

Then I escaped hastily by a secret stairway, and went back to my work in the orchard.

That night Ali Baba said to me nonchalantly:

" I bounced him! "

" What? " said I.

" I gave him the G. B."

" What do you mean? " I demanded.

" I trun him down," explained Baba.

" Who? " I asked.

" Why, that fellow that wanted to see you so bad this afternoon."

" Goodness me! you have no right to insult visitors," I exclaimed.

¶ " Well," said Baba doggedly, " I give him the run. I was washing windows, and just after you left I heard him ask Minnie ' Who is that long-haired man in the flannel shirt, anyway?' And then he asked what it was we made here. Next thing he flashed a perspective of the *War in Cuba* to come in four hundred parts, at thirty-five cents a part. He was just a plain damn book-agent—never heard o' you, never heard tell o' the Shop—been in town two days, canvassing every house. An' when I saw him git Minnie in a corner and ask her to subscribe, I jes took him by the collar, led him to the door, and pushed him down the steps—see? Minnie is a nice girl, and I 'm not goin' to stand around and see her imposed on by any razzle-dazzle peddler of bad literatoor—am I—see? "

" Baba," said I, " You are getting worse and worse—not only do you use your own vocabulary of slang, but you are acquiring that of the tramp printer we hired last week. Here is a dollar Major Pond left for you when he was here yesterday. You are to have this on consideration that you will shut off a little of your argot and not use a single swear word for a month—you understand me now? not a swear word for a month."

PERSONALITY reveals itself especially in headwear. Fashion decrees that all men who do not have their hair cut to a certain length, and in a certain way, shall be anathema and without the pale. Now, the man of spirit rebels against this universal attempt of society to make all men look and act alike. Wild animals are alike, and with them there is no progression. You can not tell one wild pigeon from another, and in jack-rabbits all personality is completely ironed out. This is what society is constantly trying to do for her members—make them revert to a type.

But the strong man knows that progress is only obtainable by the exercise of individuality. He thinks as he pleases, writes as he feels, expresses himself in his own way, and confronts ossified social smugness by letting his hair grow long, when society's edict has ordered it short. Further than this, he glorifies his dome of thought by covering it with a peculiar hat. To wear a hat just like everybody else is to outwardly acknowledge that your head thinks the same thoughts that all other heads think. If you have reason to believe you have a peculiar head, you adorn it in a peculiar way.

To wear a hat that is long out of fashion, or one devised by your own genius, is to throw down the gauntlet to the bourgeoisie, and say: "Behold! As I now cover my thinkery with a hat different from the one you prescribe, so do I think thoughts that are to you impossible."

It is with the hat that we bestow homage, placate our enemies, or affront our foes. To attractive young women, pretty widows, or parties rated in R. G. Dun and Co., Z, or above, we raise our hat with a flourish and completely uncover the thinkery; to unattractive maidens, or married women who are known to be needlessly happy in their domestic relations, we just barely lift the hat; to vinegar-faced virgins who abjure the fluffiness of the fluffy shirt

waist and to all those on moderate salaries, we merely jerk the hand toward the hat brim, and let it go at that. Then, of course, there is a whole round of people at whom we merely stare, leaving the hat to sit firmly on our head. So, from Beau Brummel, who lifted his hat with great flourish to titled and illustrious nobodies, to William Penn who was born with his hat on and never uncovered, even to King George, we run the whole gamut of symbolism of heart-attitude with the hat.

Personality first reveals itself in the hat. Woman lures with her hat—a bonnet beckons. The hat is a purely secondary sex manifestation. What the rooster's comb and wattles are to the cock o' the walk, the hat is to man. With the hat we signal, apologize, or defy. Strong men do not allow Mrs. Grundy to dictate when they shall have their hair cut, nor to select their hats.

IN the matter of hats Ali Baba of East Aurora is a connoisseur. He has every sort and condition of hat except the fashionable hat. If Fate sends him a hat that smacks of fashion, he quickly gives it to some needy person, for Baba is philanthropic, and always gives without grudge the things he does not want. But of eccentric, peculiar and idiosyncratic hats Ali Baba possesses many, and they are very dear to his heart. In fact, to be exact, Ali Baba is the owner of two hundred and forty-seven hats. As other men collect book-plates, postage stamps, violins, brocades, or books, so does Ali Baba collect hats. It is his one weakness. And through this collecting is he linked in a bond of brotherhood to all other collectors, the round world over.

Many collectors spend fortunes securing their own particular, faddish, spiritual tipple. There was my dear friend, Irving Browne, for instance, who practised law only that he might secure old prints, and who at last died poor because of his mania for collecting. Then there is Col. Krauth, of Pittsburgh, who expends ten thousand dollars a year for cancelled postage stamps,

and lives in a garret on one meal a day in order to gratify his craze. And so I might name many others who are sane on all subjects, save this one of collecting.

But Ali Baba is sane on all subjects, and yet he is a Collector. He has not paid out a single shilling for a hat in fifty-three years. This fact supplies us stern and undeniable proof of his sanity.

¶ Not long ago a man was arrested in New York for sitting in the window of his room and expectorating down on the sidewalk, to the great danger, and certainly to the annoyance of the passers-by.

The fact was clearly proven in court and the neighbors sought to have the man declared insane and sent away on account of his so-called vicious habit.

His attorney, however, in the summing up, observed to the Learned Judge: " Your Honor, they say my client is insane, and they try to prove it by showing that he sits in the window of his room and expectorates down on Broadway; but this fact I hold is the highest proof of sanity. On the other hand, your Honor, should my client go down on Broadway and spit up into his window, there might be grounds for doubting his mental balance." * * * The man, I believe, was discharged.

So, surely, we can not accuse Ali Baba of lack of mental balance in collecting hats, for the proof of his sanity lies in the fact that he pays out no money for hats. And the fact can not be truthfully stated of another single man on the whole line of the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad, from Buffalo to Emporium.

¶ The way he secures his hats and adds to his growing collection, may be worth relating for the Edification of the Young.

In every household there is going on a constant accumulation of the Unnecessary. Certain of these items are broken crockery, glassware, hoopskirts, old corsets, shoes, bustles, bottles, tin cans, paint kegs and hats. To get rid of these things in one swell swoop is quite a problem. They can not be burned, to bury them

costs much labor, and so they are usually carted off to some swamp or precipice and dumped.

In East Aurora are several fashionable families, who, of course, secrete quantities of the Unnecessary Items named; and these people are the clients of Ali Baba. Twice a year he gathers up their old plunder and transports it in his trusty wheelbarrow to a certain out-worn sand-pit, and dumps it—first carefully eliminating all hats.

This process has been going on for many years, so it can easily be seen how Baba's collection grows. Very few people ever wear out a hat. The fashion changes—Knox looks after that—and society demands that her votary invest in headgear, and he does.

Thus does Baba thrive. Every day in the year when he goes forth to his labors he dons a new hat. His collection includes everything in hats from dinky derbys of the vintage of 1843, with insignificant, little, apologetic brims, to proud and lusty bell-top tiles with fur on them two inches deep. Every conceivable sample of head-covering is shown. Baba could easily supply a St. Patrick Day parade, or fit out a Congress of Social Reformers.

Of all the poems which Ali Baba loves best he lingers longest over these lines written by his friend, Mr. Stephen Crane, entitled:

SOME THINGS

The impact of a dollar upon the heart
Smiles warm and light,
Sweeping from the hearth rosily upon the white table,
With the hanging cool velvet shadows,
Moving softly upon the door.
The impact of a million dollars
Is a crash of flunkeys
And yawning emblems of Persia
Cheek against oak, France and a sabre.

The outcry of old beauty
Simpered at by pimpled merchants
To submission before wine and chatter,
Silly rich peasants stamp the carpets of men,
Dead men who dreamed fragrance and light
Into their woof, their lives.
The pelt of an honest bear
Under the feet of a cryptic slave
Who speaks always of baubles
Forgetting place, multitude, work and state;
Champing and mouthing of hats,
Making ratful squeak of hats,
Hats.

NOT long ago Pro. Edwin Markham spent a day with us. The title of Professor is too cheap for so excellent a man, and so, with your permission I 'll call him Mister, which means Master. Mr. Markham is the man who wrote " The Man with the Hoe." When Mr. Markham arrived at the Shop, Saint Gerome, Sammy the Artist, Ali Baba and I were just starting for the potato field, each armed with a hoe. Mr. Markham laughed heartily at our appearance and thought it was a planned reception; but it was not—it was all purely accidental. ¶ I sent one of the boys to the barn to find another hoe. Mr. Markham did not shy, and when he was provided we started away

We reached the field and hoed.

Mr. Markham is no stranger to the hoe. He is hearty, bronzed, and his white hair and beard quite belie his strong physique and boyish spirit. As we hoed we discussed the " hoe-man." Baba declared he knew more clearly than Mr. Markham does, himself, just what the author had in view when he wrote " The Man with the Hoe."

So Baba explained to Mr. Markham what he meant. Mr. Markham was grateful.

The trouble with the hoe-man, said Ali Baba, is too much hoe—it is hoe-congestion.

The hoe is all right, and all men should hoe. If all men hoed a little, no man would have to hoe all the time.

To hoe all the time slants the brow.

To never hoe tends to hydrocephalus and nervous prostration. ¶ Many men never hoe, because, they say, " I don't have to." It is a fool's answer.

Then very many men are not allowed to hoe—the land is needed for game preserves. And in a country called Italy, where the true type of the hoe-man is found most abundantly, there is an army

of two hundred and fifty thousand fighting men who have to be fed with the things the hoe-man digs out of the ground.

Wherever there are many soldiers there are also many hoe-men. Some one must hoe. All food and all wealth are hoed out of the ground ❧ ❧

If you never hoe, and yet eat, you are slanting the forehead of the hoe-man and adding to that stolid look of God-forsaken hopelessness ❧ ❧

If you help the hoe-man hoe, he will then have time to think, and gradually the shape of his head will change, his eye will brighten, the coarse mouth will become expressive, and at times he will take his dumb gaze from the earth and look up at the stars.

¶ Let us all hoe—a little, says Ali Baba.

I have not quoted my friend with slavish exactness, but substantially ❧ ❧

A MODEST and pleasing brochure has been issued by one Mr. George H. Heafford, a Station agent on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, wherein the argument is put forth that Lieutenant Rowan, who carried the Message to Garcia, showed a deplorable lack of imagination. The booklet is certainly well-written and reveals a clearness, force and elegance, in a literary way, that will delight the heart of Prof. Barrett Wendell.

Others, also, have expressed similar views as to Rowan's unfitness for his task, but not so well. In fact, Mr. Heafford has a strong backer in Ali Baba, who holds that when an order is given to a man, the man should revolve the matter rapidly in his head-cylinder and ascertain, if possible, whether it is really worth while to carry the message or not. To run risks of capture, take chances of accident, and in any event waste energy in carrying a message of no import to a man of small worth, surely betokens a lack of what Darwin has been pleased to call "the judgment comparative."

¶ Ali Baba declares that if Rowan had any mind at all he would have revealed it by demanding a knowledge of the message, before he budged an inch. It was Rowan's right to know what sort of a letter he was carrying. It might have been obscene, or trivial, or possibly a message for some aphrodisiac dame who had her mail sent in care of Garcia's letter box.

The necessity of knowing what sort of message one is carrying was pressed home rather severely some years ago when William Marion Reedy was learning his trade at the Roycroft.

Mr. Reedy one day looked out of the window, and seeing the Baba sitting in his wheelbarrow engaged in meditation, called him over and instructed him to take a letter up to the Rev. Mr. Sayles. Mr. Sayles lives about half a mile from the Shop; and Baba was told to run all the way and bring back an answer,

speedily, as the matter was urgent. Baba hurried off, carrying the message. When the Reverend gentleman broke the seal and opened the envelope, this is what he read:

To Rev. John A. Sayles:

Please give the bearer three swift kicks and greatly oblige,
THE ROYCROFTERS

Be it said to the credit of Mr. Sayles, that he 'rose to the emergency and sent the Baba back in blissful ignorance, carrying a late report issued by the Hon. Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. The joke, however, leaked out, and Baba got even by liberating a nice nest of type lice in the font of Caslon Old Style on which Mr. Reedy worked.

Very naturally, when the subject of quick messages is broached, Ali Baba is on the look-out for practical jokes; and so when we were discussing McKinley, Rowan and Garcia, Ali Baba asked, " How t' 'ell did Rowan know but what McKinley was playing a measly joke on him? "

One other phase of this Garcia matter that Mr. Heafford has brought up is worthy of consideration, and that is the duty of an employee to help his employer in every way possible. And that he may act intelligently, Ali Baba holds with Heafford that it is the right and duty of the employee to cross-examine the man who gives the order, until the facts are fully set forth. Then the employee, knowing the facts, can often see that the order was ill-considered and give advice about what is best to do, that will be to the advantage of all parties concerned.

Had Rowan been of really the right mental quality, when given the letter to take to Garcia he would have at once asked, " What do you want to send a letter to Garcia for? "

And when McKinley had explained, Rowan, if he had been as alert mentally as Rev. Mr. Sayles, of East Aurora, would have

quickly shown that to communicate with the Insurgents at all was simply damn nonsense.

Then, had McKinley got gay and insisted that it was none of Rowan's business what was in the letter, a proper regard for his country should have prompted Rowan to take the letter and under pretense of going to deliver it, simply make way with it. This would have been both patriotism and wisdom, for when you do not know what to do you should do nothing.

Subsequent events would have proved the justification of this course. The only object, says Ali, of communicating with the Insurgents was to quickly drive out the Spanish, so we could feed the starving Reconcentrados. Through the pernicious message so zealously carried by the absurdly unimaginative Rowan, the Insurgents flocked to the wharves where the United States troops were landing and ate up all the provisions intended for the Reconcentrados. And the result was that the Reconcentrados all died of starvation, and many Insurgents have since suffered from gout, indigestion and Bright's Disease.

SO the entire war, brought about in the Interests of Humanity —first to feed the starving Reconcentrados, and next to make Cuba free—failed.

The Reconcentrados are dead; Garcia is dead, and Cuba is not free (and never will be free), having merely traded one form of slavery for another.

We have the word of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, backed up by the official report of Mr. Stephen Crane, that the Insurgents are a dirty, thieving, sassy, lazy, worthless pack. And in his book on the Cuban Campaign, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, now Governor of New York, corroborates at length the testimony of Mr. Davis and Mr. Crane.

To communicate with the Insurgents was a fatal mistake, and the cause of the failure of the United States to do what we set out to do

was because Rowan failed to rise to the level of events and chuck the message when he had the chance. Opportunities gone are gone forever ❧ ❧

And further than this, Mr. Heafford and Ali Baba are strongly inclined to the belief that, at the last, this man Rowan was but the tool of Corporate Greed, and that his trip across Cuba in search of Garcia was only a shrewd move concocted by Colonel George H. Daniels to advertise the New York Central Railroad.

HASTY people, with slight hold on Fundamental Principles, may assume that because Ali Baba refuses to act without due knowledge, make a leap in the dark, and do things without knowing why, he is not a valuable helper.

On the other hand, he is especially valuable on that very account.

As a matter of conscience, when an order is given to Baba, he gently pooh-poohs it, patronizingly indulges it, or boldly shows you where your propositions are puerile and preposterous. All according to whether the time is before or after dinner. After the order is given he goes and does just what he pleases. And be it said to his credit that what he does, usually, is the right thing.

¶ Baba grumbles in order to convince himself and others that he is not under the heel of the tyrant. Once I made him the flat proposition, thus: " Here you, Baba, when I tell you to do things you always kick. Now, if you will cease grumbling when I order things done, I 'll give you five dollars extra each month. Is it a bargain? "

The old man picked up a straw, chewed on it meditatively, smiled and replied, " No, I 'm gittin' 'nough wages, I guess. You mean all right, but you give too damn many orders. Leave things to other folks a little if you can; the world will have to git along without you some day, and it might as well git used to it now as any time. Git out o' this barn now—I want to sweep up "

¶ He grumbles, and still he does the thing and does it thoroughly. I never lie awake nights wondering whether the cows have been watered, or the horses bedded, or, if in winter weather, the barn door is properly fastened so the drifting snow will not make a bank under my best colt. I know positively that all is snug and secure, and covering myself in the warm blankets I fall asleep content and at peace, saying to myself, " Baba 's at the helm."

And so I wonder after all if we who are clothed in a little brief

authority do not give too many orders, and busy ourselves with a pismire activity in watching and peeking and lying in wait to see that some one does not shirk his duty?

Is it not better to pick your man and then rely on him—put faith in him, and show by your manner that you know the thing will be done? I rather think so, for in some way our mental attitude under right conditions infuses a heroic quality into others. ¶ There are a great many men who are eminently capable of doing good work, who never get the opportunity, simply because their employers will not trust them. Suspicion, surveillance and doubt are thrust upon them; when faith, good-cheer and confidence should be given instead.

It was some years ago that Ali Baba gave me the advice about not giving too many orders. I did not exactly relish it at the time, but I am now fully convinced that in that particular utterance my colleague struck twelve.

In the first place Ali Baba attempts no task, nor line of work, of which he is not absolutely master. In conversation he may roam the Universe and flood the world with theories, but in actual life he knows what he is going to do, and he does it.

And so I have found that Ali renders the best service to humanity when he is not handicapped with orders and instructions. In a frantic effort trying to remember the instructions, he would in all probability let slip the main issue into the yeasty deep.

OFTEN I ride horseback at night. I do this to shake off the thought of the day and get nerves back into normal condition where they can rest. The wilder the weather, the greater the joy of mixing with the elements. A horseback ride when the boisterous winds buffet, and the air is full of mist and driving sleet, is a very enjoyable affair. I suppose that the unrestrained sense of freedom on a night ride, astride a mettlesome horse that sympathizes and understands, arises from the thought that we are

superior to the elements. We confuse the power of the horse with our own physical power. For once we are centaurs, and for the time the spirit has wings and rises superior to all that hampers, fetters and restrains. We shout from the very joy of breathing, of living, and being one with racing clouds and the wild winds of heaven ❧ ❧

Baba says such a ride is a good thing—it exercises the horse, and if there 's mud, so much the better—it soaks up his feet—see? ¶ On bad nights the Baba hangs around the barn waiting for me. " Well, it 's pretty near nasty enough for you, I guess—which hoss do you want? "

And so the horse is saddled and I go away. I 'm seldom gone more than an hour, and when I return the faint glimmer of the lantern hanging on a harness hook reveals the faithful Baba, sitting in the manger, a horse blanket around him, sound asleep.

The opening of the door, the gust of wind that rushes in and the eager tramp of the shod feet on the barn floor awaken the old man. He rubs his eyes, stares about and says, " Oh, it 's you, is it? W'y the devil did n't you stay all night, while you 're about it? " ¶ And so Baba scrambles out of the manger, and with a deft move, born of long practice, he swings the blanket in which he is wrapped like an Egyptian mummy, over the horse and orders me to " Climb outer the way—I 'll look after this here hoss! " The horse is warm from his stiff gallop, and mayhap covered with mud from tail to foretop, but I never say, " Now, look here, old man, see that you give this horse no water until he is cool. And make sure you rub him dry and keep him out of the draft," etc. ❧ ❧

Not at all, I just simply toss the bridle rein to Baba and go. I know as sure as I breathe that Baba will not leave that horse until he is clean and dry, even if it takes all night. And once it so happened that the ride had been longer than usual, and evidently the animal was a bit feverish or out of condition, for he did not

dry off, and Ali stood by him all night. In the morning, when I went out, I found the old man rolled up in a horse blanket, tired out from his long vigil, sound asleep in the box stall, the horse (taking his turn) standing over him.

In passing, it may be noted that a man asleep in a stall with a horse is perfectly safe—no horse will tread on a man except in a panic through accident, and very seldom even then. We once had a stallion that was regarded as vicious, but I have often seen Ali Baba asleep in the bedding of this horse's stall. The horse would step over his prostrate form with the most jealous care, or push a hand or foot aside with his nose, on the scent for some stray morsel of hay; but to put a hoof upon the person—never!

From the first part of the old man's greeting when I come in from a ride, one might suppose that he expected some one else; and as to the latter part it is clear that he has n't the slightest idea of how long I have been gone, and moreover, does n't care. It is the bluff of half embarrassment, an attempt to show he was n't asleep after all; and only a fool would resent it. No man should be chided for what he says in his sleep, and what he says when awake does n't matter very much, either. The question is not what you say, but " Who are you? " and " What do you do? "

Language very seldom expresses a man's thoughts—it 's only a makeshift at best, and Talleyrand was surely right when he made his famous mot.

And so when Baba rebukes me in his sleep, or otherwise, I offer no resentment. Probably his point may be well taken, and if it is n't, what difference does it make, anyway?

THERE is a certain amount of work to do in the world; and because some people do not work at all, others have to toil from daylight until dark. ¶ These truths are firmly held by Ali Baba, and he often expatiates on them. In fact, concerning sociology and economics he is set on a hair trigger. Leo Tolstoy is his ideal in these matters, and has been for a year—since he first saw Tolstoy's picture hanging in the Scriptorium. Sammy the Artist sketched the picture in charcoal from a print in ***The Literary Digest*** and Baba was taken with it from the first.

He insisted on my telling who Tolstoy is, and how he lives, and what his philosophy consists in. Baba drank it in with wonderment and open mouth. Shortly after, he headed for the Grocery with his wheelbarrow. Old Billy Bushnell was there, sitting by the stove, and Baba incidentally threw out a feeler as to modern Christianity being a totally different thing from what its Founder ever intended. After a slight pause and a clearing of his throat he added, " There 's only one man livin' who you can really call a Christian—gimme five pounds o' tenpenny nails, John! "

" What 's the matter with you, Baba? " asked the Grocer, " you 're gettin' as nutty as the Boss. Did n't I tell you yisterday we quit on nails. Who is this perfect man you 're talkin' about—Chris Peck? "

" Chris Peck be damned," replied Baba. " No, Tolstoy of course —he 's the kind for me. Start a church in East Aurora that is really Christian, the genuine old stuff, I mean, and I 'll jine! Tolstoy is the only real Christian on earth."

" Where does he live? " asked a suddenly interested Setter.

" Down in Ulster County. My Uncle Joe knew him well. Rich—has his limit in three Savings Banks. Works in the fields, makes shoes for poor folks, wears same kind o' cloze that I do. Genuine Christian—never goes to church—jest lives up to Bible. Once a

feller struck him on the right cheek, and he jest turned the other. The feller hit him a smack on that side, too, when Tol up and jest naterally mopped up the cowbarn with that Aleck. Never heard of Tol? Well, well, well! If you hain't the ignorantest pack in this town I ever seed!" And the Baba, having shot his bolt, trundled back home.

Since then Baba has located Tolstoy more definitely, and has gotten a goodly hold of his doctrine, about as good as any of us has. As to Tolstoy's definition of Art, it hardly fills the Baba's ideal. He thinks, with Ruskin, that the province of art is to create a feeling, not necessarily teach a truth; and that the misty, undefined emotions of the heart are more to be prized than the concrete conclusions of mind.

BABA'S heart goes out to the toilers—the men who work with their hands. He has small patience with the silken, perfumed throng; and the lily-fingered Summer Boarder is his pet aversion. The S. B. often come in throngs to visit the Shop. They mouse over the books, gush over Denslow's drawings, say "Ah!" and "Oh!" and "Marvellous!" at Mr. Kinder's miracles in Levant; gaze wisely on Saint Gerome's statuary and Sammy's drawings. Then one of them spies Baba, and there are giggles and nudgings as he leads the way solemnly to his wonderful collection of hats ❧ ❧

They try on hats and insist on trying hats on the Baba, with bursts of laughter, and all the time they watch the collector furtively ❧ ❧

Now the mistake of the city man concerning the ignorance of country people lies in the fact that the city man judges humanity entirely by raiment. In fact, he does not judge men at all—he judges clothes.

Possibly Herr Teufelsdrockh was right: a naked House of Lords would inspire no awe. But the man who could look a naked House

of Lords over carefully and pick out the man of worth must surely be accounted a good judge of human nature.

City people are poor judges of human nature. They judge by the cut of the coat or shape of the head-gear, and to laugh at the man who wears a last year's hat they consider quite the proper thing ❧ ❧

Last summer I met John Burroughs down in the Catskills, and his queer ways and queer attire supplied much mirth for an excursion party. They had n't the slightest idea who he was. Neither does Ali Baba know who he is, but when he came here Ali Baba removed his dinky derby and knew, without the ghost of a doubt, that he was in the presence of a great soul.

And it is very certain that Ali Baba places a much closer estimate on the quality of city people than they do on him.

City people are usually very ignorant of a whole round of things that your rustic knows. But the rustic may be lacking in matters of raiment and manners, so we assume him a person of small intellect and inferior social position. This method of judgment in the city is usually correct—for a man who lives in the city whose clothes are " impossible " and manners uncouth, is probably what he looks to be. But when the city person carries the same measuring rod to the country that he uses in the city, he may awake some day to the fact that his foot rule is only six inches long ❧ ❧

The city-bred man gets all his goods into the front window, and if you just let him talk he will probably tell you everything he knows very shortly; but to know the worth of a rustic may require a good many years.

ALI BABA has revealed to me a many-faceted nature, and to see, and know, and appreciate the beauties of his character I have had to wait and study him in many lights.

For instance, there is a tender, sentimental side to his nature, of

which very few know, for he masks it with a brusqueness he does not feel; and more than once I have seen him cover a sob with a swear-word.

No doubt, men of genius are often victims of prejudices that almost take the form of hallucinations. In this does Prof. Lombroso, of the University of Turin, find a seeming corroboration for his theories.

Thus Ali Baba considers that the school-teacher who, he declares, works only from nine to four, and does not do a single tap on Saturday, and lays around from June to September, is a shirk, and should have wages docked accordingly. And his contempt for a preacher who always wears fine clothes, and puts in possibly two hours on Sunday, knows no bounds.

I have often tried to show him that a teacher's work, indoors, was particularly trying on the nerves, and required, besides, many hours' preparation outside of school hours, to say nothing of the " papers " to correct, and the planning of the work for the morrow ❧ ❧

He half admits, at times, the truth of my arguments, but I see that the logic does not really soak in, for the next week he may bring up the same theme, entirely oblivious to the fact that it is old straw, on which our flails have played merrily many a time and oft in the days agone.

Although Ali Baba's respect for the preacher's profession is small, yet for the man, himself, let it be noted to his credit, he is ever kind. Baba treats the representative of the Cloth with due respect and never fails to touch his hat brim with his forefinger when they meet. Possibly his contempt for the profession lies in the fact that to a degree it is a matter of rivalry. In ethics and philosophy he delves deeply, and the intense interest he shows in the doctrines of Tolstoy shows that it is a mere accident that he never founded a new sect and set up a hierarchy of his own. Had he met the right woman at the right time, he would surely

have done so. Founders of religion are always inspired by women, for spirituality and sex are twin sisters.

Possibly the reason Baba has never bowed to any form of religion is because he has been inwardly and unconsciously formulating a creed of his own.

The bitterness between believers in creeds, that only reveal a microscopic difference, is well known. Mental healers and Faith Cure physicians have a sublime contempt for Christian Science; and the disciples of Mary Baker G. Eddy return the compliment with interest. Baptists and Pedo-Baptists do not affiliate; and Methodists and Free-Will Methodists often do not speak as they pass by.

And this principle at which I have hinted, coupled with the Law of Antithesis, may account for Ali Baba's indifference to all organized forms of religion.

IT often happens that the man we call " infidel " is one with faith plus. Persecutor and martyr are cut off of one piece, and shift places very easily—it 's all a question of transient power.

¶ And so, viewing the question on all sides, it seems to me that Ali Baba, the alleged Corner Grocery Infidel, is at the last, a man of deep religious conviction, although he himself is not in the least aware of it. Surely the Kingdom of God does not consist in the rigid observance of any set of petty forms—it is a condition of the spirit. In actual life my friend practises every Christian duty. He cheerfully does the duty that lies nearest him. He is kind, generous, industrious, tireless in well-doing, honest. His life is one of absolute simplicity. He is the friend of children, a lover of animals, and ever you will find him on the side of the weak, the defenseless and the oppressed. He enters heartily into life, partakes moderately of all good things, and his heart-attitude is one of gratitude, generosity and shining truth.

To do good is his religion. And if it should ever happen that you

fell among thieves and were beaten sore and left for dead, and Ali Baba passed that way, he would not only bind up your wounds and take you to a place of safety, but he would *see* the Good Samaritan and go him one better by organizing a posse of farmers and going in hot pursuit of the thieves.

Ali Baba has been my faithful friend and helper for near a score of years. His watchful efforts have given me days of rest that otherwise would have been impossible; he has added to my material gains; and his cheerful example of always doing the thing that should be done, without thought of reward or special favor, has been to me a continual inspiration.

At times when those I thought were friends proved cold and calloused, and the way was dark with uncertainty, and all my plans seemed vanishing in mist, I have taken fresh courage when I thought of one who lives content with small means, talks gently, acts frankly, bears all cheerfully and does all bravely—for such is Ali Baba of East Aurora.

# RESPECTABILITY

# Respectability

SOCIETY is in process of evolution. We are still barbarians—children, if you will, and man is yet primitive. All that has gone before is a preparation for better things to come, but we are moving rapidly, and, I believe, securely, toward nobler things.

Among the savage tribes the chief place of honor is given to those who can kill most. The business of savages is: first, to get enough to eat; second, to protect themselves from foes, either men or wild beasts. The man who can kill most is king by divine right. So the mighty hunter becomes chief, or the great warrior is king. Those who dispute the title are liable to die suddenly. ¶ Low down in the scale, they eat the enemies they kill—either human or beast-brute. Later, they eat the beast-brute alone, and take the human enemies captive for slaves. Genuine savages, however, never seek to capture males—they kill these and save the women

The very first form of property was the ownership of women. The Romans captured the Sabine women, because that was the regulation thing to do. Our pity need not be wasted upon the women—they simply exchanged owners—they were slaves in either case. Males were not at first made slaves, because it was inconvenient—there was danger of uprisings; it caused discontent among the slave women; and for a man there was no market, while a woman was in demand. She was valuable: first, as a wife, and second, as a worker. There are animals where the lordly male holds a dozen or more females captive, but it was man who first set his females at work.

Darwin says there is no doubt that marriage was at first a matter of coercion and purely a property-right. Certain ceremonies even now go with the transfer of real estate and most other property,

and the marriage ceremonial was, in the beginning, a public notification of ownership and a warning to all parties to keep hands off. The husband had the power of life or death over the wife and her children. She, being a slave, performed all the menial tasks—she was the worker.

And the product of her labor belonged to her lord. Thus do we get the genesis of property. First, the man owned the woman. Second, he owned all that she produced. The man produced nothing—he was the protector. To be sure, he killed animals, but he did not deign to skin them nor prepare the flesh for food—woman did all this. For him to work would have been undignified and disgraceful—only slaves worked. And so to prove his prowess, his true greatness, he never did a thing but kill and consume. ¶ He was looked up to and reverenced—that is to say, he was respectable. And he took good care never to put his respectability in jeopardy by doing a menial thing. If high enough in the scale he had an armor-bearer, who carried his implements of death. The Polynesian chiefs do not even lift the food to their mouths, and the women dress and undress them. This, of course, is the extreme type, but I mention it to show the tendency. The outcrop is occasionally seen yet in the nobleman who has a valet. And we all know of men who never do a useful thing for fear of losing caste. The survival may even be seen in England, where no gentleman will " clean " his own shoes—this work is done by women. On the Continent, the care of public lavatories is all given to women. The woman is the scullion, the menial, the drudge, the vehicle of what is dirty, uncouth, inconvenient or disgraceful ❧ ❧

The property-right in marriage still exists, and the Common Law of America, which is founded on the Common Law of England, which is founded on the Common Law of Rome, provides that the property produced by the industry of the wife belongs, by legal right, to the husband. She may make blankets, beadwork,

baskets, and her husband can take these things and do what he chooses with them.

Up to the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three, the custom of men selling their own children was common and well recognized in various States in America. And the children yet belong more to the man than to the woman.

In England the law still gives the husband the right to " reprove " a refractory wife—the same right that he has over his children. Yesterday he could kill her; and the right to " reprove " with a stick is yet conceded in London police-courts, but provision is made limiting the thickness and length of the stick.

We have seen that at first women alone were enslaved, but later more workers were needed, and then men were made slaves also. Very often these were given charge of women slaves. And so the supervision of slaves by slaves, or the ownership of slaves by slaves, has, to a certain degree, still survived. These things are not noted here by way of criticism or reproach, but simply to make clear the proposition that personal property began with the ownership of woman, and with that which she produced.

When man first emerges from savagery, he evolves two classes to which are paid special honors and emoluments. These offices are those of the Soldier and the Priest.

At first the priestly offices are performed by the warrior himself, and consist in incantations, cajolings of the Great Spirit, pacifications, and prayers for victory.

Later, the warrior begins to set apart certain people to do certain things, and he delegates this office of dealing with the Unseen to another ❧ ❧

The priestly office always subsists on sufferance of the soldier, although, in times of peace, it seemingly takes precedence of it, and this fiction the soldier helps carry out. Doubtless, in degree, the soldier actually does become the creature of what he creates, just as men become enslaved by their business. But in emergency,

when the stress comes, depend upon it, the weight of priestly temporal power is quickly dissipated, and soldiers bivouac in the temple of the Most High.

The danger being past, the soldier comes back to the priest for absolution, assurance and consolation. Kings are always crowned by priests—it is the priest who applies the vaseline of authority. The priest is the mysterious agent of Deity. As the priest is made by the soldier, so the soldier bends his knee only to the priest, and both devoutly believe in their Divine Right. In olden times the priests usually explained to the people that the king was really not a man—he was a half-god. His motherhood could be proved, so they did not trifle there with the fact, but his father was a god—this pedigree could not be disproved. The priest said it, the soldier-king, himself, thought it must be so, and he even cut off the heads of all who questioned it.

Therefore, the people grew to believe it as a matter of convenience, for we believe the thing that is profitable to believe. Emboldened with their success, the priests even declared that the Chief Priest, or their own ruler, was a half-god.

I have said that the priest was at first a servant, just as in Germany, in the time of Mozart, the musicians and artists ranked with cooks and scullions.

The priestly office was a trifle higher, but even yet the priest is more or less of a slave. In England he dresses like a butler and looks like one. Both wear a look of woful desolation, and a penalty is attached for spontaneous or natural behavior.

I know a butler who had his pay cut in two because he ventured a word of suggestion in a conversation between the hostess and a guest. The guest nearly fell off his chair in amazement to think a butler had opinions upon any subject, and the hostess flew into a rage. Later, the recalcitrant one smiled at a witticism of one of the guests, and he was summarily dismissed from service, and his name placed on the Black List. You can kick a good butler from

behind and not a shade of emotion will pass over his face. It is much the same with the priest—he is supposed to reveal pious passivity and nothing else.

He is paid to do certain things—officiate at burials, weddings, christenings, and to pray and preach. Any relaxation of dignity is quickly resented. When he enters, laughter ceases and children crawl under the bed. So true is this that, when an exception is noted, people call your attention to it by saying, "Our pastor plays cards and is a jolly good fellow." The exception but proves the rule—the priest in his livery rebukes levity and spreads a pretence of solemn piety.

Let him attempt to mix in politics or business and he is mighty soon called back to his proper position by a reduction in both pay and honors.

The offices of soldier and priest absorb all honors and all emoluments at first—they divide every good thing between them. And the chief characteristic of each is that neither does any work of a useful kind ❧ ❧

They are non-producers—and conspicuously so.

They advertise themselves and the dignity of their office in two ways—by a Conspicuous Leisure and by a Conspicuous Consumption. Their entire abstention from industrial production reveals this Conspicuous Leisure, and the ownership of a vast number of things they do not need reveals Conspicuous Consumption ❧ ❧

Thus great soldiers and great priests have always lived in conspicuous palaces, and worn peculiar and costly raiment and trappings ❧ ❧

Silks, robes, jewels, golden crowns, bracelets, rings, breastplates, miters and red hats are all a part of this Conspicuous Consumption or this Conspicuous Waste. And as if these things were not enough, and for fear some one would overlook this Waste, the great soldier or great priest always had banners and flags carried

ahead of his presence, and also there were trumpeters and players upon tom-toms who beat their drums and blew their horns and rode ahead upon gaily caparisoned horses that cavorted to the sounding of the music.

Then came the great man himself, upon a horse or a throne, in a carriage or carried in a palanquin.

These things all remain with us, more or less. A one-horse carriage might carry our President, but this would mean social damnation and the laughter of the groundlings: four horses for the Governor's carriage and six for the President's—this is the rule.

To be sure, we are a little rusty in these things, so the horses occasionally run away when the band plays, or the trolley-car runs into the President's carriage, and, with an irony known only to inanimate things, kills the guard; but pageantry survives and will survive ❧ ❧

The objection can be made that Washington Society is only a small number, and, if they alone form the Superior Class, are really not worth consideration. The point is worth considering. Society at Washington is a grade below Biltmore, partaking of strenuosity and uncertainty: it is not quite sure that it is respectable, while Biltmore and Shelburne never doubt. These people, it is true, are not of much consequence, excepting to themselves, and are mentioned merely as an extreme type. They are like a picture painted with a broom, very much in evidence.

The fact is that every city, town and village has its self-appointed Superior Class, and this class gets its tone and takes its fashions from the extreme types just mentioned.

That these people in the smaller towns actually do work with their hands, and help carry the burdens of the world, is true, yet on Sundays and other holidays they delight in parading themselves in a dress which seems to advertise that they do not work. ¶ Their raiment, when they can afford it, is the dress of those who habitually indulge in Conspicuous Waste.

Almost without a single exception they look forward to a time when they will not have to work. And those who do have to work unremittingly here, are offered an equivalent through a promise of endless rest and a mansion in the skies.

No heaven has yet been pictured excepting as a place of idleness and Conspicuous Waste.

Your country storekeeper, if he is prosperous, straightway advertises his prosperity in Conspicuous Waste. He builds a house five times as big as he needs.

One might at first suppose that the size of a house would give the beholder some idea of the number of people who live in it, and this is true: excepting that small families live in large houses and large families in small houses. Indeed, the number in any given family is usually in inverse ratio to the size of the house. If prosperity smiles, the wife has two servants, and the daughter ceases to work, in order to advertise the father's prosperity.

The mother will tell you her servant-girl woes, and of all she sufters, but what can she do? She was far happier when they lived in a cottage and she did her work, but now there are all these things to care for, and the social duties besides. Yet she is very happy in her misery. They are respectable and must advertise the fact; so the fashion that Paris decrees in dress is followed as it filters through New York, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Galesburg, and Des Moines, Iowa, as the case may be. And this fashion is always with a design of Conspicuous Waste.

Thus the starched shirt, high, stiff collar and white cuffs come straight from men who did no work, and dressed so they could not.

¶ Formerly the stiff " biled shirt " was worn only by preachers, doctors and lawyers—it was the badge of exemption from manual labor. But now every farmhand on Sunday will get into this uncouth and uncomfortable apparel and go to church.

He endures the discomfort and goes to church because these things lend him *eclat*—he is, forsooth, respectable.

In truth, in rural communities this is the test, " Does he go to church? " If he does not, he is not respectable.

And if he goes to church, he must dress like the others. So his clothes take on the priestly touch: for the collar, cuffs and shirt-bosom all trace a direct pedigree to the vestments of the priest, who wore his robes to prove to everybody that he was different, set apart, peculiar, and had no place in the plain, industrial life of the community. Woman's dress reveals more than that of a man in reaching out for Conspicuous Waste.

The bracelets on her wrists, and the gold chain about her neck, go back to the time when these things had a positive use. The chain at her neck became gold, instead of iron, when she became the pride and pet of her owner. So jewels now advertise that woman is favored by a man.

The fashionable woman's hat, skirt, corset and shoes advertise her inability for useful effort. Rawlins says that in Abyssinia free women wore trousers, while slave women were compelled to wear a skirt. The skirt means servility—it hampers the wearer at every step, and if the dress be really fashionable, the owner has to lift the skirt in her hands; while in the courts of Europe boys and girls are set apart to follow and carry this cumbersome train ❧ ❧

And as for the women's hats and bonnets, they no longer pretend to be for protection or service—the head-gear is purely for display. And the bonnet that is a " dream of loveliness " today is considered a " fright " on the morrow.

For Conspicuous Waste demands that you shall discard things before they are worn out, hence the changes in fashion. Corsets unfit the wearer for useful effort, and were at first used to bring about a becoming delicacy and deformity.

The French heel is not really French, but is Parisian, and advertises that the wearer is not a peasant who carries burdens on her head ❧ ❧

To carry a heavy burden you must have your foot squarely on the ground, but to walk at all with a French heel is a difficult performance. A case in point may not be out of place: A woman came up from New York to visit the Roycroft Shop.

She wore very high French heels, and got along all right on the sidewalk or on the floor. But once she started to take a short cut across the lawn. There had been a rain the night before, and while the sod looked smooth and pretty it was very soft, so our good woman's high heels went right down into the ground.

I watched the lady from a safe distance and noticed her flounder. I have always been somewhat interested in dynamics, and I was afraid she would fall forward, and as she weighed a hundred and seventy, there might be a " silver-fork fracture."

She did fall, but she did not fall forward, as I had expected. ¶ She fell backward and made her impress on the turf. She lost her center of gravity, and so did everybody who saw the operation

She was absolutely powerless to recover herself, and it took the combined efforts of Deacon Buffum and Ali Baba to carry her to a place of safety.

I mention this seemingly irrelevant incident to prove the effectiveness of a form of dress that was designed to reveal the disability of the wearer.

The woman did not work and could not—in those clothes.

This woman also wore the long skirt and the straight-front corset which further advertised her unfitness. Can one imagine a mother clad in such garments?

Motherhood, and the signs of motherhood, are sacred to all good men, but here was a woman who wore garments that exaggerated her hips and bust, proving an alibi for other parts of her anatomy, and shoes that rendered her an easy prey for any predaceous Roman in search of female Sabines! Yet, she was a worthy wife and mother, and her attire was only a histrionic make-believe.

¶ But having completed the circle, back comes Conspicuous Waste, and we find Fashion's devotee of the extreme type, dressing and acting with a most becoming modesty. Thus we have the well-bred golf-girl with her thick-soled, flat-heeled shoes, who discards corsets and the long skirt, and can ride a cross-saddle like a man. In this type of Wadsworthi we get a gentleness of voice and behavior in both men and women that is very pleasing. Some of these women work at trades—bookbinding or wood-carving ❧ ❧

The men pose as stock-raisers or farmers, or write books. And for a time the prophet of the better day thinks the cycle is complete and that we have come back to decency and simplicity.

¶ But alas! be not deceived: it is all a make-believe—merely a refinement of Conspicuous Waste, just to catch the admiration of the more subtle and refined. They have cut the vulgar peoples out of their lives absolutely; they take no note of them; they eliminate the doer and the worker; they eradicate the promoter and the man of enterprise, and they live in an esthetic heaven, four times removed from the man of prowess and power, but they still cling blindly to the honorific rewards that are due to Conspicuous Waste, and exemption from the world of useful effort. It is the same old ideal of warrior and priest—the simplicity is a costly pretense, and many servants are required to carry it out. And, if we are subtle enough to appreciate it, we bend the knee and bow before the extreme type of Esthetic Futility. It is Smugness and Self-Complacency polished and refined until it looks like genuine merit. It is similar to that peculiar specimen of the demi-monde in Philadelphia that passes for a Quakeress, and sometimes deceives even the members of the Clover Club.

A still further refinement of histrionic seizure of honors is sometimes seen among the descendants of geniuses, who have produced somewhat of a marked literary or artistic excellence.

These people are like the descendants of Captain Kidd—they have

everything but the great man's courage and ability. The dead ancestor was a writer, and a man of culture and kindness; the play-actor descendants assume the gait and gesture, the manner and habit of this supposed greatness. Theirs is the tone of kindness, minus the kindness; the thoughtful looks without the thought

They tell of literary tasks, and relate how busy they are at this or that great problem, but they never solve any problem, and the long-expected book dies a-borning.

At the last the reverence of these degenerate descendants of great men for literature is a pretense—towards the living men who produce literature, this social Superior Class have only aversion and scorn. Their reverence is for the dead. Shakespeare, Browning, Keats, Rembrandt, Shelley, Thoreau, Whitman and Byron were not respectable; and the decayed gentility that holds letters in its custody would have scorned a genuine creator during his life. When Emerson wrote this line: " No law is sacred to me but that of my own nature," most of his kinsmen forsook him, he was compelled to resign his pastorate, and he was repudiated by his Alma Mater.

That most sweet and gentle of all women writers, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was accursed in the mind of her father to the day of his death, because she did not conform to his idea of what was respectable and right and proper.

She sent him letters, but they were returned to her unopened; she dedicated to him books, but he refused to read them. And now he lives only because he sired this daughter, and his folly and his hate are his sole monument.

Our social play-actors have neither the ability nor the inclination to concentrate on chaos and make it concrete. They will not pay the price; they demand the honors, but they want ease. A still further variant of self-deception reveals itself in certain religious sects that are supposed to do things just as their founder did.

They assume a marked placidity of manner, speak in meaningless monotone, and take on the smile of vacuity that is supposed to reveal abnegation. Their speech is a gibberish which probably meant something to the person who first used it, but is now a glib, parrot-like production that befogs the reason and staggers understanding ❧ ❧

Those that most affect passivity—pretending to build upon the teachings of one who scorned all exclusive ownership of things—take a fresh lease on loot and parade their Conspicuous Waste, fall down and worship the golden calf, and clutch after the futilities for which barbarians struggle, and for which women sell their souls, and thieves break through and steal. Mammon thus secures new cohorts, and money-changers again take possession of the Temple.

It will be seen from what has gone before that the standard of respectability is fixed by the soldier and priest. These, with their satellites, form the self-appointed Superior Class. The distinguishing features, or badge, of the Superior Class are: Conspicuous Waste of time, money and materials; and abstention from all useful or necessary industry.

To work with your hands, or wear the garb of a working person, would be to forfeit one's good name. It would mean abandonment of the position of power, an admission before the world that you are only commonplace.

And so to differentiate themselves from the herd, the members of this Superior Class have always worn a peculiar and distinctive garb ❧ ❧

Indeed, Herbert Spencer seems to think that the primal use of dress is not for warmth or protection, but to reveal the social status. It will be remembered that Carlyle works out the idea at length in his *Sartor Resartus.*

One specially grim fact he states, and that is that a naked House of Lords would inspire no awe.

Masters require their servants to wear a livery. In Athens, in the time of Pericles, only free men were allowed to wear sleeves. ¶ In England, the butler, being nearest the master, is allowed to dress somewhat like him, or like a priest; in fact, he presides. But boots, lackey and coachman grade off into distinct types. You see the servant and you know at once his grade, and you treat him accordingly.

Moreover, you know to what family he belongs, for each house has its color or stripe. You can always tell the German soldier from the French by his uniform; so do you recognize the livery, and say the man is a De Lancy, a Foxhall, a Percy, a Keene, a Bradley-Martin, as the case may be. The man is marked and his grade revealed by his dress, just as are officers in the army. In penitentiaries, the same idea holds. The prison has its uniform, and a man in the stripes of Sing Sing could not travel far without being challenged. Once, in my callow days, I accepted a wager that I could wear a prison suit, and walk from Buffalo to Cleveland without serious molestation. It took me over four days to get thirty miles, I was arrested nine times, and at Dunkirk I came near being mobbed by Sunday School picnickers, and was compelled to give up my uniform for citizen's clothes. Yet I was a free man and innocent of crime, and there was no law defining what I should wear, so long as it was male attire.

But there are unwritten laws, and to a great degree society dictates what its members shall wear, just as in feudal times, and much the same today, the master dictates to his servants what their clothing shall be.

And the master himself is caught in the mesh that he has woven, and this soulless something we call Society dictates to him what he shall do and what not. There are limits beyond which he can not go. So the men who make fashions are caught and held captive by them, just as the children who play ghost get badly frightened themselves.

And one of the fixed canons for the man of the Superior Class and all of his family is that they shall do no useful work. Plain folks are only forbidden to work on Sunday, but this man can not work any day, on pain of social damnation.

And another canon is that he shall live in a certain locality, or lose caste. If his family does not comply, it forfeits all claim to respectability. A man may carry a bag of golf-clubs on the public street, but he dare not be seen with a hoe and pickax. He may tote a violin-case, but he dare not so much as touch a coal-scuttle in public.

A woman of the Superior Class may attend to flowers, but she must not work in the vegetable garden. The thing that has directly to do with the maintenance of life is bad form, crude, rude, vulgar and forbidden. But, curiously enough, the law of Vicarious Doing comes in and women of the Superior Class may make garments for the heathen, when they would be disgraced if they made clothing for themselves or their own family. The human mind delights in make-believe, thus showing our arrested development. We like to make ourselves believe we are useful, when all the time we know we are not. We like to think we are sacrificing ourselves and being martyred, when all the time we know we are having a good time and doing the thing because we want to. Often we are happiest when most miserable. Thus we have these quasi-charitable and pseudo-religious societies that "work for humanity"—folks who go a-slumming, who form clubs that seek to educate people who work with their hands into the habit and thought of those who do not.

That these efforts to benefit are largely futile is nothing against them to those who indulge in them, because to them futility is a virtue—to do positive good is a disgrace. These people chase the innocent aniseed-bag—a Vicarious Fox—as a business; so make-believe and pretense enter into their religion and charities, no less than into their pastimes. The fabric of their lives is largely play-

acting. It would be unjust to call them hypocritical and insincere. They are sincere in their insincerity, and their rag dolls are to them real babies. This habit of self-deception permeates the Superior Class and makes their evolution a very slow and tedious process ❧ ❧

Grown-ups delight in make-believe. Count Leo Tolstoy, the greatest thinker in Russia, and a rich man, plays he is a peasant; and often gives his family goose-flesh by threats to give away his property. Those who threaten to dissipate their property never do, and those who do, do not intend to.

Americans are rich people with big estates, who live the Simple Life five days each month and the rest of the time drive bang-tail horses or ride in Red Devil automobiles, defying bucolic justice. Education, until yesterday, was of two kinds—priestly and military. Roughly speaking, Harvard represents the one, West Point the other.

Harvard has departments of Theology, Law, Medicine and the Classics—all are non-productive, and largely make-believe. The simple fact that the education in Law, Medicine and Theology of twenty-five years ago is now regarded as inept, puerile and inconsequent, shows the make-believe in the pedagogics and science of the past.

As for the study of the Classics, its chief charm lay in its Futility—in the fact that it unfitted a man for useful life. To know a dead language was a meritorious separation from life, and a thing desirable. Its desirability was an honor—you could use it so seldom and with so few.

Education in the science of war, which is the science of carrying desolation and inflicting death, is still considered to be an honorable acquirement. So everywhere we have Military Schools, where the martial spirit is instilled and encouraged, and where patriotism—the detestation of other countries—is inculcated. That this class of schools do good there is no doubt, but they

minister largely to this habit of self-deception so common in the Superior Class. The people who patronize these academies joyously believe that they are fitting their boys to protect the toilers ❧ ❧

Anyway, they unfit the boy for becoming a toiler.

Thus we hark back to the savage idea, which was that the best men should be set apart to protect the tribe. "In England," Gladstone once said, "there are only two honorable walks open to young men: the Army and the Church."

It is still the Warrior and the Priest, guised and glossed by a smug, complacent make-believe, carried out and refined by higher personal potencies. Visit Old Point Comfort, Saratoga, Newport and Point of Pines and you will at once see the premium paid to ineptness and futility.

The inability and the disinclination to partake in useful effort is considered a virtue, in that it proves the prowess of the person—his power to make others do for him. This was surely so in the beginning—the Roman soldiers who stole women made them work and later when they stole men they made them do things, too. We are told that the pyramids of Egypt were built by slaves; we know that it was wisely directed slave labor that made Athens great; that it was slave labor that evolved Venice. So power and prowess really have a certain virtue. Those old-time warriors were just what they pretended to be. And that brings us up to still another phase: Meritorious Substitution, or Salvation by means of a Vicarious Pecuniary Atonement.

The Superior Class at Asheville, Saratoga and Newport have no power and reveal no prowess, but they take to themselves all the credit of prowess and parade their ability in killing time and following the aniseed make-believe trail, poetically speaking. The men of power who exploited labor or monopolized good things through force of arms or force of cunning and intellect were the ancestors of these men. And, by a strange paradox, these descen-

dants of men of power scorn a genuine, living man of power, and take to themselves credit on being one or two removes from a sure-enough person of prowess.

If Captain Kidd were alive today he would not be considered Respectable, although, no doubt, he was, in the circle in which he moved. But I am told there are lineal descendants of Captain Kidd who are very proud of the name. So we have many descendants of Captain John Smith, who was no less an outlaw. There are well-authenticated pedigrees of persons tracing a line direct to Pocahontas, and these people take much pride in saying they trace to a genuime American. But if Pocahontas were alive today they would hardly have the old lady in their homes and call her gran'ma

It is somewhat like Anton Seidl, who claimed to be a natural son of Franz Liszt. When asked as to the truth of this claim, Philip Hale said, with a yawn, " Oh, but it is no great mark of distinction—there are so many claiming the honor, you know! "

Liszt is dead, removed from us by both time and distance, but, by a curious metamorphosis, we evolve the bar sinister into a virtue, and multiply honors by the square of the distance. Almost anybody traces back to William the Conqueror, and that he was a Natural Son of Nobody makes no difference. Thus we have Societies of gentlewomen whose sole badge of distinction lies in that they had certain ancestors who fought in a certain war. No inquiry is made into this man's character, or as to why he fought. So we have had the very curious spectacle of a woman at Reading, Pennsylvania, knocking for admittance to this Society, and on proving that she had ancestors who were with Washington at Yorktown, was duly admitted with appropriate rites and ceremonies

Her ancestors, it has since transpired, were Hessians, but the woman still refuses to abdicate. This story really has very little to do with the argument, but the truth may be stated that this

descendant of the Hessians had just as much to do with the Revolutionary War as the somewhat unreasonable women who now shrilly demand her resignation. Just how Respectability may be rightly claimed by people who have done nothing, because they had ancestors who did, will be shown later, and at the same time will be revealed why men pride themselves on being different from their ancestors in whom they take much pride. This idea of Respectability through Vicarious Virtue is an interesting subject for the psychologist, involving as it does the pretty make-believe of a histrionic benefit, where we play to the gallery of our own self-esteem. The idea of Respectability is a phantasmagoria contrived and created by the people that it controls. The desire is not to be, but to seem. The intent of life is to make an impression upon other people, and this, and this alone, is the controlling impulse in what is called Good Society. And so, to a great degree, we are all play-actors, and make-believe runs through the entire fabric of our lives. To the man who can get off at a little distance, so as to get the perspective, the whole thing is a comedy. But not wholly a comedy of errors, for it is all evolution—slow, perhaps, but necessary and very sure.

That churches and institutions exist is proof that they are necessary, for everything is its own excuse for being, said John Ruskin. However, things do exist after the use for which they were created has passed. And then they may become a nesting-place for disease. And the Superior Class—the class that sets the standard of Respectability—is the class that clings to the dead and outworn. It resists all thought of change and improvement, and fights progress with a bitterness that shows no relenting. ¶ Do away with Ancestor-Worship in China, and convert the Mussulman to the truth that if he prays to the South it will be just as effective as toward the East, and your task will be no greater than to show some men that the fact of Doctor Edward Everett Hale's partaking of the communion in Trinity Church is

a matter of really no importance to anybody. Such trivial things as the privilege of a man to marry his deceased-wife's sister has set the world by the ears. And suggestions to do away with the death penalty, to introduce the single tax, to bring about arbitration in place of war, have all been hotly denounced and their promulgators vilified. Suggest social changes such as these named and you will hear much talk about " the dissolution of society," " a reign of terror," " pulling out the keystone of society," " destruction of the hearthstone," a " return to savagery," etc. Yet changes occur and the morning stars still sing together. Within twenty-five years men of sense have abandoned the idea of hell, and a personal devil is now only a huge joke even in orthodox churches. " Spare the rod and spoil the child," was once a great and vital truth, but now we spare the rod and save the child.

Love, patience and kindness are answering the purpose much better than the rod. Capital punishment has been done away with in some States and will be ere long in all; the dark cell has everywhere been abolished, and the time will most assuredly come when jails and penitentiaries will have to go, as well. We doubt the wisdom of men turning themselves into a section of the Day of Judgment in order to punish other men, and to kill the murderer we find neither brings his victim back to life, nor does it prevent the commission of other crimes.

The best lawyers now are businessmen, who keep people out of trouble, instead of getting them in. The best doctors no longer treat symptoms—giving you something to cure your headache and settle your stomach—they seek the cause and tell you the truth. The preachers are everywhere acknowledging they do not know anything about another world—they are preaching social salvation here and now. The world is growing better, and that many people behold the chimera of Respectability through Conspicuous Waste, and are refusing to conform their lives to it, is very hopeful. Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure do

not bring health, happiness, long life nor contentment. Once we thought work was a curse; then it came to us that it was a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a blessed privilege. That the many are still blind to truth may be a fact, but the light is growing in the East. There is more joy in useful effort than the painstaking avoidance of it; it is better to tell the truth than a lie; and the plain reality is much better than pretense and make-believe. We want to do what is best for ourselves, and we have made the discovery that what is best for ourselves is also best for others. Creeping into the lives of men everywhere is the thought that co-operation is better than competition—we need each other. And by giving much we will receive much

We are reaching Enlightened Self-Interest, and there is a strong setting of the social tide toward Useful Effort, instead of Conspicuous Waste.

Everywhere schools and colleges are getting into line—doing things, and not merely talking about things. The education for show—the education *de luxe*—will soon be consigned to limbo. Already we say, " That man is the best educated who is the most useful," and the true test of education will be in its possessor's ability to serve. And the day will surely come when the only man who is not Respectable will be the man who consumes but does not produce. Disgrace will then consist in living a life of Conspicuous Waste, and the greatest man in our midst will be the one who confers most benefits. The light is dawning in the East. We are living in eternity now, just as much as we ever shall. God is right here now, and we are as near Him now as we shall ever be. He never started this world a-going and went away and left it—He is with us yet. There is no devil but fear, and nobody and nothing can harm you but yourself. We should remember the week-day to keep it holy, live one day at a time, doing our work the best we can. There is no more sacred place than where a man is doing good

and useful work; there is no higher wisdom than to lose yourself in useful industry, and be kind—and be kind.

Once when bread and honey were up for discussion a little girl from the city asked her country cousin this question, " Does your papa keep a bee? " And that is all there is of the story. But let me here state a great, undisputed fact: A bee alone can make no honey. A bee alone is not self-supporting.

In fact, a bee alone loses heart absolutely; its intelligence vanishes, it even forgets how to sting. And separated a distance of from three to five miles from its hive it will soon droop and die. Bees are successful only as they work with other bees.

A man alone will accomplish nothing. All of his thoughts and acts have a direct relationship with others. Men succeed only as they work together. Without companionship ambition droops; courage flags; reason totters; animation vanishes and the man dies. Nature puts a quick limit on the horrors of solitary confinement—she unhinges the reason of the prisoner, and he addresses comrades who have no existence, save in his fevered imagination.

The prisoner who does useful work is in direct communication with other people—he works for others, and the thought that he is doing something for somebody sustains him. The " lifer " is always sustained by the hope of pardon—as long as he lives he feels that he is a part of the Whole—and should it ever come to him that his case is a hopeless one, and he is alone, his usefulness is gone

Soldiers who are cowards when by themselves often fight bravely when placed on the firing line with others.

We succeed only as we band ourselves with others. Each man is a molecule that is needed to make up the All. Successful employers of labor recognize this full well, for they always allow their helpers to work in gangs where possible. A division superintendent in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad tells me that in painting railroad-stations he has found that four men working

together will do at least five times as much work as one man working alone, and they will also do the work better. Teachers know the principle, and thus they teach in classes. The private tutor is never quite a success unless his scholar is a defective. Children will teach each other quite as much as they are taught by their teachers. Healthy people like to work, play, eat, learn and live together. The Kindergarten Spirit (and no finer thing exists) is possible only through association. A child absolutely alone would never evolve; a child deprived of the companionship of its own becomes abnormal. A great man is one who carries the Kindergarten Spirit right through life, and any one who carries the Kindergarten Spirit through life is great.

The sheep-herder alone on the mountains is often possessed by illusions and hallucinations, and yet he has his dog, his horse, his flock, and these to a degree supply comradeship, but they are not enough. He needs humans. It is wise to go up into the mountain, but not to remain there; it is well to cultivate silence and solitude, but only that we may return to our work in society, rested and refreshed. Man was made for association. He is a part of the All and can not thrive when separated from it. William Morris has well said, "Fellowship is heaven, and the lack of fellowship is hell!"

The first factor in the evolution of humanity is mutual aid. A family living in the country, depending upon agriculture for their support, is a little community. There is the father, mother, half a dozen children, and grandparents. If they lived a purely individual life, each adult, when he got up in the morning, would start a fire for himself and prepare his own breakfast.

But not so. One starts a fire, and another brings in fuel, another goes for a bucket of water, still others go out and take care of the stock. When the meal is ready all partake of it. After breakfast each one goes to work and does the thing he can do best. The girls help their mother put the house in order; they sew, wash, work in

the garden or among the flowers, and keep the home presentable and sanitary ☙ ☙

The men and boys will care for stock, plough, or cut down trees for lumber or fuel. The boy too small to work but who can ride horseback goes to town on errands or for the mail. The old man rocks the cradle and churns. The grandmother darns, mends and knits. Each slips naturally into the place where he belongs, taking up the task he can do best and working for the good of all. The one who can bestow most benefits receives most honors. In the case of the old they are honored for what they have done, and the young are honored and loved for the hope of what they will become. At harvest-time men, women and children will go out in the orchards and fields and work at the common task of garnering the crop. Such a family, possessed of even moderate mental attainments, that work with reasonable zeal and simple common-sense, and work together, will grow wealthy. As the years pass their brains will grow greater; the dwelling will be enlarged and beautified, outside and in; trees will be planted and bring forth fruit, or supply a grateful shade. The place will take on the attitude of good cheer, tokening happiness and reasonable content. ¶ It is not necessary to see the man to know what sort of person he is. You know the farmer by the appearance of his farm—his character is written all over it. His cattle, horses, hogs and sheep—all proclaim him. A farmer is known by his team, not by the company he keeps. As a boy I could look at the horses tied in front of a country store and make a close guess as to the moral, mental and financial status of the owners, and I was not so awfully smart, either. The bridle and saddle of a drunkard always give him away. We know Ragged Haggard by his clothes. This is the point: the family whose members work together succeed. And the success of this family is in exact ratio to the love that cements them into a Whole. Of course the more intellect you can mix with this mutual love, the better; but intellect alone is too cold to fuse

the dumb indifference of inanimate things and command success. Love is the fulfilling of life's law.

We have seen that just so long as the family cleaves together and works, its prosperity and peace are assured. The success of a family lies in being as nearly a perfect community as possible. The more it departs from the oneness and unselfishness of communism, the nearer it approaches dissolution. Let a portion of the household begin to seize and appropriate for their use and benefit, and the worm is already in the core. To plot for personal pleasure is the sure way to lose it.

The family is a success only as it strives for a common aim and ideal. It represents unity in diversity. The greater the diversity in way of work, play and occupation, the nearer it will come to supplying the medium or environment in which its members can best develop. Thus, if one of the girls in a fairly prosperous family has a taste for music, the others will probably secure her a piano. If one can sketch or paint, some one will make suitable frames for the pictures and hang them up. If one member has a taste for literature, he will find good books, and bring them home and read to the others and tell of what he has discovered. All people who have lived a little can recall households where the growing boys and girls have not only really educated themselves, but also the older members, as well as the younger ones. Often they evolve an absolute change in the furnishings and surroundings. They have elevated the tastes, refined the passions and changed the mental and spiritual atmosphere.

All that these younger members get, all they accomplish, is for the good of all. This is the pure Communal Idea. It is but a trite truism to say that no one ever receives an education alone, and the only way we can keep an education is to give it away. And the more people we give it to, the more education we have left.

¶ Now let us just imagine that a goodly degree of the art spirit—the attempt to express the beautiful and true — has come into

the household we were just considering. From the toil and penury of pioneer life, their industry, mutual efforts and earnestness have lifted them into a condition of comparative ease. In short trips to surrounding towns, and occasional visits to distant cities, the young men and women of the household have gained glimpses into the world of art and letters. These glimpses they have transformed, in degree, into actualities. The old house is painted, a veranda is added, a cottage organ or possibly a piano has been bought, a bookcase has been achieved and the shelves are gradually filled. Flowerbeds are laid out and ornamental trees and shrubbery are planted where before stood a pig-pen, and a plot where the calves were staked out to graze. All the work is done by the family—all are busy and therefore happy and healthy. They are working and they are succeeding. It is a successful little community. And now in the midst of this blissful Nirvana of useful and united effort, it is discovered that there is a reservoir of natural gas beneath the farm. Prospectors arrive; promoters follow; the farm is sold for a sum of money that, to the owners, seems beyond the dreams of avarice. Straightway they move to the city. They buy a house in a modest, but fairly well-to-do part of the town. At first their mode of life is not very different from the former life; perhaps a little better furniture has been bought; the old piano has been replaced by a parlor grand; a room has been set apart for a library, in which the books brought from the farmhouse look a bit lonesome. ¶ The young ladies have vocal and instrumental music-teachers. The boys prepare for college. Soon servants are hired, because their social duties take up so much attention. There is a fallacy to the effect that plain and so-called ignorant people can not get into city society. This is a mistake; there is a shade and grade of society in every city that fits any and every class. There are " fifty-seven varieties " of city society.

The grade of newly rich is a very important grade; it is hard to get into, if you do not belong in it, but deadly easy if you do. It imi-

tates the foibles and follies of the grade above. Conspicuous Leisure and Conspicuous Waste start at the top with the Four Hundred, and run right down through to girls who head the Social Seven, and work in the Paper Box Factory.

There is right here a strong temptation to drift away and write a novel about our newly rich family—a novel founded on facts so stern and true that all would recognize their verity.

I will be strong—I will not do this. I will simply say that the old grandfather and grandmother, deprived of churning, darning, and knitting, and the care of ducks and chickens, sit dressed up and try to look happy. The strain is too great: they are like ferns uprooted and lying in the sun—they wither, droop and die. The father and mother follow them to Graceland, and almost wish they were in the hearse. Down below the depths of consciousness they realize that the only life worth while is the life of simplicity and mutual, helpful effort. Fate has swept them out of this life, and now they are struggling to fit into an environment that is absolutely foreign to their natures—the life of Conspicuous Waste and of Conspicuous Leisure. We still have the family, but we have lost the community idea.

The woes of the Servant-Girl Problem continue to disturb the sleep of the land; and we have the views of an eminent nerve-specialist that at least one-half of all the cases of nervous prostration among women are traceable to this one cause. Where women suffer, men must suffer too, and where both are suffering a direct effect is had on vital statistics.

Whether the mistress or the servant-girl suffers the more is debatable, but certainly they each occupy a position where compromise means disgrace; to live, dishonor.

In a household servants are disintegrating factors, for they never become an integral part of the Community, nor do they allow the children to do so. They work for wages and not for the good of all.

¶ Emerson says, " The cornerstone of society is this, that or the

other, as the young orators may decide." Some say the cornerstone of society is the family, but when a family is given to idleness and make-believe, it is a family given to fuss and folly, quibble and quarrel.

If the cornerstone of society exists at all, it is the community, united in useful endeavor for mutual benefit. A family whose chief aim is Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure is a cornerstone laid in softest silt. A society that is made up of a multitude of such families is a Jericho around whose walls the Joshua of Destiny is already blowing his ram's horn.

We often speak of a village or town as a " community," but the residents of a village are no more a community than are the patrons of a hotel a family. The " guests " of a hotel usually do not see the landlord and do not know him; they have no personal interest in him, nor has he any interest in them beyond getting their good dollars. Nor have these guests any interest in one another. Men may have adjoining rooms, and not be acquainted, nor do they so much as speak if they meet in the hallway. To call a village a community is just as absurd as to call the patrons of a hotel " guests." In the typical American town of five hundred or one or two thousand people, there is always an absolute coldness and indifference existing among the residents toward a majority of the people in the place. Such villages have from three to nine churches; the people who attend one church never go to another. Recently I was in a village where the Baptist church building had been struck by lightning the day before, and the quiet chuckles of the Methodists and Presbyterians were plainly noticeable. Protestantism is a religion that divides men. Around each little denomination there swings a social clique that looks down on the others, and scorns and politely thwarts and blockades, to the extent of its ability, all the other similar social cliques in the village. There is a public school, but not one parent out of twenty ever visits it, or pretends to take the least interest in its work or methods. Religion,

business and society in our villages are competitive, not co-operative, and such a thing as a communism of thought, ideal and purpose does not exist, and is apparently not understood, even as a hypothesis

" The best thing a young man gets in college," recently said President Hadley, of Yale, " is the college Spirit. The graduate of a university is forever a brother to all who go, have gone, or will go to that University. We speak of the college as our ' Mater,' or Mother. The University that best fosters this college spirit, or bond of fellowship, other things being equal, is the greatest."

¶ A college, to a certain extent, is a community, but a village is not. In a college there is a general oneness of aim and ideal; but in a village, as most villages exist today, everybody is looking out for himself; and there is a beautiful contempt for the rights of others, which is mirrored in the conduct of even the children, for children always reflect the minds and imitate the actions of their elders

And well has it been said that " God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small towns." The devil always stands for dissolution—pulling apart—for denominationalism. The word " denominate " means to name, and so denominationalism is a struggle concerning names—in other words, a mere question of definitions. The villages that are the most beautiful and successful are those where the inhabitants quibble least and work together most

The very act of working together evolves the Mutual Admiration Society, and this forms an atmosphere in which genius can breathe and blossom. " Great men come in groups," we are told. The fact is, common men often evolve into uncommon men, when they live in groups that work together. For more than half a century the little village of Concord, Massachusetts, with its neighboring town of Cambridge, supplied America most of its literature; and the one great writer that America has so far produced lived in

that village. The six men who made up the Barbizon School gave a tint to the entire art world.

The Mutual Admiration Society made Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Wallace, Tyndall and Ernst Haeckel possible, and, as is pretty generally known, these six men have given a new definition to science and changed the religious complexion of Christendom.

¶ In Renan's *History of the Apostles* is to be found this: " Primitive Christianity set something above the family; it created a bond of spiritual fraternity—it stood for communism. It was in this community that woman found her first glimpse of freedom, as opposed to the Oriental custom, where the man was the actual owner of the woman. And, although in degree civilization has returned to the Oriental idea, with its exclusive family life, presided over by a lord and master, yet monasticism has always afforded a certain sanctuary or retreat where oppressed woman could find safety."

Christianity was at first socialistic, as we see in the declaration of Jesus that we should leave father, mother, wife and child to follow him; it was a reaction and a protest against the rigid constitution of the Aryan race. Christianity recognizes that the family is not the whole and only social unit. It gave certain people exemption from the narrowing confines of family life; so priests and deaconesses do not marry, but cling yet to the original idea of communism. And it is through this communistic idea of the monastery that art and learning have survived. The family could not have done for education what monasticism has. There are souls so constituted that, instead of the love of one, two or eight persons, they demand the affection of hundreds. They have the power to give and to absorb, and to these, family life, under its usual conditions, seems weak, cold and tiresome. " Why force upon all persons the requirements of our dull and narrow family life? The secular family alone is not enough—we need brothers and sisters not after the flesh," exclaims Renan. Individuals

alone never succeed. Individuals are successful only as they make themselves necessary to other individuals. They help themselves by helping the community.

While it is true that a family is a community, it is, in most instances, a very imperfect one, for the reason that there are not enough members to make a complete man, or to supply a complete education ☙ ☙

You can not take the virtues of an average household and construct a perfect character; and these qualifications the Ideal Community must supply. The younger members of an average family are sent away to be educated, and therein the incompleteness and imperfection of the family are recognized and admitted.

¶ If members of a family could receive within the family circle a gratification for all their physical, mental and spiritual yearnings, they would not leave the family and go out roaming restlessly over the world.

We long for the experience that comes from meeting many minds, and that these minds are all more or less in fear of one another and opposed to one another is the reason men are so poorly educated. In most families the members see so much of one another that they irritate and often antagonize one another. A man once said to me, " I do not believe it is possible for two persons to take a journey to Europe together without hating each other most thoroughly." Continual personal contact is unendurable. A deal of strife is engendered in family life by its enforced personal association. Some man has said no house is big enough for two families—he should have said one.

As it is, you will more often find the old grandfather and grandmother living drearily alone, rather than make up a part of a Communal Family Group. It takes a good many men to make a perfect man. Each man is a man limited—one can do so very little. And if he can do one thing well he is fortunate — God be praised! Society needs the all-round man, that she may make a good

specialist first, and the man falls a victim of arrested development; so that the all-round man is never evolved. With the Roycrofters we have a man who is a specialist in the art of paring potatoes. He will do nothing else, because he does this one thing superbly and well, and honor for him lies in this and nothing else. He does the work so well he can not be spared for anything else.

Every day he counts the potates he pares, and places the number down in his journal, with comments on the kind and quality. He weighs the parings and weighs the potatoes, and gives you figures, facts and sundry comments on the proportion of peel to a potato in Peachblows, Pinkeyes and Early Rose. He lives potatoes, dreams them, thinks them—his conversation is potato-salad.

The anthithesis of this man is a musician who hums and strums, and always and forever is talking of Wagner, Liszt and Chopin. He dilates on Bach, sheds light on Mozart and amplifies concerning Beethoven. Incidentally, he makes hairbreadth distinctions between Grieg, Tschaikowsky, and spits on Paganini and all composers who produce what he calls " mere melodies."

He is a most accomplished musician, just as the other man is a skilled potato-parer. Both are sincere—or fairly so. But as a steady diet, there is little choice between them.

You soon grow to anticipate every thought that each can conjure forth. And when you can anticipate every remark and action of your friend he will grow tiresome. The charm of life lies in its unexpectedness. The individual who can think unexpected thoughts can bring out of you the thoughts you never expected. Friends are for use: you use them by being of use to them.

Now imagine, if you can, our potato-parer and our musician, each the head of a household, and all the members obliged, day after day, to listen to their conversation—is it any wonder the younger members leave and the others would like to?

¶ Then just bring before you the life of a woman possessed of a modicum of ambition married to a grocer, a liveryman, a brewer,

a politician or a Baptist preacher, who always and forever discusses his specialty or else sits grumpy, grouchy, glum and insensate, absorbed in introspection. To be married to this man of itself might be beautiful and right, but to face him over the coffee-urn for a life-time and to hear him hum and strum for ninety-nine years to the exclusion of everything else, therein lie the fardels that make calamity of so long life.

The Communal Idea then comes in, and we catch glimpses of an association of men and women working for a common end, and that end the good of all. And in this community there are enough members so that their good qualities, when fused, make up the perfect man. Heaven is always pictured as a community, never as being made up of individuals who live in boxes which they call homes, where they lock themselves in by locking all others out. Association, in fact, means succumbing to attraction. The attraction which one individual holds for another is only a variant of the universal Law of Gravitation. The Law of Gravitation is the law that causes the planets to swing in their orbits; and without this planetary law of attraction, there would be no movement nor motion of the stars and planets. Dire chaos would follow the suspension of the Law of Gravitation, for through it are the planets held in place, and by it the stars swing in safety on their appointed ways.

The motions and movements of the heavenly bodies are all caused by their relationship and influence upon one another, " and thus does God in His goodness have them recognize and befriend each other," said Sir Isaac Newton in his *Principia*. And he might have added that the safety of a star lies in not getting too close to any other star—in being influenced by many, and not by one ❧ ❧

Our constant return to the Communal Idea, in spite of numerous failures, seems to show that there is a deep, fundamental truth in it ❧ ❧

A community may fail, but faith in the principle never relaxes. The members are all ready to try it again. Those who cling the closest to the Communal Idea are those who have tried it.

The early Christians were communists; there was a common purse, and each worked for the good of all; what one had, belonged to those who needed it most, and the endeavor of all was to contribute, not appropriate; to radiate, not absorb. Jesus was certainly a communist: " Cast thy bread upon the waters." " To save your life is to lose it." " He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." ❧ ❧

He regarded everything that He needed as His. He plucked the ears of corn and ate them, and the fact that He did not plant and cultivate the corn had no bearing on the case. He took what He needed, but He never took any more than He needed.

When He wanted food and shelter, He entered the nearest house, and said, " Peace be unto this house! " and was at home.

He did not pay in coin, for He had neither scrip nor purse—He paid by being and giving Himself.

That men should steal—that is to say, take that which they do not need and give nothing in return—is atrocious and unnatural. But that one should give what he has, and then take what he needs is beautiful, natural and right.

This is the dream of the ages, and when humanity shall have evolved to a point where they deserve its fulfilment, it will be here. Ideal people will live the ideal life.

When I refer to communism in these pages it is voluntary communism that I mean, not compulsory.

When a thing is made compulsory it at once becomes repellent to us; so compulsory communism is a paradox and a contradiction ❧ ❧

Americans' proud reference to their great system of " Compulsory Education " should be tempered with an apology.

There is something radically wrong with a society that has to

force its beautiful things upon people. It is a confession that the beauty of these beautiful things to many is not apparent, nor is their beauty of a type that is convincing.

We have laws which enforce education and vaccination. We hold these things in place by the force of law. Children who do not go to school are sent for, and whether the boy who is brought to school by the truant officer is benefited or not is a question, but all agree that the schoolroom is not.

The enforced presence of a truant boy vitiates the atmosphere, breeds dire confusion and threatens the teacher with paresis. ¶ The boy is not so bad—all he needs, usually, is a different kind of school—one that he will go to, and not one to which he will have to be dragged. We can reform our men and boys only as we reform our methods.

Compulsion never reforms. We call one day in the week " holy," and those who work or play on that day are criminals in the eyes of the law. People who assume marriage relations without legal consent are violating the criminal code, and those who do marry are forced to remain married forever or pay a serious penalty. ¶ We pass laws to protect large thieves and to punish small ones. ¶ These things are mentioned here simply to show that liberty is only a comparative term; and even in a Republic citizens are only partially free. Yet, as the American Republicanism of Seventeen Hundred Seventy-Six, was quite different from the French Republicanism of Seventeen Hundred Eighty-Nine, so is Voluntary Communism totally different from the communism which the mobs tried to force upon France. The mobs wanted a leveling down—we desire a building up.

As a general proposition, the value of a man to society is in proportion to his ability to work with other men.

He should be willing to give and take.

He should be slow to anger, patient in spirit, and not quick to give or take offense. He should have faith in Nemesis, and have

no time to act as her agent. Superiority is shown in this one thing—the ability to meet and mix with those of different temperaments and tastes, high or low, on a basis of equality. A man should be at home in any society.

To be frank, open and full of good cheer, keeping a civil tongue; to refrain from interfering in affairs that are none of his; and to know that personal difficulties usually right themselves if left alone: these mark the superior man.

Late hours, strong drink, pretense, finesse and falsity absolutely unfit a person for Communal Life, for these things all tend toward disintegration. The very life of a community depends upon the opposite of these qualities just cited—the essence of coalition is loyalty and truth.

In a free society the man who is a " rounder " would be instinctively shunned by everybody, and more especially by women. ¶ For him there would be no favors. The man who wishes to dictate, own, absorb and exclude, will remain an individualist. ¶ In the course of time, perhaps, he may evolve enough altruism in his nature to fit him for Communal Life, and then he will enter upon it, but not before, any more than the savage will enter the stage of competition or commercialism, without passing first through the pastoral and the agricultural stages.

Cider " works " and cleanses itself of its impurities. And so a community " works " and eliminates the idle, the sensual, the bickering, the ill-tempered, the diseased, the untruthful.

They are not discharged, but they grow very uncomfortable, and a silent, unseen principle sloughs them off.

The head of a household may be as contrary and contumacious as he likes, stopping short of broken bones, but each and every member of a community is on his good behavior. He lives in the open, and he must live so he does not have to make explanations nor apologies. For him there are no company manners. He must remember the weekday to keep it holy.

Each day for him is judgment-day. His success lies in minding his own business—doing his work—and his power lies more in example than in explanation. Success consists, not so much in getting the praise of others, as in securing the approval of one's inmost self

Any man who has evolved far enough to set up a standard of thought and conduct in his own mind is fit for the Communal Life, and none other is.

There must be an inward shrine where you can go and absolve yourself. So far as you are concerned, God is within you, if anywhere

Do you worship at a fane that is empty? I hope not. No standard of excellence that society, law or temporal rulers can make is so exacting as this God within.

If you think it is easy to live up to your ideal, try it for a day—try it for a day! Begin tomorrow and in the morning say: " This day I will live as becomes a man. I will put hate, fear, whim and prejudice out of my heart. I will speak no heedless word. I will hold a mental attitude that will benefit every person I meet. I will do my work so well that when night comes, ere I close my eyes in sleep, the God within will say, ' Well done'. "

If you think it easy, try it for a day.

Tolstoy somewhere tells of a priest who saw a peasant plowing and asked him this question: " If you knew you were going to die this night, how would you spend the rest of the day? " The peasant thought a moment and answered, " I would plow."

¶ A communist of the true type, if he had but a day to live, would not change his occupation. Every day he is preparing to live; and men who are prepared to live are prepared to die.

In family life the average man treats every other woman with more courtesy than he does his wife, and other people's children with more consideration than his own. A man in his home may be an absolute tyrant, and at the same time be known to the

world as a " good fellow." Communism has no more use for the tyrant than it has for the good fellow. In family life, usually, a man sees too much of his family and they see too much of him; and society does not see enough of the good fellow with his antique brass, or he would be well squelched.

The good fellow is one who bothers the busy; deals in pretense and hypocrisy; encourages the idle—assuming both virtues and vices. He has not the courage to live his life, and so has neither friends nor foes. His praise and blame are alike futile, and his lavish spending and " treating " are at the expense of some one else—he lives to impress the bartender.

Such a one may deceive a society made up of individuals, but he can never deceive a community.

There his measure is quickly taken. He does not have to be sent away—he goes. In a community an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

No coin of conduct is current in a community but sterling honesty —truthfulness alone is legal tender and passes at par. Apologies and explanations are never in order; your life must proclaim itself and must be its own excuse for being.

And while all faults are forgiven in the man of perfect candor, the smile that does not spring straight from the soul will transform itself into a grimace. A community can not be deceived. Only those who deal in deception can be duped. William Penn once asked a man who was much given to drawing the long bow, " Why do you not lie to me? " And the liar answered, " What 's the use? "

In Athens the criterion or standard of art sprang from the most competent; so in a community the criterion of conduct is formed by the best. The highest minds fix the standard, and the lesser ones try to adapt themselves to it; there is, however, an unseen mark which, if they drop below, eliminates them absolutely from the community.

The question may here be asked, " Why may not a special community be formed where the standard of conduct is low, and so make the good fellows, idlers and rogues feel at home? "

And the answer is this: a community is only possible where truth and loyalty abide.

Weakness never formed a community and never can. And if it could, the institution would not hold together a day. In weak and vicious people—and the words mean the same—there is no attractive force, no coalescing principle. The weak pull apart—they will thwart, retard and impede all the rest. They are like drowning people—they clutch and strangle each other.

A goodly degree of integrity, disinterestedness and unselfishness are demanded even to start a community; and the more of these qualities you can get, the more enduring the institution.

A partnership of weak men does not give strength. Weakness multiplied by weakness equals naught. Two weak people will not make a strong combination. Strength multiplied by strength gives strength. Weak men need a monarch, and defectives need a priest. They want some one to direct—to think for them.

But the enlightened co-operate, and in pooling their best in thought and effort reach a degree of power and excellence that can be obtained in no other way.

Society now demands that when a girl marries she must at once cease all work, save for her husband alone. Her life no longer belongs to the world nor to herself; she is the property of her husband. And so literally true is this that all a married woman earns or produces belongs not to her, but to her husband.

In most cities there are regulations prohibiting married women from teaching school.

Many years may have been spent in preparation, and the experience she has acquired may be most valuable, but as soon as she is married she is relegated to looking after her own individual home, and a person less fit is put in her place, with the result

that schoolteaching in America is often given up to the callow, the incompetent, the unfit and the inexperienced.

The exaggerated value that we place upon the individual home is largely on account of the opportunities it offers for Conspicuous Leisure and Conspicuous Waste. It is quite true that not all the waste is conspicuous. Kitchen and laundry work, for instance, are to a great extent drudgery in small households, but in a community life these things are taken care of in turn, and by those who specialize on them, at a cost of one-fourth the effort which prevails in individual houses.

There are machines now for washing clothes, drying and ironing them; and machines for washing dishes, all of which can be easily operated in communities, but which it is impossible to utilize in individual households. In the individual home drudgery must forever prevail.

The good housekeeper is a slave to her household, and her unremitting drudgery gives to her but little time and small inclination for mental improvement.

But the fact that the Conspicuous Waste and Conspicuous Leisure of the home are largely fictitious and futile, is of special disadvantage to a society that places a premium on pretense. It adds a kind of general piquancy to the idea, and surely shocks nobody—so accustomed are we to hypocrisy. The Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey, whose actuaries have more than a national reputation for soundness of reasoning, has recently given its agents some instructions on insuring the lives of women. I quote: " Whereas, this Compnay has not heretofore thought best to insure the lives of women, it is acceptable for you now to secure applications for policies from women as follows: First, accept applications from only wage-earning women who have people dependent on them. Second, do not accept married women, or women with an income that is not derived from their own property."

From this I assume that these hard-headed actuaries, who absolutely eliminate gallantry, poetry and sentiment from their calculations, regard married women and women who have things provided for them as very uncertain propositions to insure. Wage-earning women are reasonably happy. Steady, systematic work means health.

The competent man or woman is a good moral and financial risk.

¶ A married woman may be competent and she may not. She may be happy and she may not. It is quite unnecessary to question her along these lines—she will not tell the truth; and it is exactly the same with a woman who lives on the bounty provided by either a live man or a dead one. Four-fifths of all surgical cases in public hospitals are performed on women. But of the wage-earning, wealth-producing women no more go to hospitals, proportionally, than do men. It is men who take the physical risks of the world—it is men who operate railroads, tunnel mountains, sail ships, mine the ores and erect buildings that scrape the sky.

¶ Yet, in spite of this fact, the Insurance Actuaries much prefer to insure men who are abroad in the world doing things, than to accept risks on women who abide in the safety of home and are protected and shielded on every side. From this there is only one conclusion, and that is, that to be married and keep house, and to have an income and do nothing, are most hazardous undertakings ❧ ❧

It is not the dangers of childbirth that make woman a bad risk—it is the paucity of her life. If it were the dangers of childbirth, the Insurance Companies would not refuse women over fifty; but married women and those unmarried, who are provided for, are placed in the same category.

The real fact is, few women are admitted into the work of the world. Woman is the slave of her housekeeping, the slave of a man—hence the misery that leads to the ether-cone, the ligature and the scalpel. And that is the reason Life-Insurance Companies

will not insure the lives of married women. The average married woman has no high purpose in life—no output for her ambition, no rock upon which she can strike her intellect and cause the welling waters of life to flow. She has tasted of life and found it bitter—all there is for her now is submission. She is a passive party. So the Insurance Actuary, viewing the average married woman with his cold, calculating, financial eye, declares her an extra-hazardous risk.

In describing the home which would be in harmony with our present-day civilization, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, an authority, says: There will be a separate dwelling for every separate family, and each house will have its own grass-plot.

There will be windows all around the house. There will be enough space in it for each member of the family to have a separate room. There will be a large room in which the family can meet.

¶ But rooms such as kitchens have no place in the home. The making of food has no more place in the home than the manufacture of boots and soap.

In your home you have a bakery, a restaurant, a meat-shop, a dressmaker's establishment, a carpet-stretching and cleaning shop, a metal-polishing shop, and you expect civilized people to live in the middle of it. No food should be cooked inside the four walls of the home. If you must eat your meals inside of the house, then buy cooked food and do not have that sloppy, greasy, dirty, smelling business going on in your home.

This would get the women away from the home and would more than double the wealth of the world. Every adult woman, unless she is an invalid or an idiot, should spend six hours a day at work in the world outside her home. The children can be taken care of better outside of it.

The two small boys who tried to cut off their sister's head with an ax said they did it because they had seen their mother cut off the head of a chicken. This was the result of having a meat-

shop in the home. This was the result of keeping the children in the home ☙ ☙

The domestic hearth that we hear so much about has been a painful hearth for thousands of children, who have fallen into the fire and got burned. Children get the wrong food in the family larder. There should be no food kept in the house, and children should be cared for outside of the home.

I would build a separate house for children. Most women love only their own children.

That is not human; it is only animal. I would make a place for all children. Even the baby should not be cared for at home. ¶ They need the most beautiful, healthful, and scientifically kept place to live in.

Even in a community so small that it numbers only twenty families, I would have a separate house for the babies. In a village large enough to boast of a blacksmith-shop and a post-office, there should be a laundry, a cooking-shop, and a place for babies. During the time that I would have every grown woman working, I would have these babies cared for in this one house. Children should have some human creature to take care of them, and not merely some one whom they can call " mother."

The discontent of marriage comes very largely from one or the other of two reasons: first, the bond is enforced, and second, woman, who should be the worker and homemaker, is out of employment. The labor of the household has grown so great and cumbrous and distasteful that we live in the age of the servant-girl, and our lives are made miserable or happy according as she smiles or frowns.

Woman is no longer the homemaker, nor has she as yet been admitted into full partnership with the real work of the world. She has to content herself with society, charity, church and clubs—all essentially artificial and make-believe. She is no longer man's servant; she is his mistress—his plaything, if you will.

Freedom will come only when she is his comrade and friend. ¶ As for the bond of marriage, it is, like all bonds, gallingly irksome. Men and women were made primarily to be free, and the higher they are in intellect and spirit, and the purer their motives, the more does the rattle of chains annoy, disturb and distress them. To a vast number of people of spirit, a legal marriage is like Voltaire's incarceration in the Bastile.

"This is a most delightful place," he wrote; "here one has freedom to think and leisure to write, and here there is freedom from boredom and intrusion. The only reason I wish to leave it is because I can not—it would be delicious to remain if I only were allowed to go."

Most married people regard themselves—and rightly—as domestic reconcentrados. However, let nothing I say reflect the idea that people should ever be forced to live in communities. The community is a privilege, like the university, and it will welcome all who deserve its benefits.

One great disadvantage of the individual home is that, while it is theoretically sacrosanct, it yet affords small protection to either girls or boys, since they leave it at will for the more attractive allurements of the theater, ballroom, "revival meeting," billiard-hall, dog show and circus, and all other places that are operated in direct opposition to the home, and with the professed intent of giving rest and change to those who are tired of home comforts ❧ ❧

A sense of loneliness and isolation is not possible, to a person of right intent, in a community. So the prevailing habit of seeking recreation, amusement and diversion in unsafe places will in the future be left to those of vagrom appetites and capricious morals; and such will be individualists, not communists.

When the Phalansterie is evolved, as it surely will be in time, the recreations of the people will be on a natural and scientific basis instead of being left to the scheming of the faker.

Fourier made the prophecy that four hundred will be the smallest number that will compose a Group, or Phalansterie, and sixteen hundred the maximum. He sets the figures thus, because he thought four hundred at least would be required to supply full scope to thought and enterprise; and sixteen hundred is as many as could be addressed at one time in a public hall.

There was never a more staunch upholder of the home than Robert G. Ingersoll, but with him it was more a matter of sentiment than science. The love relation of one man and one woman was what appealed to him, and the matter of the community home versus individual housekeeping never so much as attracted his attention—it never occurred to him.

The individual home is no " sanctuary " in the sense that you can there give welcome to the proscribed person, and make him secure and safe.

This is against all rules, and the individual who would succor the distressed in his home would forfeit his respectability. So we build " homes for the fallen " and " homes for the aged," and put a sign on the door, so the inmates are forever reminded of their disability. Communal life is a true sanctuary—there the ex-convict and the unfortunate will not be herded by themselves; they will live like other people and be given peace by being set to work, and the fact of their presence will attract no attention. Communal life will not relegate the old to the chimney-corner—there is employment for all.

But perhaps the best feature of Communal Life will be that each Group or Commune will transform itself by the most natural process into a University. The curriculum will not be for three years nor for four. It will be for life. Education in a community will not take the candidate out of life in order to educate him for life. It will not subject him to the humiliation and degenerating process of becoming a remittance man in order to become educated. Each Group, Commune, Phalansterie, or Phalanx will

be a self-supporting University, that is, self-supporting through the useful efforts of teachers and students.

Beyond doubt, the various Groups will not be of equal rank; some will be especially strong in one thing; others in something else. Should a Commune acquire a reputation, say, for philosophy and languages, it will have applications for entrance from men and women who wish to perfect themselves in those particular things. One can imagine that a Phalansterie which contained a man like Ernst Haeckel or Herbert Spencer would have some pressure on its gates from applicants for membership. And doubtless, too, there will be more or less moving about from one Phalansterie to another, thus bringing members in touch with many minds. And what think you of the time when everywhere will be men and women who have taken post-graduate courses—at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Jena, Heidelberg, Cambridge and Oxford? ❧ ❧

At Brook Farm new members were received on a vote of a committee, and invited to come and remain one month.

At the end of this time, if the candidate wished to put in a formal application for membership, he could do so.

If his application was favorably passed upon, he then continued for one more month on probation, at the end of which time he was either accepted into full membership or else rejected.

Such a regulation insures the keeping out of discordant elements and disrupting influences. Each individual must prove his fitness—he must give as well as receive. And when men in large numbers evolve the radiating habit of mind, instead of that of absorption, the millennium will not be far away.

The greatest group of men the world has ever seen was produced in Athens during the age of Pericles. Here we find Socrates, Plato, Pericles and Phidias, living at the same time in a city of one hundred thousand people. Not only this, but there were ten others living at the same time, making fourteen men altogether,

whose equal the entire civilized world has not produced in at least two thousand years.

Doctor Francis Galton says, "The ability of the average Athenian was as far above the average Englishman as the average Englishman is above the native African."

The secret of the greatness of the great men of Athens lies in the fact that they worked as a community; their thoughts blended into a whole, and thus mentally sustained, uplifted, encouraged and stimulated, they evolved and grew.

The decline of Greece began when she commenced to split up into parties; and jealousy, quibble, clique, faction and feud grew rife ❧ ❧

We are told that genius is a matter of soil and climate—this may be true in one sense, but something besides soil and climate is needed ❧ ❧

The climate of Greece is now just what it was twenty-five hundred years ago, but Greece for over two thousand years has produced nothing but the spawn of earth.

It is a most significant thing that Athens, the most beautiful city the world has ever known, was also the most socialistic. ¶ And here seems a good place to say an undisputed thing in a solemn way: Athens was built and beautified by Athenians. Athens did not import her talent—she evolved it. The skilled men of Athens acquired their skill in Athens.

The master mind of Athens was that of Pericles. Pericles held no office, but for thirty years he practically dictated the political policy of the city.

And he dictated not by injunction nor edict, nor by suppression and repression.

He kept his discipline out of sight, just as he kept himself out of sight. We are told that Pericles was seen but once a year upon the public streets, and this was on the occasion of his annual oration, when he walked from his home to the Forum. The life

of Pericles was a search for talent, and the impulse of his life was to supply an atmosphere in which souls could grow. He encouraged and inspired.

Athens allowed her citizens a fuller and wider liberty than had been seen up to that time. The chief blot upon the fair fame of Athens is that she allowed slavery; but this slavery was of a very attenuated form. The slaves were not even under surveillance—many lived in houses distant from their masters. Some were highly educated and skilled. They went on journeys and did very much as they liked.

Their slavery lay practically in being disfranchised and not having the right to own property. They were paid no wages, but were supplied what they needed.

Not to own property would be regarded as a great hardship to us, where men are largely judged by their rating in Dun and Company. But Dun's Register is a very modern invention. Even the free citizens of Athens set small store on private wealth—they worked for the city.

That is to say, they worked for all. And we hear of Socrates prophesying that the undoing of the city of Athens would come when her citizens began to crave personal ownership of things.

¶ Each city of Greece was practically a free city. These cities emulated each other and Athens became possessed with the idea that she would eclipse them all in excellence and beauty.

That she succeeded is beyond cavil. And she succeeded because the communistic spirit became dominant. The lust of private ownership, for a generation practically disappeared.

Men who owned slaves turned these slaves over to work for the municipality; the owners themselves worked, and everybody did what he could do best—it was all for Athens. The city paid every man an *ecclesiasticon.* This daily fee was supposed to be for jury duty or for attending the *ecclesia,* or popular mass-meetings, where every one was free to speak. In fact, a sum was also

supplied to pay the way into the theaters. This sum paid was a kind of honorarium given in place of a wage. The man worked for the city; and most of the citizens must have worked steadily and hard, judging from results.

Life was very simple and living cheap. A house could be rented for from five to ten dollars a year.

Many of these houses were built and owned by the municipality, because the city could build better and cheaper than individuals. These houses were very plain, but solid and substantial. Each house was supplied with stationary stone tables, benches and beds, with an eye to sanitation.

Little extra furniture was required.

The art and the beauty of Athens were in the temples, peristyles, theaters and other public places. The schools, gymnasiums, baths and libraries were free for the use of the people. All good things belonged to everybody who could appreciate and utilize them ❧ ❧

The art of a community is always beyond the art of individuals. ¶ The public supplies a consensus of opinion; a criterion or standard is formed, and the matter of embellishment goes to those who can do it best. Criticism is full and free, and the useless, senseless and absurd disappears. Beautiful art is always a collaboration ❧ ❧

A private individual builds his palatial home and fills it with crude, curious and expensive things. He is no judge of these ornaments—this is not his business, and he falls a prey to those who deal in the gilded and the tawdry. Hence, the majority of the homes of well-to-do Americans are mere junkshops for the collection of imitation and bogus treasures.

The art treasures of a community are for the most part genuine. They are secured and cared for by the combined efforts of those whose taste is highest and best. If a man in a community does not care for art he will never evolve it; but a man who owns a

private house thinks he is compelled to decorate and furnish it, because he is in competition with all other houses on the street.

¶ Greece had no private artistic standards—her art belonged to all, and thus she evolved men whose lives were devoted to art—who were consecrated to it.

Praxiteles, her greatest sculptor, was the child of the community, educated by the State he served.

Ictinus and Callicrates, the two architects who designed the Parthenon, represented the consensus of ripe ideality, and were possible only in a community where each worked for the good of all. They did not work on contract nor did they sublet their contracts, neither did they bid and underbid to secure the job through the favor of men who had neither taste nor ideals.

The secret of the Parthenon—the most complete building the world has ever seen—lay in the fact that its architects and builders were free.

The Parthenon, with all of its immortal ornaments and embellishments, did not cost one-half as much as the capitol at Albany has cost the people of New York State.

For the first time in the history of the world mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs. What we shall do with what we have, is now more important than that we shall accumulate more.

What co-operation and right environment can do for a people is exemplified, in degree, by The Roycrofters. The Roycrofters endeavor, and to a great extent succeed, in providing beautiful homes and beautiful surroundings for people who, working as individuals, could not provide these things for themselves. But to provide beautiful things is not of itself a great accomplishment —the real difficulty lies in creating in the hearts of people a desire for the beautiful and the excellent, to a degree where they will evolve these things for themselves. To own the thing is little —to create it is much. If The Roycrofters have succeeded, their

achievement lies in this: they are inspiring people to create. This semi-community is situated in the village of East Aurora, Erie County, New York State, eighteen miles from the city of Buffalo. The village is a simple and unpretentious place. It has neither wealth nor poverty, and has no special enterprises save the Roycroft Shop, and Knox's Stock Farm, where trotting horses are raised and trained. The farming country round about is poor, and land values are not equal to what they where, say forty years ago ❧ ❧

This " Shop," which is operated by The Roycrofters, is devoted to printing and binding books, making furniture, and working in ornamental iron and in copper.

The Roycrofters also have three farms and operate a hotel.

The work done by them is of the highest and best, the motto of the community being, " Not how cheap, but how good." The wares these people produce command high prices and go very largely to the art-collectors of the world.

The Roycrofters bind books for which they get as high as two hundred fifty dollars each, and their best pieces of furniture sell at prices in proportion.

It is needless to say that the Roycroft wares have merit, otherwise they would not sell. And people who make beautiful things must in degree be a beautiful people. "As we make better books we will become better people," is a motto carved on the lintels of the Roycroft doors.

The Roycrofters started in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-five, on very small capital, and with only half a dozen workers. There are now over four hundred of them, and the prosperity of the institution and its high ideals have had a pronounced effect upon the whole village. Whether the oldest inhabitants acknowledge this is quite irrelevant—transformation is a silent process, not explosive ❧ ❧

And even The Roycrofters themselves are too close to their work

to realize its full significance. " The fishes know naught of the sea." But from the fact that the Labor Commissioner of the State of New York has published a report on the work of The Roycrofters at the expense of the State, and the Government of France has done the same, and that the Mikado has published the *Message to Garcia* and given it out to his troops, it must be conceded that this economic and pedagogic experiment is of interest to many.

The skilled people in the Roycroft Shop grew skilled there—they are not an importation. The talent of the town was used—and none other. Outsiders are not desired, and people from a distance who wish to come on and live the " ideal life " are requested to stay where they are and start a shop of their own ❧ ❧

Environment counts for little unless you help to make it. You must create your own atmosphere.

The materials to be found in the vicinity were utilized. The Roycrofters went forth in the fields and gathered the bowlders or " niggerheads," and with these, and the rough wood of native trees, erected buildings that are a delight to the eyes of men who know the best. Yet The Roycrofters employed no professional architects. Had they done so, the result would have been professional buildings.

As it is we get something unique, peculiar, individual. These buildings and their beautiful furnishings are the result of plain people working in collaboration, with criticism, full, free and frank ❧ ❧

One man may make mistakes—he sees but a little, and is liable to lapse ❧ ❧

The Roycrofters have a managing board of seven directors, and these men thresh out every new move together at length.

All new plans are laid before them, each expresses himself, and the result in the end is commendable.

What one fails to see, another does. The Roycrofters are a corporation, the shares being owned by the workers. Two-thirds of them live in their own homes, but a good many of these dine at the common table.

If The Roycrofters had ransacked the world for talent, and then brought these talented men together, and by them this work had been done, it would have been remarkable.

As it is, some say it is " miraculous."

The fact is, it should not even be regarded as remarkable, and certainly it is not miraculous. There are hundreds of villages in New York State and all over America, just as favorable for co-operative work as East Aurora. There the latent talent has been vitalized by a oneness of desire—The Roycrofters work together, instead of pulling apart.

The intent has been to create an atmosphere in which souls can grow—in which men and women can work up to their highest and best; a place where they can get an education and a living at the same time.

The place has a stimulus of good cheer; it is filled with animation; and the spirit of emulation is everywhere.

Going through the rooms, the visitor is first impressed by the air of cleanliness, neatness and order. On the desks and tables are palms, flowers, ferns.

The walls are covered with pictures—pictures made by the workers, not daubs or lithographs. Many of The Roycrofters work at drawing and painting, and when one of them does a particularly pleasing bit of work, it is framed by one of the boys and hung up, so all can see and enjoy it. The standard is high, and if a piece of work did not have genuine merit it would not be tolerated

The Roycrofters believe especially in music, so one sees a piano in nearly every room. Often while the others work, one of the workers will go to the piano and play. Downstairs, where the

printing-presses run, the workers sing, loud and long, even if not always on the key.

There is a musical director who gives most of his time to teaching all the workers who show any special musical inclination. There are vocal teachers and instrumental, in piano, guitar and violin. There is an orchestra, a brass band and a choral society. There are classes in drawing, bookkeeping; in French, German and Italian; lectures on history, science and nature study. All the teachers are volunteers. If a person can do anything especially well he is made a teacher by acclamation—a class is formed, and any worker wishing to take up that particular line of work is invited in ❧ ❧

There is a library of five thousand volumes; reading-rooms where the best magazines from all over the world are to be seen; special music-rooms for individual instruction; a ballroom; a chapel; and art-gallery ❧ ❧

Every little while visitors of note are coming along, and are invited to speak, or read, or play, or recite, so The Roycrofters are really in communication with the best minds of the world. In the Roycroft Phalansterie dining-room visitors and workers dine together. The food is of the best—simple, yet prepared in a scientific way—and served with artistic delicacy. The work in the kitchen and dining room is done by people of intelligence and worth; and often in the chapel the visitor may listen to a solo sung by the girl who waited on him at the table. With The Roycrofters there are no " servants " —all work and work with a will. The men who speak in the Roycroft Chapel are not above doing the most so-called menial tasks. The weekly debates bring out more or less speaking talent, and great questions are discussed with a freedom and insight that almost appals the visiting dilettante. The Roycroft Shop is not endowed—it is not mendicant; it neither exists on charity nor the dole of the legislator. It constructs and creates, and the things the workers make are bought

and paid for by people who want them. The workers get a living and more; and they also get all the education they can absorb and digest. It would be quite absurd to claim the Roycroft Shop is a perfect institution. Perfection is only possible with perfect people—with perfect managers, perfect workers, and customers who are perfect. Such things are not yet—let us not quibble. The stone buildings, the beautiful grounds and four hundred strong, healthy workers are there at Roycroft; and these things can not be waived nor smiled away. The place is one of physical, mental and moral health. The Roycroft Shop, taken as a whole, seems an index-finger pointing the way.

The individual busy at work, at work he likes, is safe. This way sanity, health and happiness lie.

Through the proper exercise of the three H's—Head, Hand Heart—are we educated. And to be educated is to live, for education means development, unfoldment. There is only one thing worth praying for, and that is to be in the line of evolution—growth. There is no happiness elsewhere, save in the consciousness that we are tunneling toward the light, slowly but surely. To know this is to live. We are all Sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Our windows are open toward the East!

# ROYCROFT DICTIONARY *and* BOOK OF EPIGRAMS

CONCOCTED BY

ALI BABA AND THE BUNCH

ON RAINY DAYS

DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP FOR THE DIVERTISEMENT OF THE GLOOMSTERS

# Roycroft Dictionary

ADVERTISING: The education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer the world in way of commodity or service.

ABEL: The first squealer.

ABHORRENCE: 1. A pronounced feeling of dislike in the presence of what is superior or unattainable. 2. To discover one's real self and to slander somebody or something else in revenge. 3. A form of hate that suffers from *mal de mer.*

ASBESTOS: 1. The white-hope of the damned. 2. A specially prepared paper upon which *The Philistine* is printed.

ARSON: To be careless in the use of fire. (General Sherman was at times more or less careless in the use of fire on his March to the Sea.—*Hon. Henry W. Grady.*)

AERONAUT: A person who goes up in order to come down. Hence, a metaphysician.

ABNORMAL: To have intelligence, character or genius; to be less stupid than one's neighbor; to be better than the worst; to be one's self. *E. g.,* the writer of these lines.

ABODE: 1. A place where one cleans one's teeth and occasionally sleeps. 2. A long counter with a gutter and a rail at the bottom over which one is served with any liquid in a glass. 3. Dwelling, fireside (obsolete in this sense). 4. A grave.

ACADEMIC: 1. Of, or pertaining to fossils; vegetative; parasitic; the opposite of change, viable, evolution. 2. Relating to a society that promotes the love of the static and the immobile. 3. Apish, parrot-like, phonographic.

ABNEGATION: A plan for securing the thing in the easiest and surest way.

ADIEU: A prayer of thanksgiving uttered at parting.

ACQUAINTANCE: Any one we bow to politely at the opera or shake hands with warmly in a barroom, but whom we would kick out of our homes. Hence, any one who has refused us a loan.

ACT: 1. Thought in motion. 2. An actor who says he gets three thousand a week.

ABYSS: 1. The measureless gulf between literature and the American magazine. 2. The distance between a thinker and an editorial writer.

ARMY: A body of humanitarians that seek to impress on another body of men the beauty of non-resistance, by exterminating them.

ABORIGINE: 1. A natural, unaffected person; one who has no conscience, who is honest, upright, and always at war. 2. A Deist, a Pantheist, who sees God in everything and feels His presence everywhere, even in his cannibalistic rites; hence the first thinker in any country. 3. One who hates civilization and the *Ladies' Hum Journal*. 4. Any one who is mulcted, robbed, murdered, butchered, betrayed, in the name of progress.

ANARCHIST: 1. A Christian dilettante; one who casts a shadow on tomorrow while waiting for the Greek Kalends. 2. A mouther of sublime inanities. 3. One who maps and surveys the air and constructs dainty Utopias with the building-blocks quarried from his unbelievable credulity. 4. In the insane asylum of idealists, a man who imagines himself to be God. 5. A militant bourgeois who has deserted both Rome and Reason because he can not stand competition

ADMISSION: 1. To lie frankly and truthfully about something that can not possibly incriminate you. 2. To go into a place where one is not wanted; as, " A burglar gained admission to my house."

AMERICAN PLAN: A scheme for shortening human life through overeating

ANANIAS: 1. The first ad-writer. 2. Any person who adapts the truth to his needs. 3. An ancient Saint George who slew the dragon Truth—hence, any popular hero or revealer who displays his grinders

AGRICULTURIST: One who makes his money in town and blows it in in the country.

ANGER: 1. A violent blushing and scampering up and down of the blood upon hearing the truth about ourselves; an epileptic condition produced by the presentation of a bill that is not yet due, just due, or overdue. A sudden tumescence of the ego and a furious exaltation of verbal powers upon losing a collar-button. 2. Before election, the righteous wrath of a candidate in the presence of evils that he has invented; after election-day, his wail in the presence of the grave he did not dig. *E. g.,* The devil (taking final leave of the Lord): " I am in anger with thee, Sire." The Lord " For thee, son, 't will be a long time between heavens. So go to Hell and take thine Anger with thee."

ADMIRATION: 1. The smile of Spite. 2. To secretly wish evil to one who has given us pleasure. 3. A form of shamefaced flattery. 4. To murder and go scot-free. *E. g.,* " I admire him very much." " Ah, so that is the reason he has become thoughtful! " From Bean's *Meditations of a Vegetarian.*

AFTERWARD: A space of time in which something happens after something else has happened, as life, death; love, disillusion; riches, gout; wine, headache; unselfishness, regret.

ASSEMBLY: The Pantheon of the mediocre.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY: 1. Auto-intoxication. 2. Things which no one else will say about you, and which therefore you have to say of yourself

APOSTLE: 1. A machine for recording a lie. 2. A person who has grown round-shouldered from following the spoor of another. 3. A lickspittle needed by philosophers in their business.

ALBANY: 1. A place beyond which Henry Hudson could not go. 2. The lobby of the White House. 3. Famous in history by the biennial meetings of the Blackmailers' Club. 4. Any place wherein a capitol is burned at a pre-established psychological moment. (There is a famous proverb which says, " Those who are in Albany escaped Sing Sing, and those who are in Sing Sing were on their way to Albany.")

ATHENS: See Pericles and Aspasia.

ART: 1. The vengeance of the Ideal on the Real. 2. Anything done by a man or a woman on paper, canvas, marble or a musical keyboard that people pretend to understand, and sometimes buy. 3. The antithesis of whatever becomes popular in the cultured world. 4. To cast out the dragons of virtue and hypocrisy by committing some imaginary sin and telling the world about it. 5. The beautiful way of doing things. 6. The expression of a man's joy in his work. 7. A matter of hair-cut and neckties. 8. The uplifting of the beautiful so that all may see and enjoy. 9. The utilization of love's exhaust. 10. Love's by-product.

ART-COLLECTOR: A man who operates a morgue for things rich, rare and precious.

ATHEIST: Any man who does not believe in himself.

ATHLETE MEX: Any man who throws the bull.

ATONEMENT: 1. Embolism of the will. 2. To raise a sin from a vice to a virtue. 3. A borax that kills the vermin of remorse, but that can not be relied upon to kibosh their breeding-place. 4. An immunity-bath in preparation for transgressions to come. (Among certain religious sects, the Day of Atonement is the day on which all gonofs line up for a fresh start.)

ATTENTION: Concentration of the mind on whatever will ultimately put something in the pocket; hence, in law and politics, the frame-up.

BACK: 1. That part of the body to which your friend directs his remarks when he tells you the truth. 2. A smooth surface composed of skin and bones which stretches between Land's End and John o' Groat's.

BAL-MASQUE: The coronation of Mephisto.

BALIVORAX: A Battle Creek Bellifiller, made from selected fidoes fuddies, fresh freddies, cibots and chitterlings. Ladies love it, babies cry for it, and men who eat it are loved by the ladies who love it who have babies who cry for it. This is the filler fidgeted for by Juno before she weaned Hercules—who was no bottle-baby—and fed to him afterward. Ask your Bagpiper and take no other.

BEATITUDE: A rare and evanescent mental state caused by the reception of money that one has not earned. Synonyms: Windfall, remittance

BEGGAR: A robber who has lost his nerve—a bandit with a streak of yellow in his ego.

BIDDLE: The act of introducing a prize-fight in a Sunday School.

BILLY SUNDAY: 1. A theological jumping-jack, jerked by financial strings. 2. Any one with a pious emotional jag. 3. Hypnosis at so much per. 4. A person intent on saving his soul by religious rigmarole at the expense of reason. 5. To paddle away to Paradise in an orthodox canoe, and feel happy in the thought that most of the folks on the Big Ship are going to Hell.

BLOOMINGDALE: A condition of mind.

BASTARD: Any man who doubts his own immaculate conception.

BEAN: A dynamic spheroid, combustible under certain conditions

BLABERINO: Any person who tells a person something a person says about him, which puts fishbones in the throat and brickbats in the Ostermoor of the person told.

BOOTY: 1. Whatever belongs to somebody that really belongs to somebody else, or whatever belongs to somebody else that really belongs to you or ought to belong to you if it did not belong to a third party—hence, anything at all. 2 Property in a transitional stage.

BAPTISM: Hydrocephalic abracadabra.

BARD: Anciently a poet; now a Poet-Laureate.

BOREDOM: 1. The essential nature of monogamy. 2. A period of rest between I Did and I Will. 3. A state of divine revelation wherein for a single moment we are carried by the giant of Eternal Inutility to the abysms and summits of the perpetual Nix. (The word *boredom* comes from Bore, a tired son of Noah. After the subsidence of the waters, Bore wandered about the earth, yawning and gaping and stretching, for at that time malaria oozed from many stagnant pools. Finally, absolutely exhausted, Bore, being afraid to lie down on the damp and slimy soil, rested on the seventh day on his own bean, hence boredom.)

BUGHOUSE: 1. A condition of mind (See Boston). 2. The place where a person without funds is sent under certain conditions.

BUSINESS: 1. Looking a payroll in the eye and kiting checks. 2. A method of reducing a landlady to her lowest terms.

BUSINESSMAN: One who gets the business and completes the transaction—all the rest are clerks and laborers.

BUTLER: 1. A Person or Thing that has charge of the servants in a house belonging to another Person or Thing. 2. A tyrant without ears, eyes, organs, dimensions, passions.

BRAIN: A commodity as scarce as radium and more precious, used to fertilize ideas.

BOHEMIA: A good place in which to camp, but a very poor place in which to settle down.

BREAD: A foodstuff which the rich occasionally give to the poor as a substitute for cake.

CANNIBAL: 1. The conceiver and first practitioner of the eucharistic rite. 2. A place where a missionary may have a hell of a time. 3. A Pierrot whose pranks are side-splitting. 4. One who appreciates his fellow-being at his true worth. 5. The most subtle of living ironists. 6. Any one who takes his brother man at his physical valuation.

CARELESSNESS: 1. To have an eye on Eternity, wherein nothing matters. 2. To do a thing in the manner of a god who throws dice for the birth or death of a universe. 3. To perform an act wisely, but not too well.

COURTESY: 1. The court clothes of any two-legged predatory animal. 2. The oil that makes a juggernaut noiseless.

CHUMS: A condition of sophomorish propinquity that precedes a feud (See furse and vendetta.) A state of chumminess between persons of opposite sex and suitable ages is more or less in the line of Nature. But that can't-get-along-without-you feeling between persons of the same sex is a form of hate and means that some third party is going to be beaned.

CIRCUMSTANCE: 1. The fresh banana-peel just around the corner. *2. Ex-post-facto* knowledge of a series of incidents, episodes and laws which, had we known before doing something that we should not have done anyhow, we would have done otherwise, in the same way, or not at all. The Shadowy Iago that follows us up and down life's promenades. 4. Man Friday to Chance

CHILDREN; Exquisite caskets of flesh that hold the scrolls of all our deeds.

CEREBELLUM: 1. The knapsack of Intelligence. 2. The *pons asinorum* between the mind and the cabeza. 3. A place whence, in democracies, politicians draw their strength, and in monarchies where the masses manufacture bombs and guillotines. *E. g.*, " Now suppose," began Professor Sapnoodle, " that a tiny elevator ran up the spine; we should then call the cerebellum the ceiling of the basement."

CHARITY: 1. A thing that begins at home, and usually stays there. 2. Bracing up Ralph Waldo Emerson's reputation by attributing to him literary mousetraps which he should have made, but did n't. (See Cheese.)

CHAUFFEUR: The power behind the thrown.

CHEEK: 1. A drip-pan for tears. 2. Anciently, a part of the face; latterly, among women, the subsoil of rouge. 3. The principal asset of Ex-President Bombastes Furioso.

CHEF: The Messiah of gluttons; a Borgia of the scullery; one who crochets sweetbreads instead of cooking them.

CHALK: A deposit found at the top, bottom and middle and in the space between the bottom and middle and between the middle and top of American literature. (Chalk-line, used generally in the phrase, " to walk a chalk-line;" *e. g.*, the shortest way to reach the poorhouse is to walk the chalk-line of probity.)

CLIQUE: Friendship gone to seed.

COMMITTEE: A thing which takes a week to do what one good man can do in an hour.

CHRISTIAN: 1. One of a sect that despises and rejects the race from which its founder sprang. 2. A person who thinks he believes in a certain creed that he does not believe in, and thus is pied mentally, morally and arithmetically. 3. A man who keeps one day in the week holy and raises hell with folks and fauna the other six—sometimes.

CHURCH: 1. A place where the Anointed of the Lord palm themselves off on one another. 2. A hall of echoes. 3. A counterpane for the dead. 4. An edifice wherein inspired fogyism gets its final degree

CHICAGO TONGUE: A lengthening of the unruly member to hammer-like proportion.

CONSCIENCE: 1. The muzzle of the will. 2. The Pecksniffian mask of the fudamental Bill Sykes. 3. The aspiration of Rosinante to be Pegasus.

CHURCH UNITY: Joining my church.

CIGARETTIST: One who is late every morning and fresh every evening.

CITY: 1. Any place where men have builded a jail, a bagnio, a gallows, a morgue, a church, a hospital, a saloon, and laid out a cemetery—hence a center of life. 2. A herding region; any part of the earth where ignorance and stupidity integrate, agglomerate and breed

CIVILIZATION: A device for increasing human ills; a machine for the perpetuation of the weak; an ingenious contraption for spreading disease and hunger. (See war, harlot, politician, liar, Teddy, Sulzer, Murphy, hypocrisy, newspaper, forger, jail, policemen, lawyer, walking delegate, capitalist, poverty, clergyman.) *E. g.,* " Do you believe in civilization? " " Yep." From *The Confessions of Herr Krupp.*

COMMONSENSE: The ability to detect values—to know a big thing from a little one. (I 'd rather possess Commonsense than to have six degrees from Oxford.—*Fingy Conners' Confessions.*)

CLOCK: 1. A telltale; a gossip; a blab. 2. A chink through which the Greta secret leaks. 3. The Big Ben of eternity.

COLLEGE: A place where you have to go in order to find out that there is nothing in it. (See Marriage.)

COFFIN: 1. L'Envoi, the end of the legend. 2. An ornamental candy-box which no one cares to open. 3. A room without a door or a skylight.

COLLEGE DEGREE: A social disgenic, as compared with proof of competence.

COMIC: Tragedy viewed from the wings.

COMPETITION: 1. The struggle for a cake of ice in hell. 2. The life of trade, and the death of the trader.

CHIMERIC: To follow the right and get left. *E. g.*, A. He was chimeric. B. All the same, he went to the Chair like a man.

CONCOCTION: 1. An imaginative mosaic distinguished from a lie in this, that a lie is " made up " and a concoction is " put together." 2. A social, religious, economic or political allegory, dogma, creed or program which lands some one in power and flattens out those who believe in it. 3. A mixture of dream and reality, sometimes called " Universe " or " World," put together by two strolling Super-Gentlemen Adventurers, sometimes known as God and Satan.

CONFIDENCE: The one big lesson the world needs most to learn ☙ ☙

CONSERVATIVE: One who is opposed to the things he is in favor of ☙ ☙

COMPLIMENT: A sarcastic remark with a flavor of truth or not as the case may be.

CONSOLE: To stab one in pain with the bare bodkin of pity.

CONTRADICTION: 1. Two lies disputing the roadway. 2. A head-on collision in which two trains of thought telescope each other ☙ ☙

COQUETRY: 1. An eye-shade worn by lubricity. 2. The colored glasses of The-Thing Itself. 3. The death-tumbrel that Passion builds for its dreams.

CONSCIOUSNESS: A state wherein one becomes aware that he is being robbed, swindled or duped, by either a natural or an artificial law. (Aside from his periods of sleep it may be said that man is always in a state of consciousness when voting, making love, or when succumbing to any other form of hypnotic suggestion.)

CONVERSION 1. To be suddenly seized by fright before a fiction or a fact. 2. To execute a mental and moral pirouette from one absurdity to a worse one. 3. To exhaust one pleasure and seek redemption in another. 4. A backslider from your own ideas to those of an inferior.

CO-OPERATION: Doing what I tell you to do, and doing it quick

COURAGE: 1. A matter of the red corpuscle. 2. A matter of getting used to it. (It is oxygen that makes every attack, and without oxygen in his blood to back him, a man attacks nothing—not even a pie—From Wilbur Nesbit's book, *Bunc as I have Found It.*)

CREED: A metaphor with ankylosis—a figure of speech frozen stiff with fright.

CURIOSITY: 1. A gulf that swallows gods, men, creeds, matter, worlds, philosophies. 2. A peep-hole in the brain through which one sees the pomp and ceremony of the Absurd. 3. A monstrous antenna that feels its way through matter and mind, and founders in the Infinite. 4. At its lowest, the instinct that boosts us up to peep over our neighbor's transom, symboled by a knot-hole.

CRITICS: Men who quarrel over the motive of a book that never had any.

CRIMINAL: One who does by illegal means what all the rest of us do legally.

CROMWELL (OLIVER): The father of Nell Gwynn.

CASTE: A Chinese Wall that deprives you of the society of sensible people.

CREDIT: The lifeblood of commerce.

CAIN: The first progressive.

CREATOR: A man possessing initiative.

DAWN: 1. The beginning of a daily installment in a serial story that will never end. 2. That mystical hour wherein Dives goes belching into dreamland and Lazarus comes out yawning carrying a dinner-pail.

DEATH: 1. To stop sinning suddenly. 2. To resign one's membership in the Ananias Club. 3. A readjustment of life's forces.

DEBT: 1. A rope to your foot, cockleburs in your hair, and a clothespin on your tongue. 2. The devil in disguise.

DEMAGOGUE: One whose highest ambition is to stand on the grave of a great dead industry and boast to an army of unemployed of his bloody deeds.

DECALOGUE: 1. The stakes that hold in its place the social circus-tent. 2. A collection of commandments formulated by a person who has broken them all. 3. An incubator in which eaglets are transformed into capons. 4. A fence that confines animiles that can not climb or fly.(The most famous Decalogue is known as the Ten Commandments. Whoso has obeyed this Decalogue *in toto* has died obscure, poor, unsung, unwept, and overlooked by Clio.)

DOGMA: 1. A hard substance which forms in a soft brain; a coprolitic idea; a lie imperiously reiterated and authoritatively injected into the mind of one or more persons who believe they believe what some one else believes. 2. A paying thought or doctrine. 3. A recession into the Divine or Imperial—hence, the father of graft.

DEMOCRACY: 1. A form of government by popular ignorance. 2. The dwarf's paradise. 3. Any political system where male votes are substitutes for brains. (This word comes from the Abracadabra: "demo," lungs; "crazy," to rule; hence, to rule by caloric.)

DENNIS: The man who expresses the things he thinks other folks think he thinks.

DOLLAR: A disk of metal which has eucharistic qualities; a sacred, miraculous object, contact with which is looked upon as curative and prophylactic.

DIARY: 1. To see one's self as no one else cares to see us. 2. A book that describes the birth, effulgence and disappearance of pimples. 3. The lavatory of literature.

DIPLOMACY: An endeavor to side-step Nemesis.

DIPLOMAT: A man who says "perhaps" when he means no, as opposed to a woman who says "perhaps" when she means yes. (A man who says "no" is not a diplomat, and a man who says "yes" is not a lady.)

DIGNITY: 1. A state of spiritual, mental or emotional starchiness that precedes a bluff. 2. A sartorial and tonsorial *chef-d' œuvre*. 3. The bodily attitude of a speaker or a preacher in the presence of people whose duty it is to believe he is not lying to them. 4. A mask we wear to hide our ignorance. (Man has dignity, woman has poise, animals have power; hence, dignity in a man or woman is anything that is a substitute for power.)

DISAPPOINTMENT: 1. The cradle of the ideal. 2. The skeleton of Purpose and the skull and crossbones of Desire. 3. A feeling in regard to the past that comes to every one on the Thirty-first of each December. 4. The final issue of any act begun yesterday, today or tomorrow. 5. The orginal road to Damascus and Horeb. 6. An alluvium deposited by the waves of Time in the human soul, and which becomes the basis of psychological Mont Blancs.

DISCORD : A guinea-hen, a peacock and a bluejay singing a trio.

DISADVANTAGE : Having too many advantages in life.

DEVIL : A god who has been bounced for conduct unbecoming a gentleman ❧ ❧

DOCTOR: 1. A person who has taken seriously the biblical injunction, " Physician, heal thyself! " 2. In Germany, a swashbuckler person with many scars, much admired by small boys and unhappily married ladies, and feared by shopkeepers.

DISINTERESTED: 1. Whatever is inconceivable. 2. A hypothetical ether that surrounds all forms of selfishness and naturalness. 3. That psychological interval when we look the other way before making a grab. 4. A monkey's mental attitude toward the hen.

DISHONORABLE: 1. To avoid infamy and almost attain respectability. 2. The first feeling we entertain toward each new acquaintance. 3. Any action whatsoever committed by a competitor ❧ ❧

DUTY: A pleasure which we try to make ourselves believe is a hardship ❧ ❧

DIVORCE: 1. A legal separation of two persons of the opposite sex who desire to respect and honor each other. 2. A marital derail.

DIVORCEE: 1. A female fugitive from injustice. 2. Any lady who is a Post-Graduate in Love's Correspondence-School.

DISCONTENT: 1. Inertia on a strike. 2. The mainspring of progress. 3. The starting-point in every man's career.

DISINHERIT: 1. The prankish action of the ghosts in cutting the pockets out of trousers. 2. To leave great sums of money to lawyers. 3. A method of insuring post-mortem notoriety—and disappointment ❧ ❧

DUCHESS: The feminine of Dutchman.

DYNAMO: Any man who has everything he eats, drinks, smokes, and wears charged

DOUBTER: 1. One who picks his teeth, blows his nose on his napkin, and yawns at the Lord's table. 2. A good-for-nothing who does not knock before entering the bathroom of the Faithful.

DREAM: 1. A place where the starving feel the pangs of gluttony, and the threadbare wear opera-hats and spats. 2. A magic mirror wherein the dead appear to mock us with their happiness. 3. A cerebral phenomenon caused on upper Fifth Avenue by eating too much, and on the lower East Side by eating too little. 4. The Valhalla and the Welsh Rabbit; the Brocken where the souls of the animals, fish and birds we have eaten hold their revels; a private theater where indigestion is the prompter.

EARTH: 1. A small beanshaped planet, full of noise, nonsense and noddies, created in order to swell the pockets of politicians. 2. A blister produced by the constant abrasion of motion against space

EAT: 1. To prolong pain; to satisfy the anticipatory pleasure of hunger; to deliberately plan the contamination of the drinking-water of a people. 2. The demagogic demands of the belly. 3. A sinful or extravagant act among the destitute. 4. A sacred rite among the rich. 5. An artificial aid to conversation and the repetition of threadbare stories, generally off-color.

EDUCATION: A form of self-delusion by those who muff every good wheeze.

ECONOMICS: The science of the production, distribution and use of wealth, best understood by college professors on half-rations

EMPHASIS: To italicize a lie; to lay great stress on certain sounds that emanate from a larynx and that are intended to hypnotize a tympanum; to be impressive to the point of almost believing ourselves; the double chin of a declarative sentence; oratorical moth-balls.

EDITOR: 1. A person employed on a newspaper, whose business it is to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to see that the chaff is printed. 2. A delicate instrument for observing the development and flowering of the deadly mediocre and encouraging its growth. 3. A seraphic embryon; a smooth bore; a bit of sandpaper applied to all forms of originality by the publisher-proprietor; an emictory.

ENEMY: 1. A counter-irritant of which you must get a few, or it 's you for fatty degeneration of the cerebrum. 2. The friend who stings you into action. 3. Any one who tells the truth about you.

ENNUI: 1. The fourth dimension of action. 2. The looking-glass of the Infinite. 3. A state of time wherein seconds become days and hours become years. 4. A shop that contains nothing but a silent salesman, Death.

EPIGRAM: 1. A vividly expressed truth that is so, or not, as the case may be. 2. A dash of wit and a jigger of wisdom, flavored with surprise ❧ ❧

ENTHUSIASM: The great hill-climber.

EQUITABLE: An ironical term meaning you can fool some of the people all the time.

EQUITY: Simply a matter of the length of the judge's ears.

EUCHARIST: Salvation by the pound, or by the pint. (If one should eat, say, a pound of eucharistic chips and drink two quarts of the holy water a day, one would be cleansed of all sin and be much richer in bacteria.)

ETERNITY: 1. The Sunday of Time. 2. The sublimest thought of the brain of Ignorance. 3. A symphony written by a Beethoven of the ineffable *x* dimension. 4. The North Pole of the hours. 5. Monstrance of the Holy O. 6. A corrosive acid that obliterates Before and Afterward.

EXPECTANCY: An exciting interval between rounds.

EMANCIPATED MAN: One who has dared to think for himself and thus has added to his list of enemies.

EVOLUTION: 1. A word that has reclassified in an entertaining manner our impermeable and eternal ignorance. 2. The growth of a thing from the simple to the complex, and the wasting away of the complex until it is simpler than ever. 3. The one superstition that is cordially hated by theologues.

EVERYBODY: 1. The square root of zero. 2. The leavings of individuality. 3. An agglomeration of bipeds who subsist on one another's shanks. 4. The Seventh Heaven of stupidity. 5. The cosmos of the pinhead. 6. Nobody in toto. 7. The collective and organized wisdom of the lowest forms of animal intelligence.

EXPECTATION: 1. An optimistic feeling about an event that will never occur. 2. The secret of the persecution of the Jews, Christians and Mohammedans by one another. 3. The Goddess of Love. Synonyms: Tomorrow, next week, next year, next century, pretty soon—any imaginary space of time after the present moment

EXISTENCE: 1. A metaphysical term which originally meant joy, but which since the beginning of the Christian era has come to mean pain. 2. To be (used only in the phrase " to be damned"). 3. Merely to live, without eating or drinking. (In London, Paris and New York, this phenomenon is quite common.)

EXPERIENCE: 1. The germ of power. 2. The name every one gives his mistakes. 3. Stinging and getting stung.

EYE: 1. An organ of the human body which sees the universe as it is not, and transmits the same to the brain. 2. The soul's feelers and pickers.

EYEBALL: 1. A small, miraculous globe that has the power to fabulize the external universe. 2. The spectacles of the brain; the peephole of consciousness.

EXPRESSION: 1. That mode of creation by which we coin things out of our hearts. (Nothing is of any value except that which you create for yourself, and no joy is joy save as it is the joy of self-expression.) 2. Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man ❧ ❧

EPITAPH: 1. Postponed compliments. 2. Post-mortem bull-con. 3. Qualifying for the Ananias Club.

EUROPEAN: An inhabitant of New York City.

EXECUTIVE: A man who can make quick decisions and is sometimes right.

FARMER: 1. A man who raises early feed for potato-bugs. 2. One who supplies raw stock for vaudeville jokes. 3. A man who makes his money in the country and blows it in when he comes to town. (Farms were first devised as an excuse for the Agricultural Department at Washington.)

FAILURE: 1. The man who can tell others what to do and how to do it, but never does it himself. 2. A man who has blundered, but is not able to cash in the experience.

FASHION: A barricade behind which men hide their nothingness.

FAME: To have your name paged by the "buttons" of a fashionable hotel.

FAITH: 1. The effort to believe that which your commonsense tells you is not true. 2. The first requisite in success.

FAKE: An event that occurs every four years in the United States; hence, by extension, anything popular.

FAMILY LINE: The clothes-line.

FAST TRAIN: One that has no diner.

FEAR: 1. A club used by priests, presidents, kings and policemen to keep the people from recovering stolen goods. 2. The thought of admitted inferiority. 3. The rock on which we split.

**FEATHERS**: Secondary sex advertisements made of fibre and horsetails, and used on ladies' lids as eye-gougers and such.

**FEUD**: A fool idea fanned into flame by a fool friend.

**FEMINIST MOVEMENT**: 1. A hot desire to step on the male tumble-bug. 2. An uneasy, eccentric, patho-psychio gyration, caused by disappointment or thwarted ambition. 3. A loose cam or a cosmic monkeywrench in the convolutions.

**FIFTH AVENUE**: 1. The widow's chance. 2. A rabbit-warren. 3. The underworld of the upper world. (Fifth Avenue begins at the Washington Arch and really ends at Fifty-ninth Street. Above Fifty-ninth Street one goes into the sacred precincts of monasteries and nunneries. In this district the inhabitants are divided into two classes: those who barely live and those who live barely.)

**FLY**: A sententious, epigrammatic stylist who puts a period after each utterance.

**FOLDEROL**: Talk or conversation of any kind between a man and a woman that does not contain an invitation or a promise.

**FORBEARANCE**: 1. To forgive an enemy who has been shorn of power. 2. To buy golden opinions of one's self. 3. To slay with irony or pity.

**FORECAST**: To observe that which has passed, and guess it will happen again; to anticipate the future by guessing at the past; to predict that an event will happen, if it does, by basing calculations on events that have already happened, if they did. (One may forecast and be right, wrong, or neither. It depends.)

**FIRST REQUISITES**: 1. Belief in yourself. 2. Pride in your work. 3. Useful hands, clear eyes, and a good breath.

**FOREHEAD**: 1. The facade of a cosmic bagnio. 2. A screen that hides the obscene. 3. The ramparts of a portable Bastile.

**FRA**: A literary silo that feeds the world.

FORTITUDE: That quality of mind which does not care what happens, so long as it does n't happen to us.

FORUM: A safety-valve for letting out superfluous air. *E. g.*, "Let the Forum always be open to the people, and let the treasury always be open to us."—From Titus Livy's *Psychology of the First Contractor.*

FRAME-UP: See Brandeisms in the last edition of the *Century Dictionary* ☙ ☙

FRIENDSHIP: 1. Something that by any other name would be as brittle. 2. A tacit agreement between two enemies to work together for common swag. 3. The aspiration to boredom. 4. To do unto someone that which you would not allow him to do unto you.

FRIEND: The masterpiece of Nature.

FRAT: 1. A scheme whereby you lock the world out by shutting yourself in. 2. A non-productive plan of self-incarceration in a brain bastile by a mental midge of either sex, or none. 3. A make-believe compact for purposes of piffle. (See snippity, top-lofty, tabascoish, supercilious.)

GAIETY: 1. An effervescence of spirits produced by the expectation or the receipt of money. 2. The emotion of a poor person on learning of the death of a rich relative.

GALLANT: 1. To remember one is a gentleman in spite of one's birth and training. 2. To give up your seat in a car to a woman, and tread on your neighbor's foot to get even. 3. To do a perfectly unselfish act from selfish motives.

GENT: A chauffeur who has a cab-driver for a chum.

GENTLEMAN: One who is gentle toward the friendless.

GLORY: The five senses of the dead.

GIVETH: The lisping tense of give. *E. g.*, "He giveth His beloved sleep."—From *The Ironic Sayings of Jehovah.*

GENIUS: 1. One who offends his time, his country and his relatives; hence, any person whose birthday is celebrated throughout the world about one hundred years after he has been crucified, burned, ostracized or otherwise put to death. 2. One who stands at both ends of a perspective; simultaneity of sight; to be one's self plus; to be synonym and antonym to everything. 3. The ability to act wisely without precedent—the power to do the right thing for the first time. 4. A capacity for evading hard work.

GOSSIP: 1. Vice enjoyed vicariously—the sweet, subtle satisfaction without the risk. 2. The lack of a worthy theme.

GLUTTON: A poor man who eats too much, as contradistinguished from a gourmand, who is a rich man who "lives well."

GOD: 1. The John Doe of philosophy and religion. 2. The first atheist. 3. A puzzle-editor.

GOD AND SATAN: The Pathé Frères of existence.

GODDESS: A Super-Huzzy mated with an apotheosized Super-Thug

GOOD HABITS: Mentors and servants that regulate your sleep, your work and your thought.

GOOD SPORT: A man whose soul is equipped with automatic lubrication

GOOD LUCK: Tenacity of purpose.

GOVERNMENT: A kind of legalized pillage.

GOURMAND: A rich man who eats the surplus production of the world's food-stuffs that the starving are too niggardly to purchase

GRAMMAR: The grave of letters.

GRAFT: An agrarian expression first used by Ali Baba.

GUESSWORK: A shallow depression, pit, or cavity in the consciousness of an editorial writer when he is warning the people.

GREAT MAN: One who perceives the unseen, and knows the obvious ☙ ☙

GUTTER: The Lourdes of the puritanical mind, where it finds what it seeks.

GROUCHERINO: One whose life is just one damn kick after another.

GRATITUDE: A lively sense of anticipation concerning favors about to be received.

GUMMA: A substance that forms in the Cabeza by an over-indulgence in mint-juleps; hence, to become a Super-Brute or a political Has-Been.

GRIEF: 1. The telescope of the emotions that unfolds to your eye the meaning of all worlds. 2. The overtones in all joy. 3. The pleasure that lasts the longest. 4. The tears of Memory. 5. The vice of weakness and the virtue of strength.

HAPPINESS: 1. Something that might have happened yesterday, but which will never happen tomorrow. 2. A post-prandial state of mind, which is most often a presage of acute gastritis. 3. A loving-cup, the bottom of which is like a sieve. 4. A mental state compounded of wine, women and tobacco. 5. The exploitation and final triumph of an instinct in the individual that society has branded as wicked or dangerous. 6. Forgetting self in useful effort. 7. A habit—cultivate it.

HABIT : The buffer of our feelings; the armor that protects our nerve-force; the great economizer of energy.

HEART: An organ in the human body whence comes the impulse to get divorced.

HAGGIS: The quintessence of all that has been said by all the Presidents, Governors, and Mayors in the United States since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine.

HAND: 1. A conventionalized bread-hook. 2. An attachment at the end of the human arm which gives to another a lemon, or something that the owner of the arm can no longer use or that is harmful to him.

HAIR: The Olympus of the pediculidæ.

HEAVEN: 1. The Coney Island of the Christian imagination. 2. Largely a matter of digestion. 3. An orphan asylum where institutionalism reigns. 4. A penitential colony where the virtuous and the good are condemned to eternal fellowship for their stupidities uttered on earth.

HAS-BEEN: Any man who thinks he has arrived.

HATE: 1. The shoal on which our bark is stranded. 2. A habit.

HELL: 1. A Papal bull. 2. An extinct volcano. 3. The Pantheon of the brave. 4. An ancient conflagration that was checked when Voltaire invented the asbestos intellect. 5. A theological corn, wart or tumor. 6. The sense of separateness. 7. Three telephone systems in a town. 8. An invitation to go sightseeing. *E. g.*, "If I'd only had a parachute at the time I would have gone to hell gracefully and taken a record for descent."—From Lucifer's *Confessions of a Ticket-o'-Leave Man.*

HELTA-SKELTA. The new substitute for Strenuosity. Puts you to sleep while you work. Helta-Skelta is a prepossessing product made from posthole polyglot piecrust, and is warranted free from teddine, swaboda, korona, kabo and karezza. Served face to face with cream or without, it is spit out as soon as chewed, and can not be swallowed. Locate the lavatory and try a free sample.

HIGHBROW: 1. A person who has grown so wise that the obvious escapes him. 2. One who reveres knowledge with superstitious awe, and whose worship of observation approaches the ecstatic. 3. One who believes that an atom is a monstrance that conceals the Holy Ghost of Force.

HEN: The only animal in Nature that can lay around and make money ❧ ❧

HIGHFLYER: Any man who rides on the running-board, when he might just as well be inside the limousine.

HISTORY: 1. A collection of epitaphs. 2. Gossip well told.

HOME: 1. A place where we go to change our clothes so as to go somewhere else. 2. The abode of the heart.

HUMOR: The tabasco sauce that gives life a flavor.

HUSBAND: A booby prize in life's lottery.

HUMILITY: 1. The slippered patience of the disinherited. 2. The grogginess of the Ego. 3. To recede to the very bottom of one's own littleness. 4. The Marseillaise of the disappointed. 5. The odor of sanctity. 6. An Iago in plush and lavender. 7. Pride getting ready for a Pounce.

HONEYMOON: 1. A happiness not quite worn out. 2. A postlude to a wedding-march and a prelude to a funeral ditto. *E. g.*, "I did not drive Adam and Eve out of Eden because they ate my pet pippin, but because they insisted on carrying on their honeymoon before the modest animals."—From *The Private Journal of Demiurge.*

HOPE: 1. A substitute for yesterday. 2. A mask that dying persons wear. 3. A system of metaphysics founded by Ananias. Antonyms: Reason, imagination, experience.

HOUSE: 1. A building with four walls and a roof. 2. A rendezvous for burglars, 3. A dormitory for servants. 4. The Mecca of bed-bugs. (The difference between a house and a home is this: A house may fall down, but a home is broken up.)

HUMAN LOVE: The one indestructible thing in Nature.

HUMAN DYNAMO: Any man who gets everything charged.

IDEAL: 1. The dreams of a sin to come. 2. The mirage of failure. 3. The venom of the lost. 4. An excuse for murder, tyranny or for self-aggrandizement. 5. Any theory that justifies our secret itch

IDEALIST: 1. A glassblower. 2. A somnambulist who insists on stepping out of a solid window into the air. 3. A person who lives in a tower of porcelain and dines on pumpernickel and lobscouse. 4. A man who fills his gasoline-tank with attar of roses and expects the motor to run.

IDEAL LIFE: Man's normal life, as we shall some day know it.

IF: 1. A tightrope that stretches from But to But. 2. A small, magical, automatic hinge that can swing the doors of Chance in any direction. 3. A fatality endowed with free will. 4. The verbal sword of Damocles. 5. A dizzy precipice at the end of every declarative sentence. 6. A pole around which the future and the past play hide-and-seek. 7. The vorspiel to the piker's threnody. *E. g.*, (Scene: a narrow bridge): "Let me pass, fellow! my name is Must, and I desire to cross." If (standing in the middle of the bridge): "You damn fool, don't you see I am the end of the bridge? There is no Must nor Might that can go beyond me."

IMITATION: The sincerest form of insult.

IGNORAMUS: Any man who flatters himself that he is educated.

IMAGINATION: 1. A marvelous little multi-colored drugget that covers the rough and splintered floor of reality. 2. A haunted chateau. 3. A vestibule between Time and Eternity. 4. The giant enemy of reality. 5. The red Pantheon of Lucifer. 6. The candle-gleam of science; the flambeau of the lover; the constellated nebulæ of the poet. 7. The glittering west-dust of a hidden innominate sun. 8. The seigniory of untrammeled instincts; the fief of unsanctified dreams; the palfrey that carries us toward nebulous spiritual hills. 9. The plasma of gods. 10. Puck strapped to the back of Balaam's ass. 11. The Shakespeare of mental faculties.

12. The avatar of the emotions. 13. A golden key that unlocks the bastile of logic. 14. A ladder to the fourth dimension. 15. A sublime liar. 16. Taking the halter off your thoughts and giving them a good kick behind. 17. Sympathy illumined by brains.

IMITATOR: A man who succeeds in being an imitation.

IMMORTALITY: 1. A reward given to infidels and atheists by a somewhat humorous God, for not groveling before Him and annoying Him with importunities. 2. A system of punishment for suicides, which makes suicide impossible, thereby putting one over on the ingrate who was tired of the gift of life, by compelling him to live forever, willy-nilly. 3. A valueless thing, because unlimited in quantity, which those hotly intent upon achieving will forfeit through the law which provides that that for which we clutch we lose. 4. A condition sought by political officeholders where the incumbent never either dies or resigns. 5. A state of being encouraged by annuitants, and those who live in the Garden of Allah-Money. 6. A flimflam offer by a theologian of inchoate title to improve real estate in the Sky for real estate, rentals and cash on Earth. 7. A doctrine that the rich teach the poor for good and sufficient reasons. 8. Divine Compensation for the starving. 9. A superfluous addition to life; to go on living after one desires and hopes to remain dead.

IMPERIALISM: Tyranny, hiding behind the sacred name of Humanity

INDEPENDENCE: An achievement, not a bequest.

INFIDEL: One who defames his Creator and impeaches his own reason by believing in Orthodox Christianity.

INTELLIGENCE: The grand inquisitor that tortures from every truth the confession that it lies, and from every lie a confession of its divine necessity.

ISSUE: In physiology, something that comes up and out; in politics, something that goes down and in.

INFIDELITY: To remain faithful to one's self, and to be unfaithful to some one else's faith. In religion, to think; in the marriage institution, to fall in love; in business, to do the thing to the other fellow that the other fellow intends to do to you, and do it first.

INGRATITUDE: 1. A girl who is too busy to acknowledge receipt of a Christmas present. 2. The portion of the man who has done well; and a fight with the fox you have warmed into life is imminent

INFUSORIA: The entire human race with the exception of Homer, Richard Wagner, Dante, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Rodin, Raphael, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Schopenhauer and Edward Bok, in whose tremendous skulls we live and move and have our being, like a whirlwind of germs in the vats of the Absolute.

INGRATE: Any person who has got something for nothing, and wants more on the same terms.

INITIATIVE: Doing the right thing without being told.

IRONY: The cactus-plant that sprouts over the tomb of our dead illusions.

JUDICIOUS: 1. A state of mind wherein things are weighed in an imponderable scale; a conjunction of two negatives in a void. 2. To be wanting in foolishness, character or brains. 3. An exquisite and delicate perception of the difference between two things that are exactly alike, or the total unlikeness between two things that are absolutely different. 4. An umbrella to be carried on clear days as well as on rainy ones, thus protecting the possessor from everything. 5. To lie flat on your puss while the juggernaut of Opinion goes over you: to stand perfectly still between two street-cars going in opposite directions. 6. To see what 's coming and avoid it by taking all sides.

JOURNALIST: A newspaper man out of a job.

JOHN DOUGH PROCEEDINGS: A hunt for graftheimers.

JURY: 1. The stupidity of one brain multiplied by twelve. 2. A collection of sedentary owls. 3. The humble apology of Civilization to Savagery. *E. g.*, " Whatever exists may be touched, but a jury is an exception to this universal law—it must be reached."

JUSTICE: A system of revenge where the State imitates the criminal ☙ ☙

JUDGE: 1. A man with ankylosis of the ego, who is jealous of the stenographer for sufficient reasons. 2. One who learns law from lawyers and is excluded from the game, getting his in honors.

KING: 1. In the presence of genius, a pleb. 2. A vestige. 3. One whose chief diversion lately has been to watch himself grow beautifully less. 4. A First Cause run to seed. 5. Divine Right tempered by bombs.

KINDERGARTEN: The greatest scheme ever devised—for the education of parents.

KNOCKING: A slow but sure way of putting the skids under your prospects. Push in the door softly, and all things are yours—knock and nothing shall be opened unto you.

KNOWLEDGE: The distilled essence of our intuitions, corroborated by experience. Knowledge is what I know; wisdom is what I see; theology is what I guess.

LATER: The Utopia of Postponement; a marvelous door of gold at the end of every perspective, to which Procrastination holds the keys. The Concierge of tomorrow. (Some things are done sooner, others are done now, but most things are done later; hence, manana, dreams and regrets.)

LAWYER: 1. A person who takes this from that, with the result that That hath not where to lay his head. 2. An unnecessary evil. 3. The only man in whom ignorance of the law is not punished.

LEARN: To add to one's ignorance by extending the knowledge we have of the things that we can never know.

LAUGHTER: 1. The sound you always hear when you chase your hat down the street. 2. Nature's rest-cure for tired nerves. 3. The solace of the sad. 4. A facial sunburst that is fatal to the glooms.

LAW: 1. A scheme for protecting the parasite and prolonging the life of the rogue, averting the natural consequences which would otherwise come to them. 2. The crystallization of public opinion

LIE: The weapon of defense that kind Providence provides for the protection of the oppressed.

LIBELOUS: To be tactless in type.

LIAR: 1. One who tells the truth about something that never happened; hence, a poet, a preacher, a politician, or an Arctic explorer. 2. An expert witness on the side of the Prosecution, or any witness called by the Defense. 3. One who reasons far ahead of his time; a seer. (As all combinations of facts must occur in endless time, the liar, no matter how absurd his statement, is uttering a truth, because he is stating a fact that has occurred or will occur at some future date. Thus, a liar, in the sense of one who utters a falsehood, can not be said, strictly speaking, to exist. As dirt is merely nectar in the process of evolving, so a liar is an observer born out of his time. He is the victim of a divine prank.)

LITERATURE: The art of saying a thing by saying something else just as good.

LIBERTY: 1. A password in universal use, and hence of no value. 2. The slogan of a party or sect that seeks to enslave some other party or sect. 3. The lost latchkey to the Citadel of Power. 4. The sacred aeroplane of king Ego. 5. The right to go forth unimpeded from any place, and also to come back. 6. The Northwest Passage to Nowhere. 7. The thing Patrick Henry asked for when the bartender asked him what he would have. 8. Only a comparative term. 9. Responsibility—that is why most men dread it

LEVITATION: The creeping up of your trousers when you ride horseback so that they supply you a necktie.

LANGUAGE: The tool of the mind.

LIBRARY: A place where the dead lie.

LOGIC: An instrument used for bolstering a prejudice.

LOAFER: The man who is usually busy keeping some one else from working.

LIFE: 1. An ante-mortem statement; the intrigue of force and matter; the insomnia of death; a log-jam on the stream of life. 2. The pursuit of the superfluous. 3. The cupola of a tomb. 4. A game something like Blind Man's Buff. 5. The paradise of liars. 6. A compromise between Fate and Freewill. 7. A warfare between the sexes. 8. What you choose to make it. 9. A bank account with so much divine energy at your disposal. 10. Just one improper number after another. 11. The interval between the time your teeth are almost through and you are almost through with your teeth. 12. An affirmative between two negatives.

LONELY: A peculiar feeling caused by the presence of one or more bores.

LOVERS: Unconscious comedians.

LOVE: The third rail for Life's Empire State Express. The beginning of all wisdom, all sympathy, all compassion, all art, all religion

LIVING: A mode of wasting time from the cradle to the grave consecrated by immemorial usage.

LITIGATION: A form of hell whereby money is transferred from the pockets of the proletariat to that of lawyers.

MANKIND: 1. A nomadic savage that has wandered over the face of the earth from East to West in order to reach the East so it could go West again. It has left many traces of its life—

barrooms, brothels, jails, churches, gallows, best sellers, etc. 2. In the animal kingdom, a surreptitious and supposititious supererogation. 3. Among the Simians a place equivalent to our hell. " Oh, you go to Mankind," is quite frequently heard in the African jungle, even in the best society.

MAHIN: A jumbo of publicity who puts it over.

MAN: 1. A super-simian. 2. Holy dicebox of the devil. 3. God's scrapbook. 4. Anything allowed to stand at a public bar. 5. A biped with feathers in his or her hat. 6. A being said to be the highest work of God—and who admits it. 7. Any creature that creates a Creator in his own image. 8. A god in the crib.

MAN-HATER: A woman who, finding herself no longer acceptable to man, flirts with Mephisto.

MARRIAGE: 1. A legal or religious ceremony by which two persons of the opposite sex solemnly agree to harass and spy on each other for ninety-nine years, or until death do them join. 2. A way-station, not the end of the journey. 3. The aspiration of two vowels to be a diphthong. 4. Love's demitasse.

MAYOR: 1. *Particeps criminis.* 2. The head and front of our offending. 3. Polonius Pecksniff, who plays Bottom for a stipend. 4. A chaste, honorable, virtuous person whose private life is made inviolable by the libel laws. 5. A prickly sensation in the back of Folly and Revelry. 6. The culmination, zenith, equator and pediment of self-sufficient mediocrity. 7. A crow's-nest from which one may see the perpetually receding horizons of the Governorship and the Presidency. 8. A chef of morality. 9. Any person afflicted with primary, secondary or tertiary holiness. 10. A palm-reader. 11. A nebulous cluster of thought-embryons resolved into a gaseous state. 12. The nosebag of public decency. 13. The *alter ego* of organized cant. 14. The critic of impure reason. 15. Lobster emeritus. 16. A person who takes an oath to love, honor and obey Tartuffe

MENTAL DISSOLUTION: That condition where you are perfectly satisfied with your religion, education and government.

MANHOLES: The apertures in a peekaboo shirtwaist.

MARTYR: Any man who is willing to sacrifice others for his "cause."

MASTER-MAN: A man who is master of one person—himself.

MASTERSHIP: Industry, concentration, self-confidence.

MATHEMATICS: A tentative agreement that two and two make four

MATTEAWAN: The antechamber of liberty for a murder-gent.

MILITARISM: A fever for conquest, with Peace for a shield, using music and brass buttons to dazzle and divert the Populace.

MERCY: 1. The charity of tyrants. 2. The forgiveness of one scoundrel by another. 3. The culmination of the Will-to-Power and its final apotheosis. 4. A quality which, like soup, the more it is strained the less soup and the more water you have. 5. In war a universal mode of subjugating a people.

MEPHISTO: The fourth person in the Holy Trinity.

MIDNIGHT: 1. The Pole of the hours; a pincushion on which sparkle all the seconds of a day; the keel of the good ship Tomorrow. 2. A chimney whence the dreams of today issue in smoke.

METAPHYSICS: 1. An attempt to define a thing and by so doing escape the bother of understanding it. 2. The explanation of a thing by a person who does not understand it.

MIDDLEMAN: One who works both ends against the middle.

MILLENNIUM: 1. A thousand years beginning with Now and ending with Then. 2. A mythical period when every one will pay his debts and begin tomorrow again on renewed credit. 3. A religious cycle which has no visible means of support, even admitting the idealty of time. Hence, by extension and usage—[Here insert a Mergenthaler pi line of thirty-two ems.]

MILITANCY: A fixed, fighting mental attitude that will never know when the war is over.

MAMMON: The Pope of Protestantism.

MUCKRAKER: One who sits on the fence and defames American enterprise as it marches by.

MIRACLE: 1. A happening seen by four men at once, but by no one man in particular—hence a collective, but otherwise untrue, fact. 2. The minutiæ of cosmologies. 3. A physical event described by those to whom it was related by men who did not see it. 4. A portent that precedes the coming of a Liar with letters patent from Nowhere, or a series of extraordinary occurrences that attend his comings and goings and mouthings that in no way equal in majesty, beauty or mystery the simplest commonplace of his life. (No god, demigod, or other parasite of human ignorance is complete without miracles, for it is only the natural and commonplace that are unbelievable.)

MOTHERHOOD: The headliner in God's great vaudeville.

MARTYRDOM: The sweet apotheosis of the things we do not care to avoid.

MINUTE: 1. The crutch on which the Hour leans as it limps into Eternity. 2. A space of time in which we dream of something that will never come true, or form a resolution that another minute effaces.

MODESTY: 1. A beau-catcher that young ladies wear and women affect. 2. In a sweetmeat, the souffle through which we dig to reach the plums. 3. The blush on the face of Desire at the consciousness of its own immodesty. 4. Among men modesty is the will-to-wait and seize. 5. Venom, who sidles into corners and shuns the limelight, so that he may the better see. 6. The attitude of mind that precedes the pounce. 7. The subtlest symptom of paranoia. 8. Egotism turned wrong side out.

MISSIONARIES: Sincere, self-deceived persons suffering from meddler's itch.

MISTRESS: 1. A female who has rights, as distinguished from a married woman, who has duties. 2. One whose respect and love some married men may hold without the non-transferable license in the bottom of a trunk.

MUMMY: 1. An unobjectionable party whose motives are not questioned. 2. One who is not in business for his health. 3. Any one who does not advertise.

MORALITY: 1. The formaldehyde of theology. 2. The line of conduct that pays.

MORALIST: 1. A beautiful eunuch. 2. One self-elected to make the stupid more stupid. 3. Any one skilled in the science of pornography. 4. A retired roué. 5. One of the Sacred Legion of Coprolitis.

MORGUE: The pantheon of the unremembered; Death's shop-window ❧ ❧

MURDERER: 1. A savior of society. Synonyms: Soldier, hangman, doctor. 2. A man born ahead of or after his time.

MUSIC: 1. Anything that has charms to soothe a savage beast. 2. Unnecessary noises heard in restaurants and cheap hotels. 3. The only one of the arts that can not be prostituted to a base use. 4. An attempt to express the emotions that are beyond speech. 5. A noise less objectionable than any other noise.

MYSTIC: 1. One who guzzles his God. 2. A person who is puzzled before the obvious, but who understands the non-existent. 3. To stand over the vasty deep to summon monsters and slip in. 4. Sap that has lost its way. 5. A gymnast who turns flip-flops between the Here and the Not-Here. (Plato was the first mystic. It was he who announced the discovery of the Non-Existent. Hegel was the last mystic, for it was he who proved the Non-Existent was and was not, might have been and never could be, has was, is now, and never shall be.)

MUNSEY: 1. Any publisher who does much business on small mental capital. 2. *Verb:* To munsey—to print much and say nothing. 3. A literary laxative. 4. To put up money for a monkey monarchy ❧ ❧

NATURE: 1. The Unseen Intelligence which loved us into being, and is disposing of us by the same token. 2. That which every one but a theologian understands, but which no one can define. 3. The Louvre of the Esthetic Eye; the abattoir of the Religious Eye; the charivari of the Ironic Eye. 4. The eternal Kishineff of an implacable God.

NANCY : A person of neither sex, who yet combines the bad qualities of both.

NIGGER: A colored person who has no money.

NEW THOUGHT: Plain, simple commonsense.

NEWSPAPER OFFICE: A figment factory.

NIETZSCHE (FRIEDRICH): A thunder-smith.

NEBULOUS TYPOTHETAE: A bum printer who can never be found when wanted.

NEIGHBOR: The man who knows more about you than you know about yourself.

NOTHING: 1. A negative which is the reality behind every ghostly affirmative. 2. Something that has density without weight like a barber's breath.

NOMINATION: 1. Paradigrammatics, or the art of molding figures in plaster. 2. The call of the vile. 3. In democracies, the divine sacrament administered to ignorance. 4. The election, divination and apotheosis of a paramount parasite.

NEW YORK: The posthumous revenge of the Merchant of Venice ❧ ❧

NESBIT: A plenipotentiary of publicity who takes pretty nothings and makes of them New York Central literary hash.

OBEDIENCE: 1. Expectation on a monument. 2. A dignified retreat from Balaklava. 3. Lex Talionis playing 'possum. 4. The second law of Nature, the first being murder. *E. g.*, "After all, it was my brother's Obedience to the Lord that laid the foundation of my glory."— From Cain's *Diary of an Altar-Wrecker* ❧ ❧

OPPORTUNITY: 1. The only Knocker that is welcome. 2. Health and a job.

OBLIVION: 1. The memory of Eternity. 2. A place where the human race and politicians are as one; where immortals are afflicted with aphasia; where God enjoys a long siesta; where we lose the bores and all those good folks who want to tell us the sad story of their lives.

OLD MAID: A lady of uncertain age and uneasy virtue.

OPERA: 1. Forerunner of the phonograph. 2. A rendezvous for the bored ❧ ❧

OPTIMISM: 1. The instinct to lie. 2. Fatty degeneration of intelligence. 3. A philosophical system that attempts to demonstrate the existence of a pre-established Stupidity. 4. To believe that disease, dirt, earthquakes, fires, wars, politicians, blindness, and burial alive, celebrate and enhance the Glory of God. 5. To whistle while passing a cemetery in the night; to sing a hymn while having a tooth pulled; to smile while being robbed. 6. A tipple invented by Leigh Mitchell Hodges, the basis of which is clams and prune-juice. 7. A kind of heart stimulant—the digitalis of failure ❧ ❧

ORGANIZED RELIGION: Antique philosophy, or the rule of the priest ❧ ❧

OBSTINACY: 1. To stick to your favorite lie or truth because you know you are wrong in either case. 2. The ego's peacock-plumes ❧ ❧

ORTHODOXY: 1. In religion, that state of mind which congratulates itself on being absolutely right, and a belief that all who think otherwise are wholly wrong. 2. A faith in the fixed—a worship of the static. 3. The joy that comes from thinking that most everybody is lined up for Limbus with no return ticket. 4. A condition brought about by the sprites of Humor, according to the rule that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. 5. The zenith of selfishness and the nadir of egotism. 6. Mephisto with a lily in his hand. 7. A corpse that does not know it is dead. 8. Spiritual constipation. 9. That peculiar condition where the patient can neither eliminate an old idea or absorb a new one

OPTIMIST: 1. A neurotic person with gooseflesh, and teeth a-chatter, trying hard to be brave. 2. A man who when he falls in the soup thinks of himself as being in the swim. 3. A man who does not care what happens, so long as it does n't happen to him.

ORATORY: 1. Chin-music with Prince Albert accompaniment. 2. The lullaby of the Intellect. 4. Palaver in a Prince Albert.

ORIENT: 1. The subconscious part of the Occident. 2. The cradle of all infamies and all wisdom. 3. A place where God and the house have an esoteric meaning.

PAIN: 1. The sacred, immanent music of the Cosmos written in slow triple time. 2. A form of salvation invented by Christianity. 3. A beautiful and ecstatic state wherein one comes to a realization of the benevolence of the Almighty.

PARODY: A calico cat stuffed with cotton.

PARVENU: One who has risen suddenly from nothing and becomes nothing suddenly.

PERFUME: Any smell that is used to down a worse one.

PHILOSOPHY: Our highest conception of life, its duties and its destinies

PARADISE: 1. A place where one is permitted to continue one's vices, excesses and inanities for an eternity. 2. A post-mortem rake-off. 3. Any place from which one can see a friend in Hell. 4. One good telephone system. (Christians, Mohammedans and Billysundays have promised themselves a cheerful time after death; this they call *Paradise*. The Jews are the only people who have no Paradise beyond the tomb; this is easily explained when it is remembered that they own New York.)

PEACE: A monotonous interval between fights.

PEDANT: A person with more education than he can use.

PERFORMER: One who has a right to do troglodyte stunts and who can do something else.

POLITICIANS: 1. Men who volunteer the task of governing us for a consideration. 2. See Graftheimer.

PERICLES: See Aspasia.

PESSIMIST: 1. One who has been intimately acquainted with an Optimist. 2. The official vinegar-taster to Setebos.

PIETY: 1. The tinfoil of pretense. 2. That feeling of reverence we have toward the Almighty on account of His supposed resemblance to ourselves.

PUBLISHER: 1. An emunctory business, first functioned by Barabbas. 2. One of a band of panders which sprang into existence soon after the death of Gutenberg and which now overruns the world. 3. The patron saint of the mediocre.

POET: 1. A person born with the instinct to poverty. 2. One whose ideas of the beautiful and the sublime get him in jail or Potter's Field. 3. The patron saint of landlords. 4. A worthless, shiftless chap whose songs adorn the libraries of fat shopkeepers and paunchy Philistines one hundred years after the chap has died of malnutrition. 5. A dope-fiend.

POCKET: The seat of the human soul.

POETRY: 1. A. substitute for the impossible. 2. The bill and coo of sex ❧ ❧

PLATONIC LOVE: The only kind that is blind. It never knows where it is going to fetch up.

PLANET: A planet is a large body of matter entirely surrounded by a void, as distinguished from a clergyman, who is a large void entirely surrounded by matter.

PLAY: A wise method of Nature which prevents one's nerves from getting on the outside of his Stein-Bloch.

POLICE: Similia similibus.

POLICY: Leaving a few things unsaid.

POLITENESS: 1. The screen of language; the irony of civility; a fishing-rod. 2. A substitute for war. 3. To wipe your feet carefully on the common doormat before letting yourself in another's premises with a skeleton key. 4. Caliban in a boiled shirt, tuxedo and spats. (Politeness in the animal world is known after eating only; in the human world it is known both before and after eating, and, in a certain restricted circle, during eating.)

PRAYER: A supplication intended for the person who prays. Only very dull people doubt its efficacy.

PRIG: A person with more money than he needs.

PREACHER: 1. Mendicancy in a celluloid collar. 2. A man who advises others concerning things about which he knows nothing. 3. Any man who lives on six hundred dollars a year and only works orally. 4. (Now obsolete) One who makes pastoral calls, frightens the young, astonishes the old, bothers the busy, and serves disappointed females as vicarious lover, father, friend, and personal representative of Deity.

PRACTICAL POLITICS: The glad hand, and a swift kick in the pants ❧ ❧

PRINCIPLE: 1. Bait. 2. A formula for doing a thing that, unformulated, would land the doer in jail. (Must not be confused with the word *principal.* Both words are used correctly in the following sentence: One may live one's life without principle, but not without principal. Or, again, Principle is sometimes principal; but principal was never paid on principle.)

PROSECUTOR: 1. One who abets a crime after it has or has not been committed. 2. An oratorical censor that precedes the coming of the hangman. 3. A pumice-stone that gives to the Statue of Justice a cleanly, Christian look. 4. A nose that can sniff the gallows, long before the wood is cut for it in the forest.

POSTPONEMENT: The father of failure.

PRISON: 1. A place where any lady may have a baby without fearing society. 2. An institution where even crooks go wrong. 3. The House of a Thousand Tears. 4. The last resort of the obscure to achieve fame. 5. A banker's mess-hall. 6. A place where men go to take the vow of chastity, poverty and obedience. 7. An example of a Socialist's Paradise, where equality prevails, everything is supplied, and competition is eliminated.

PROTESTANTISM: 1. A splinter from the cross of Christ. 2. Acrobatic theologic mugwumpery. 3. Any one of fifty-seven varieties of hate. 4. Sects which have taken the petticoats off the saints and put them on their pastors.

PROGRESS: Getting free from theology, and substituting psychology instead.

PROGRESSIVE: 1. A politician who wears his opinions pompadour. 2. An obstructionist who grows fat on conservatism and conversation. 3. A reactionary to whom movement and motion are necessary in order to keep warm, and secure gulps and guzzles. 4. A hungry or unsuccessful person; hence, an explosive, quixotic fellow with empty pockets and a shallow pate. 5. One who has felt the slings and arrows of outrageous success that has

come to others. 6. A political piker, who will not play the game according to the rules which he himself devised. 7. One who would recall all decisions that do not uphold his claims. 8. A man who steals a label, and clapping it on himself, thinks that he is It. 9. A plan for going forward by backing up to mob rule. (The first Progressive of whom we know was Judas. The next was Ananias. Lazarus was a Progressive, and had he married the Queen of Sheba he would have changed places with Dives. *E. g.*, " This age belongs to the Progressives."—From Kazook's *Confessions of a Popular Lick-Spittle.*)

PURGATORY: Two telephone systems in one town.

PROSPERITY: 1. That peculiar condition which excites the lively interest of the ambulance-chaser. 2. That which comes about when men believe in other men. 3. That condition which attracts the lively interest of lawyers, and warrants your being sued for damages or indicted, or both.

POLYGAMY: An endeavor to get more out of life than there is in it

PSYCHOLOGY: The science of human minds and their relationship one to another.

PUBLIC OPINION: The judgment of the incapable many opposed to that of the discerning few.

PUNISHMENT: 1. The justice that the guilty deal out to those who are caught. 2. A perpetual fine, imposed hourly during the lifetime of a human being for his temerity in living, and continued in Heaven or Hell for his temerity in dying. 3. Among the poor and lowly, a service due the State for disobeying the mandates of the rich and powerful; among the rich, a slight reaction from overeating. (There are three kinds of punishment: the punishment of God, the punishment of man, and the punishment of living in Buffalo.)

POPULARITY: The triumph of the commonplace.

PROPHETS: The advance couriers of Time.

PURITY: 1. A rapt, interested and ecstatic aloofness toward natural processes. 2. A sewerage system that carries off everything, leaving the soul perfectly bald. 3. A condition of the mind that causes one to snoop around in garbage-dumps and start a league. 4. A plan of teaching things to children in which they are not interested. 5. An ethereal nose giving the miraculous power of sensing the lavatory in the Elysian Fields before it smells the flowers. (There is purity of mind, purity of body and purity of speech. Any one person endowed with all three of these modes of purity is blessed, elect, saved, or otherwise atrophied and pickled.)

PHARISEE: A man with more religion than he knows what to do with ❧ ❧

PHILISTINE: A term of reproach used by prigs to designate certain people they do not like.

PHILOSOPHER: One who thinks in order to believe; one who formulates his prejudices and systematizes his ignorance.

ROYCROFT: 1. *Roy* means " king; " and *croft* means " home or craft." Thus, Roycroft means King-Craft; working for the highest; doing your work just as good as you can—making things for the King. 2. The dignity and the divinity of labor—peace, reciprocity, health, industry, persistency and endurance.

RELAXATION: The first requirement of strength.

RECIPROCITY: 1. The act of seconding the emotion. 2. A widow teaching a clergyman how to tango, in return for his kindness in having shown her how to swim.

RACE PROBLEM: Picking the winner.

RECIPE: 1. Work, smile, study, play, love—Mix. 2. Concentrate, Consecrate, Work.

REDEEMER: 1. A man who died that grafters might live. 2. An Oriental who would have forgiven Hiram Johnson. 3. The founder of a great trust, with headquarters in the Vatican. 4. Any one who consorts with the underworld, but who spends his vacation after death in the upper world. 5. In the Catholic Church the Man Higher Up, to whom the Pope plays Jack Rose. 6. One who saved the whole world, but who had himself damned for his pains. *E. g.*, First Citizen: "Christ was a myth." Second Citizen: "He was not!" (Then they murder each other in His name.)

REASON: The arithmetic of the emotions.

RELIGION: Philosophy touched with emotion.

RAILROADS: The most important factor for progress and enlightenment in the world today.

RENUNCIATION: The act of giving up your seat in a streetcar to a pretty woman, and then purposely stepping on an old man's toes

REFORMER: 1. One who causes the rich to band themselves against the poor. 2. One who educates the people to appreciate the things they need.

REGION: A specific, definite space, as distinguished from any other specific, definite space; as, East Aurora, Barren Island, Kalamazoo, Sea Girt, Beverly.

REPARTEE: Any remark which is so clever that it makes the listener wish he had said it himself.

RESIGNATION: 1. A truce with ourselves in order to give us time to bury our living. 2. Pride walling itself up. 3. To keep shop without a show-window. 4. To go to sleep in the lap of the inevitable. 5. A covered walk to the interior of ourselves; a subway to some other form of trespass; a peephole into the enemy's fortress. 6. To play possum when one hears the footfall of Fate on the stairs

REPUTATION: A bubble which a man bursts when he tries to blow it for himself.

RESURRECTION: The hypothetical New-Year's Day in the calendar of the dead.

REMORSE: That feeling which we all have when the thing fails to work, and the world knows it. The form that failure takes when it has made a grab and got nothing.

RESPECTABILITY: The dickey on the bosom of civilization.

ROMANCE: Where the hero begins by deceiving himself and ends by deceiving others.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION: 1. Hate that scorches like hell, but which the possessor thinks proves he is right. 2. Your own wrath as opposed to the shocking bad temper of others.

RIGHTEOUSNESS: 1. Only a form of commonsense. 2. Wise expediency ❧ ❧

REVIVAL: Religion with a vaudeville attachment.

ROOSEVELT (THEODORE): A harangue-outang.

RUINS: 1. The hope of the ancient yesterday. 2. Absolute proof that the world of dreams, like the planet earth, is round. (Ruins are chiefly notable for the number of enlightened liars, called archeologists, they produce.)

SACRILEGE: 1. Any impolite act in the presence of a Humbug. 2. To shock the sensibilities of a Nobody. 3. To kill a mystical Mule or swap jokes in public with a Ghost.

SACRED SOIL: That which is well tilled.

SAINT: 1. Generally speaking, a person who retires into the wilderness of the spirit in order to coddle a ruling weakness. 2. To become polite toward God and His universe. 3. A steeplejack on miraged minarets.

SANITY: The ability to do team-work.

SAINTSHIP: The exclusive possession of those who have either worn out or never had the capacity to sin.

SALOON: The poor man's club; run with intent to make the poor man poorer.

SAVAGES: Men who like to go to war.

SANATORIUM: The place where a man is sent who has money, as opposed to "Bughouse," meaning the place where a man is sent who has no bank-balance.

SATIRIST: 1. A taxidermist of the Past, Present and Future; one who disembowels, stuffs and mounts all the gods, living and dead; one who fills up with straw and sawdust all illusions. 2. An esoteric mimic. 3. A being with an eye in the back of his head. 4. A postlude to the day's funeral march; a prelude to freedom.

SCANDAL: Gossip related by small bore.

SALVATION: Redemption from a belief in miracles.

SCHOLAR: 1. An ornate fossil. 2. A deadly ptomain that infests all forms of dynamic thought. 3. An impenetrable mass of matter that contains within itself the principle of unchangeability. 4. A turtle on whose shell is carved certain hieroglyphic lettering; such as, Ph. D., M. D., LL. D. 5. A medieval owl that roosts in universities, especially those that are endowed. 6. A plaster-of-Paris convolute . 7. A man, long on advice but short on action, who thinks he thinks. 8. One who draws his breath and salary. 9. Anybody with a bulging brow and no visible means of support.

SELF-RELIANCE: The name we give to the egotism of the man who succeeds.

SCHOOL: A training-place—mental, physical, moral. Good boys are boys at work. Bad boys are good boys who misdirect their energies

SECRET: 1. A thing we give to others to keep for us. 2. Something known only to a few.

SCIENCE: 1. The knowledge of the common people classified and carried one step further. 2. Accurate organized knowledge founded on fact. 3. Classified superstition.

SEER: The scout of civilization.

SELF-CONTROL: The ability to restrain a laugh at the wrong place ❧ ❧

SILENCE: A trick of the human gullet that conceals weakness or emptiness.

SHEENY: A Jew who has more money than you have.

SHOAL: Shallow, literary, theological. (By extension, Columbia, Harvard, Yale and some other universities are sometimes called shoal-marks.)

SINCERITY: A mental attitude acquired after long practice by man, in order to conceal his ulterior motives. 2. To be childish, to be senile. 3. To lack invention, imagination or character. (A sincere man is one who bluffs only a part of the time.)

SIN: Perverted power. The man without capacity for sin has no ability to do good—is n't that so? His soul is a Dead Sea that supports neither ameba nor fish, neither noxious bacilli nor useful life ❧ ❧

SERVILITY: 1. The instinct of superiority in its lowest form. 2. The politician's virtue. 3. A means of getting on. 4. Natural law, the violation of which makes one famous and poor.

SHERMAN ACT: A scheme to entrap men who set large numbers of people to work at employment profitable to everybody concerned ❧ ❧

SOBER: 1. To be bored, unhappy, " all in." 2. To be born or live in Philadelphia. 3. To be without money, to be destitute. 4. To die. *E. g.,* " Thank God, I am sober at last! " Dying words of Potodorus in ***Two Gentlemen of Yonkers.***

SCOTCH: A verb meaning with care.

SOCIALIST: 1. A person easily peeved. 2. In economics, a school of thought founded by Cain. 3. A man who, so far as he himself is concerned, considers a thing done when he has suggested it.

SELF-PROTECTION: The first law of life.

SMACK: A crude, rude, vulgar and unsatisfactory substitute for a kiss

SOCIETY: 1 An erotic clique that reads *Vogue, Smart Set* and *Town Topics*. 2. A congregation of people who are not persons. 3. A vast interchange of service through labor, ideas and commodities. 4. A relish for solitude.

SOCIALISM: 1. A sincere, sentimental, beneficent theory, which has but one objection, and that is, it will not work. 2. A plan by which the inefficient, irresponsible, ineffective, unemployable and unworthy will thrive without industry, persistence or economy. 3. An earnest effort to get Nature to change the rules for the benefit of those who are tired of the Game. 4. A social and economic scheme of government by which man shall loiter rather than labor. 5. A survival of the unfit. 6. A device for swimming without going near the $H_2O$. 7. Participation in profits without responsibility as to deficits. 8. An arrangement for destroying initiative, invention, creation and originality. 9. Resolutions passed by a committee as a substitute for work. 10. A sentiment which encouraged and evolved would lead to revolution, with dynamiting and destruction as a prominent and recognized part of its propaganda. 11. A system for turning water into wine, kerosene into oyster-soup, and bowlders into bread, by passing resolutions.

SORROW: The magical pallette upon which Life mixes her colors

SLAVE: A person with a servile mind, who quickly crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning; who gratifies his wants either through cringing flattery or coercion, and who tyrannizes over others whenever he has a chance.

SPECIALIST: 1. One who limits himself to his chosen mode of ignorance, and gets further into a bog than the man ahead of him. 2. A kind of hypnotic trance wherein a person by centering his gaze on a given object renders the object smaller in proportion as his illusions grow.

SOCIOLOGY: The religious application of economics.

SOREHEAD: A politician who has reached for something that was not his, and missed.

SOLITUDE: The only thing that can hold the balance true.

SORCERER: 1. Any one who can make the people of the United States believe they rule. 2. A juggler (hence the founder of any religious, political or philosophical system).

SPECIOUS: That form of argument used as an indoor sport by East Aurora natives in an attempt to prove that two and three make four.

SORCERY: The art of charming money out of the pockets of those who do not desire to part with it.

SPINSTERHOOD: An achievement, not a disgrace.

STALL STUFF: 1. Things said to see what the other person will say. 2. The language used by politicians. 3. All conversation between spoons. *Example:* Seeing Mr. Jones leave his office you enter and ask his stenographer this question: " Is Mr. Jones in? " (See Piffle, Pink Tea, Four o'Clock.)

STAR: 1. A milestone in the Infinite. 2. A malicious, ironic eye. 3. A device to show man his insignificance.

SPECIALIZATION: The ability to focus all your energies on one thing

STUDIO: 1. A place where a model is borne to blush unseen and contract pneumonia in the chilly air. 2. A rendezvous of would-bes, has-beens and never-wazzers. 3. A place to study the esoteric. 4. The most polite term you can apply to it.

STARVATION: 1. The originator of thought. 2. A way to salvation. 3. A physical eccentricity of the stomach. 4. A cure for indigestion. 5. A banting process invented by Lazarus.

STUPIDITY: 1. The Utopia of the wise, the Lethe forbidden to the lips of genius. 2. The driving power of a Mass in motion. 3. An incurable state of somnambulism with which mankind is blessed, and under the spell of which it performs the most fantastic actions, such as marriage, balloting, warring, preaching, selling, buying, baptizing. 4. The *leit-motif* of the Vaudeville called Progressiveness

SUPERSTITION: 1. Scrambled science flavored with fear. 2. Ossified metaphor.

SURGERY: An adjunct, more or less valuable to the diagnostician

STYLE: 1. The brogue of the mind. 2. A certain manner or deportment which emanates from those who have neither manner nor deportment. 3. A peculiar and individual manner of doing the unnecessary

SUBSIDIARY: A competitor who has come off his perch through threats or bribes, or both.

SUN: 1. A giant spot-light which, from the wings of space, plays intermittently upon a meaningless ten-twenty-thirty vaudeville show. 2. The root of all evil, the mother of all beauty, and the final tomb of all that is good, bad or indifferent. 3. A dyehouse, probably the first. (The sun was once worshiped as a divinity, but later the competition between gods and divinities became so strenuous that the sun was forgotten, hence his casual earthquakes, floods and other little reminders that we and our gods are only his gimcracks.)

STATUTE: The proof, record and final justification of the infallibility of Ignorance.

SUCCESS: 1. A sunset by Turner. 2. A stained-glass window through which one may see an ironic moon. 3. The final link in a chain of chalk. 4. To rise from the illusion of pursuit to the disillusion of possession. 5. An inability to further fletcherize. 6. Giving up the fight, being possessed of the fallacy that you have won. 7. Death's lullaby. 8. The accomplishment of one's best. 9. To write your name high upon the outhouse of a country tavern. 10. A constant sense of discontent, broken by brief periods of satisfaction on doing some specially good piece of work. 11. A matter of outliving your sins. 12. A subtle connivance of Nature for bringing about a man's defeat. 13. The realization of the estimate which you place upon yourself. 14. Voltage under control—keeping one hand on the transformer of your Kosmic Kilowatts. 15. A matter of the red corpuscle. 16. The thing that spoils many a good failure. 17. Something that is hideous to all but its victims.

SUCTION: An automatic, murderous and perpetual movement of Society against each individual.

SUPERNATURAL: The natural not yet understood.

STRONG MAN: One who busies himself with the useful tasks that others can not, or will not do, and allows those who can do nothing else to do the easy things.

SYMPATHY: 1. A malady that sometimes afflicts the rich. 2. The lees of the wine-cup offered to another. 3. An impulse toward ourselves through the heart of another. 4. Whatever may be extended to another that does not take the shape of money. 5. The sum of all virtues. 6. The first attribute of love as well as its last. (I am not sure but that sympathy is love's own self, vitalized mayhap by some divine actinic ray. Only the souls who have suffered are well loved.)

TEACHER: 1. A person, either male or female, who instils into the head of another person, either voluntarily or for pay, the sum and substance of his or her ignorance. 2. One who makes two ideas grow where only one grew before.

TALK: To open and close the mouth rapidly while the bellows in the throat pumps out the gas in the brain.

TAFTIAN: Any man who is too cowardly to fight, and too fat to run

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY: A place where young men are taught to silence the questions of the ignorant.

TEMPLE: A place other than a bed, where one takes one's shoes off. (There are Jewish temples, pagan temples and money temples, but no Christian temples: the latter has no need of them, because the Christian religion is the only one in the world in which its believers and followers practise exactly what its Founder taught. Each Christian may point to himself and say proudly, "Ecce Temple," hence, etc, etc., etc.)

THE PHILISTINE: A publication that puts the Syracuse Product on the terminal feathers of the Idea Bird.

THE-SCENE-CHANGES: A device invented by a writer who was running short of Cosmic Gasoline.

TOMORROW: The mother of regret.

THANKSGIVING: 1. A mass said for the repose of the living. 2. Gratitude in the presence of the death of some one else. 3. The irony of fatality. 4. The instinctive and perpetual atavism of the Will to-Live. (Thanksgiving-Day in the United States is a national holiday on which all the people who during the past year have survived earthquake, fire, housemaid's knee and death, overeat and thus thank God for His favoritism.)

TIGHTWADITY: A disease in which one dollar obstructs the vision to the exclusion of a higher denomination.

TOLERANCE: An agreement to tolerate intolerance.

TODAY: The hearse that carries the dreams of yesterday to the cemetery.

THE: An article, aristocratic by birth and breeding, but which degenerates into an adjective in the sentence, "He is THE man of the hour."

THEOLOGY; 1. A hideous jaggernaut to whose wheels cling the blood and bone and the flattened flesh of a million dead emotions. 2. Not what we know about God, but what we do not know about Nature. 3. Obsolete psychology, or the arbitrary rule of a Theos or god. 4. An engine planned for the purpose of bewildering humanity. 5. Self-deceived egotism, hiding behind the name of Deity. 6. Antique, and obsolete philosophy. 7. The science of a non-existent, all-powerful, all-wise and all-loving nix.

THINKER: 1. One who destroys philosophies. 2. One who can make others think.

THOUGHT: 1. Something made up of the thoughts you, yourself, think. The other kind is supplied to you by jobbers. 2. Mental dynamite

TIME: 1. The press-agent of genius. 2. An eternal guest that banquets on our ideals and bodies. 3. In the theater of the gods a moving-picture film that reproduces the cosmic comedy. 4. A metaphysical entity that made the Ingersoll watch a physical possibility. 5. A loafer playing at tenpins. 6. An illusion—to orators. 7. The solvent and the dissolver of all. (Time was anciently symbolized by Kronos; today it is symbolized by the mystical syllables, So-Much-Per. The word has also undergone strange etymological changes. Anciently, time was singular, but since the advent of the Unions, we have " Time and a third," " double time," etc.)

TOMB: A place for the deposit of the dead. (See College, Newspaper Office, Philadelphia Club, Legation, etc.)

TOP-NOTCHER: An individual who works only for the interest of the institution of which he is a part, not against it.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY: The greatest idea for the acquisition of power and pelf ever devised.

TROUBLE: 1. A hallucination that affords a sweet satisfaction to the possessor. 2. Any interesting topic of conversation. 3. A plan of Nature whereby a person is diverted from the humiliation of seeing himself as others see him. (An impressario's troubles begin when the prima donna kicks and the ladies of the ballet won't.)

TRUMPET: A musical instrument which in the mouth of Gabriel will bring to life for their eternal undoing all Shylocks, officeholders, editorial writers, landlords, and professional epigrammatists

TITLE: 1. A Pantheon of royal ciphers. 2. Anything superimposed on a superfluity.

TRUTH: 1 A universal error. 2. A relation between one illusion (the outer world) and another (the inner world). 3. A prejudice raised to an axiom. 4. Something that a few will die for. 5. That which serves us best in expressing our lives. (A rotting log is truth to a bed of violets; while sand is truth to a cactus.) 6. Anything which happened, might have happened, or which will possibly happen. 7. The opinion that still survives. 8. An imaginary line dividing error into two parts.

TRADITION: 1. Salvation through ossification; redemption through folklore; a fetter for the foolish. 2. A clock that tells what time it was. 3. A method of holding the many back while some man does the thing which they declare is impossible.

UP-TO-DATE: To be far behind the Ancients, who were generally ahead of the current date. *E. g.,* " This thing would never have happened if I had only been up to date, but I tried to be dateless."—Last words of Socrates.

UNIVERSITY: 1. An institution for the prevention of learning. 2. A place where rich men send their sons who have no aptitude for business. 3. A plan for the elimination of physical culture, and the exaltation of athletics. 4. A literary, gonococci culture-bed. 5. A collection of buildings which emit the odor of the classics and omit the odor of sanctity. 6. A place wherein the youthful mind is taught the danger of thinking.

UNION LABOR: A force which unchecked would develop into violent and destructive anarchy.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Miss District de Columbia and her forty-eight Subsidiaries.

UNREQUITED: (Used generally with the word love.) Inability to make both ends meet.

UTOPIAN: A person who demands that you shall live up to his ideals

UNPARDONABLE SIN: Neglecting to close the screen-door.

UTOPIA: A place where you have but to suggest a thing, to consider it done; a condition where all things are supplied on slipping a wish into a slot.

USAGE: The consecration in time of something that was originally absurd.

VICIOUS: 1. To be natural. 2. To give up lying. (A word taken from the Zynrxi, and first used by the French at the Siege of Paris to describe the Germans; hence, any one who does anything impolite or acts in any way strictly in accordance with his innate tastes.)

VACATION: A period of increased and pleasurable activity when your wife is at the seashore.

VIVISECTION: Blood-lust, screened behind the sacred name of Science

VENOM: 1. The juice of hate. 2. The sap of reformers, moralists and socialists. 3. The deadly smile of the optimist when he looks at the under-dog. 4. The physical sweat of a defeated candidate and the emotional sweat of old maids. (Venom, like everything else, is subject to the law of evolution and variation. Between the venom of Cain and the venom of Tolstoy, several million instances could be quoted to prove the universality and beneficence of this breedy instinct.)

VICTORY: A matter of staying-power.

VACILLATION: The prominent feature of weakness of character.

VAUDEVILLE: A matter of verve, nerve and vermilion.

VERACITY: The appendix vermiformis of the human character; a quaint atavistic instinct. (Veracity was once quite common in the childhood of the race; but as herding became more and more complex and human relations became more and more interjangled, there came into being a species of bipeds known as doctors, lawyers, politicians, editorial writers and preachers. Coeval with their birth the instinct to veracity weakened perceptibly until it reached the condition of nixus nihilus ni in which we hold it today.)

VILE: 1. Anything that serves; whatever is useful. 2. Something done or thought by some one else.

VINDICATION: The subtlest form of irony.

WADSWORTH: 1. A fabled people, whose remains are found in the Genesee Valley, who chased an anise-seed bag around the steamheat and pretended to be bored by existence. 2. Any one with more buzz-fuzz than brains.

WAVES: The thoughts of the sea, which, like human wave-thoughts, roll on, roll back, roll up and spray the void.

WISDOM: A term Pride uses when talking of Necessity.

WARRIOR: 1. A soldier de luxe. 2. A successful, patriotic thug who has been dead fifty years or more. 3. A fearless person who gains renown by the number of alcoholic drinks he has taken in a day and by the variety and virulence of the venereal diseases he has contracted. 4. A myth, a fable, a lie.

WEALTH: A cunning device of Fate whereby men are made captive, and burdened with responsibilities from which only Death can file their fetters.

WIFE: 1. In good society, a publicity agent who advertises her husband's financial status through conspicuous waste and conspicuous leisure. 2. In the submerged tenth, a punching-bag and something handy for batting up flies. 3. A man's mental mate, and therefore his competitor in the race for power. 4. The other half of the sphere. (This view is usually regarded as a vagary, and any one holding it is apt to be pointed out as strange, peculiar, erratic and unsafe.)

WINE: An infallible antidote to commonsense and seriousness; an excuse for deeds otherwise unforgivable.

WISE MAN: One who sees the storm coming before the clouds appear ❧ ❧

WIT: The thing that fractures many a friendship.

WOMAN: 1. The First Cause. 2. A being created for the purpose of voting. 3. Any one with an allowance that is occasionally paid, but which can't be collected. 4. A pet, a plaything, a scullion, a thing to die for, or a thing to kill. 5. A being to get rid of or to secure—to run away from, or with, as the case may be. 6. Among the Ancients, a slave, a chattel; among the Moderns, a financial swashbuckler. Synonyms: sphinx, devil, angel, liar, spendthrift.

WAR: The result of the existence of armed men.

WE: The smear of life against the radiant *x*.

WHISKY: The Devil's right bower.

WORDS: The airy, fairy humming-birds of the imagination.

WORDSWORTH (WILLIAM): The only Lilliputian that slipped under the canvas into Olympus.

WORK: 1. That which keeps us out of trouble. 2. A plan of God to circumvent the Devil.

WORMS: 1. The final word in criticism. 2. At the last analysis.

WORRY: Ironic nurse to old bedridden Dame Care. *E. g.*, "I should worry"—famous saying of the Infinite Nix at twelve o'clock Saturday night of the Sixth Day as he threw down his tools and sent the Earth about its business.

YESTERDAY: 1. One evil less and one memory more. 2. A short-change artist, from whom we can never recover. 3. A period of time that has always existed, in contradistinction to a period of time called tomorrow that can never exist. 4. A mirror wherein if we look long enough we will see ourselves as others could never possibly see us. 5. The Eden of the sentimental. (Time is divided into yesterday, today and tomorrow, which are but three varieties of the same metaphysical tetter. In the beginning was the Infinite and the Infinite begat Time, and Time begat Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.)

YOUR DUTY: The things you have to do, and not a damn tap more. The other man's duty is the thing you think he should do.

YOURS: Anything which up to the present time the bunch has not been able to get away from you.

ZODIAC: 1. The wallpaper of the heavens. 2. The mirrors of the nothingness of Man and the sublimity of the nothingness of Space.

ZERO: A round figure often referred to by Doctor Cook in his diary, and which his enemies tried to make symbolic of himself.

ZEAL: The feeling you have before you secure the thing, as compared with " Stung," which is your condition after you have captured it ❧ ❧

ZONE: The region immediately surrounding a Limberger Cheese.

ZIGZAG: The route followed by poets in arriving at truth, as opposed to the direct course which they take for the buffet.

ZEUS: A grouchy old god who was so reduced in estate that he posed as a model for Greek artists.

ZEPHYR: A ladylike blizzard.

ZEITGEIST: The things that everybody believes, but that nobody understands.

SO HERE ENDETH " THE LEGACY," THE SAME BEING VOLUME THIRTEEN OF THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF ELBERT HUBBARD, GATHERED TOGETHER, PRINTED AND BOUND AS A MEMORIAL TO THEIR BELOVED FOUNDER BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, WHICH ARE IN EAST AURORA, NEW YORK. MCMXXVIII